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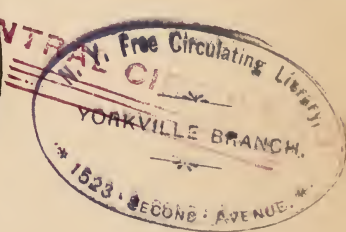


A POET'S BAZAAR.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY, ITALY,
GREECE, AND THE ORIENT.

BY
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE IMPROVISATORE," "IN SPAIN AND A VISIT TO
PORTUGAL," ETC.

Author's Edition.

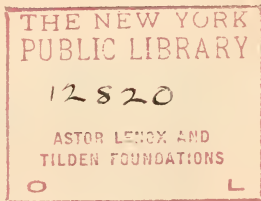


NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.

Cambridge: Riverside Press.

1871.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.



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A POET'S BAZAAR.

—◆—
GERMANY.

I.

THE SPANISH DANCERS.

IN the summer of 1840, some Spanish dancers, who were staying in Copenhagen, drew all the inhabitants of that city to the old theatre in Kongens Nytorv (the King's new market, which is no market). The whole town talked about the Spanish national dance, and the newspapers spread the report of their fame throughout the land. I was at that time on a visit to Baron Stampe at Nysø, that home which our immortal Thorwaldsen found, and which, by the works he executed there, has become a remarkable place in Denmark.

From Thorwaldsen I got the first verbal account of the Spanish dancers; he was transported and inspired, as I had never before seen him. "That is a dance! there are attitudes! there are forms and beauty!" said he, and his eyes glistened while he spoke. "See! one is in the South when one sees that dance!"

One forenoon when I entered his *atelier*, I saw a bass-relief representing a dancing Bacchus and Bacchante completed in clay. "The Spanish dancers have given me the idea," said he; "they also can dance thus; I thought of their charming dance when I did this."

I was very desirous of seeing these children of Spain — of seeing the charming Dolores Serral. The Copenhagen public has now forgotten her.

I went to Copenhagen, and saw — a dance that made me forget the painted scenery and the lamp-lights. I was with them

in Valencia's dales ; I saw the beautiful beings whose every motion is grace, every look passion.

After my arrival in the city I saw Dolores dance every evening ; but I never met her off the stage, — I never saw her except when she danced in public.

It was now the end of October, as cold, rainy, and stormy as we generally have it in our dear country. The Spanish dancers were going ; Dolores said, like Preciosa : " To Valencia ! " but the way from Copenhagen to Valencia is over Kiel. She must go with the steamer *Christian the Eighth*, in a northern autumn, cold and stormy. Half of the good folks who had collected together to bid their friends farewell, were sea-sick on the little trip from the land to the steam-vessel.

It was a northern billow-dance ! Dolores was immediately faint ; her pretty limbs were extended for a rest, which was no rest. One sea after the other washed over the deck ; the wind whistled in the cordage ; once or twice the steamer seemed to stand still, and as if bethinking itself whether it were not best to turn back again. The decanters and plates, although they were lashed fast, trembled as if with fear or by instinct. There was such a clattering and creaking ; every plank in the vessel groaned, and Dolores sighed so loud that it pierced through the deck. Her fine, pliant foot stretched itself convulsively against the thin, wooden partition — her forehead touched the other.

A ship is, however, a strange world ! To the right we are separated from a death in the waves — to the left another thin plank is as a cherub's sword. Dolores sighed, and I sighed also. We lay here a whole night, and literally sighed for each other ; and the waves danced as Dolores could not dance, and they sung as I could not sing ; and during all this the ship went on its powerful course until the bay of Kiel encompassed us, and by degrees one passenger after the other went on deck.

I told Dolores what an impression her dancing had made on the first sculptor of our age ; I told her about Bacchus and the Bacchante, and she blushed and smiled. I really fancied that we danced a fandango together on the green plain under the fragrant acacias. She gave me her hand, but it was to take leave — she travelled direct to Valencia.

Many years hence Dolores will be an old woman, and she will dance no more ; but then the towns and cities which she had delighted with her presence will dance before her ; and she will then remember the metropolis on the green isle in the North amidst the stormy sea which she sailed over ; she will think of that bass-relief in which she still soars so young and beautiful : and her fingers will glide down the rosary which she sits with in the balcony, and she will look over the mountains. And they who stand around the old woman, then will ask her : “What are you thinking of, Dolores ?”

And she will smile and answer : “I was on a voyage to the North !”

II.

BREITENBURG.

My carriage turned off from the highway between Kiel and Hamburg over the heath, as I wished to pay a visit to Breitenburg : a little bird came twittering toward me, as if it would wish me welcome.

The Lünenburg heath is year after year more and more covered with plantations, houses, and roads, whereas its continuation through the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, and into Jutland, has still for the most part the same appearance as in the last century.

There are character and poetry in the Danish heath : here the starry heavens are large and extended ; here the mist soars in the storm like the spirits of Ossian, and solitude here gives admittance to our holiest thoughts. Groups of crooked oaks grow here like the ghosts of a forest, stretching out their moss covered branches to the blast ; an Egyptian race, with chestnut skin and jet black eyes, here leads a herdsman’s life, roasts in the open air the stolen lamb, celebrates a marriage, and dances outside the house, which is quickly raised with ling-turf, in the midst of this solitary heath.

My carriage moved but slowly on in the deep sand. I really believe one might be sea-sick from driving here. We go con-

tinually forward through a desert and deserted region ; the few houses one comes to are extended barns, where the smoke whirls forth through the open door. The houses have no chimneys ; it is as if the hearth were wanting, as if within there was no home, as if only the stranger, in wandering over the heath, had kindled a hasty fire here in the middle of the floor, to warm himself a little, and had then proceeded on his way. The chimneys on the peasant's house, and the curling smoke make it homely ; the chimney ornaments enliven almost as much as the flower-beds before the house ; but here the houses were in harmony with the heath and the cold autumn day. The sun certainly shone, but it had no warm rays ; it was perhaps not even the sun itself, but only its shining garb which glided over the sky. We met not a human being — not a drove of cattle was to be seen. One might almost believe that everything was asleep, or bound by enchantment.

Late in the afternoon a fertile landscape for the first time presented itself ; we saw a large wood, the sunshine gave its brown leaves the appearance of a copper forest, and just then as a large herd of cattle came out of the thicket, and stared at us with their large eyes, a whole adventure arose before me of the enchanted city in the copper forest.

Behind the wood we passed through a large village which, if it did not lead me into the land of adventure, yet brought me back into another century. In the houses, the stable, kitchen, and living-room seemed to be in one. The road was deep mud, in which lay large blocks of stone. This was very picturesque, but it became still more so ; for in the midst of that thick forest, a knightly castle with tower and gable front shone in the evening sun, and a broad and deep stream wound its way between it and us.

The bridge thundered under the horse's hoofs ; we rolled on through wood and garden-grounds, into the open castle-yard, where busy lights flitted behind the windows, and everything appeared rich and yet homely. In the centre of the yard stands a large old well, with an artificially wrought iron fence, and from thence flew a little bird — it was certainly the same that had twittered a welcome greeting to me when I began my drive over the heath. It had come hither before me,

it had announced my coming ; and the castle's owner, the noble Rantzau, led his guest into a pleasant home. The dishes smoked on the table, and the champagne exploded. Yes, it was certainly enchantment ! I thought of the stormy sea, of the solitary heath, and felt that a man may, nevertheless, be at ease in this world.

The birds twittered outside whilst I looked out of the window ; the light fell by chance on the well, and it appeared as if the bucket went up and down of itself, and in the middle of the bucket sat a little brownie or fairy, and nodded a welcome to me. I certainly did not mistake, for the brownie's grandfather once presented a golden cup to a Rantzau of Breitenburg, when the knight rode by moonlight through the forest. The goblet is still preserved in the old carved oak press in the knight's hall over the chapel. I have seen it myself, and the old pictures on the wall, all proud knights, moved their eyes ; it was in the clear sunshine : had it been on a moonlight night, they would assuredly have stepped out of their frames, and drunk a health to the worthy Count who now rules in old Breitenburg.

“ The happiness of Paradise has no history ! ” says a poet ; “ the best sleep has no dreams, ” say I ; and in Breitenburg night brought no dreams. By daylight, on the contrary, old sagas and recollections anticipated thought : they greeted me in the ancient alleys of the garden, they sat and nodded to me on the winding stairs of the watch-tower, where the Scotch lay on the alert, when Wallenstein's troops had encamped without. Wallenstein put the men to death by the sword, and as the women in the castle would not, at his command, wash the blood from the floor, he had them also killed.

In the beautiful scenery around were old reminiscences. From the high tower of the castle I looked far and wide over the richly fertile Marskland, where the fat cattle wade in the summer up to their shoulders in grass. I looked over the many forests in which Ansgarius wandered, and preached the Christian religion to the Danish heathens. The little village of Willenscharen in this neighborhood still bears evidences of his name ; there was his mansion, and there he lived ; the church close by Heiligenstädte, where the ground

was grown up around the walls, is also from his time ; and it is still, as it was then, reflected in the Stören, over which he rowed in his miserable fishing-boat to the little path between the reeds.

I wandered in the castle garden under the old trees, by the winding canals ; elder-trees and rose-bushes bent themselves over the watery mirror to see how prettily they flowered. The gamekeeper with his dog took his way into the copper-colored forest. The post-horn clanged, and it was as if wood and field were made vocal, and joined in the death-hymn of autumn : " Great Pan is dead ! "

When the sun was down, the sound of glass and song was heard in the castle. I wandered through the saloon, whose dark red walls encompass bass-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, and give relief to the beautiful busts and statues. A hedge of roses and sweet-briers outside leaned up against the windows with its leafless branches, and it dreamt of the summer life within the saloon — that it was itself young and flourishing — and that every brier was a bud that would open itself on the morrow. The brownie sat on the edge of the well, and kept time with his small feet ; the little bird twittered, " It is pretty in the North ! — it is well to be in the North ! " and yet the bird flew to the warm lands, — and the poet did the same.

III.

A REMINISCENCE FROM THE STEAMBOAT "STÖREN."

By the waters of the Stören there lay two small houses, one on each side of the river, each of them snug and pretty, with a green gable and a few bushes ; but outside the one hung an outstretched net, and a large vane turned itself in the wind. How often had not two pretty eyes looked from one of these small houses over to this vane when it turned itself, and a faithful heart then sighed deeply.

We took a pretty young woman on board here ; she was of what we call the lower class, but so neatly dressed, so young, so pretty, and with a beautiful little child at the breast. The

good folks nodded to her from both the houses, — they wished her joy and happiness! The weather-cock turned so that it creaked, but her pretty eyes did not look up to it; for now she did not care to know which way the wind blew! and so away we went. All was green, but flat, and always the same on each side; the little river runs in one continued curve.

We were now on the Elbe, that great high-road from Germany; and vessels came and went on it. Our boat darted across; we went over to the Hanoverian side to fetch passengers, and then to the Holstein side, and then again to the Hanoverian, and yet we got no passengers. I looked at the young woman; she seemed to be equally as impatient as myself; she was always at the forepart of the vessel, and looking intently forward, with her hand over those pretty eyes. Was it the towers of Hamburg she sought? She kissed her child, and smiled, yet tears were in her eyes! Two steam-vessels darted past us; and a ship in full sail was taking emigrants to America. Before us lay a magnificent vessel; it had come direct from thence, and was now sailing up against the wind. The flag waved! as we approached, a boat was let loose; four sailors seized the oars; a strong, active, black-bearded man, who appeared to be the steersman on board, took the rudder; we lay still, and the young wife flew, rather than ran, with her sleeping child. In a moment she was in the light, rocking boat, and in the arms of that black-haired, sunburnt man.

That was a kiss! that was the bouquet of a long year's sweet longing: and the child awoke and cried, and the man kissed it, and took his wife around the waist; and the boat swung up and down, as if it sprang with joy, and the brown sailors nodded to each other, — but we sailed away, and I looked on the flat and naked shores.

IV.

LISZT.

IT was in Hamburg, in the hotel Stadt London, that Liszt gave a concert. In a few moments the saloon was quite filled. I came too late, yet I got the best place, close up to the tribune where the piano-forte stood, for they conducted me up the back stairs.

Liszt is one of the kings in the realm of tones ; and my friends, as I said, — for I am not ashamed to acknowledge it, — conducted me to him up one of the back stairs.

The saloon, and even the side rooms gleamed with lights, gold chains, and diamonds. Not far from where I stood lay a fat, dressed-out young Jewess on a sofa ; she resembled a walrus with a fan. Wealthy Hamburg merchants stood walled up against each other as if it were an important matter “on Change” that was to be discussed. A smile sat on their mouths, as if they had all bought Exchequer bills and railway shares, and gained immensely.

The Orpheus of mythology could set stones and trees in motion with his music. The modern Orpheus, Liszt, had electrified them already ere he played. Fame, with her many tongues, had opened the eyes and ears of the multitude, so that all seemed to recognize and hear what was to follow. I myself felt in the beams of those many sparkling eyes an expectant palpitation of the heart, on the approach of this great genius, who with magic fingers defines the boundaries of his art in our age !

Our age is no longer that of imagination and feeling ; it is the age of intellect. The technical dexterity in every art and in every trade is now a general condition of their exercise ; languages have become so perfected that it almost belongs to the art of writing themes to be able to put one's thoughts in verse, which half a century ago would have passed for a true poet's work ; in every large town we find persons by the dozen who execute music with such an expertness, that twenty years ago they might have been accounted virtuosi.

All that is technical, the material as well as the spiritual, is in this our age in its highest development.

Our world's geniuses, — are they not the modern scum or foam wrought on the ocean of our age's development? But real spirits must be able to suffer a critical dissection, and raise themselves far above that which can be acquired: each in his intellectual sphere must not only complete the work, but add something more. They must, like the coral insect, make an addition to art, or their activity is as nothing.

In the musical world our age has two pianists who thus fill their allotted place — they are Thalberg and Liszt.

When Liszt entered the saloon, it was as if an electric shock passed through it. Most of the ladies rose; it was as if a ray of sunlight passed over every face, as if all eyes received a dear, beloved friend.

I stood quite near to the artist: he is a meagre young man, his long dark hair hung around his pale face; he bowed to the auditory, and sat down to the piano. The whole of Liszt's exterior and movements show directly one of those persons we remark for their peculiarities alone; the Divine hand has placed a mark on them which makes them observable amongst thousands. As Liszt sat before the piano, the first impression of his personality was derived from the appearance of strong passions in his wan face, so that he seemed to me a demon who was nailed fast to the instrument from whence the tones streamed forth, — they came from his blood, from his thoughts; he was a demon who would liberate his soul from thralldom; he was on the rack, the blood flowed, and the nerves trembled; but as he continued to play, the demon disappeared. I saw that pale face assume a nobler and brighter expression; the divine soul shone from his eyes, from every feature; he became beautiful as spirit and enthusiasm can make their worshippers.

His "Valse Infernale" is more than a daguerreotype picture of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable!" We do not stand apart and contemplate this well known picture; we gaze fixedly into its depths, and discover new whirling figures. It sounded not like the chords of a piano; no, every tone seemed like trickling water-drops.

He who admires art in its technical dexterity must respect Liszt; he who is charmed by his genius must respect him still more.

The Orpheus of our times has caused his tones to resound through the world's great emporium, and they found and acknowledged, as a Copenhagener has said, that, "his fingers are railroads and locomotives;" his genius still mightier in drawing together the intellectual spirits of the universe than all the railways on earth. The modern Orpheus has caused the European counting-house to resound with his tones, and at that moment at least, the people believed the Evangelist: the gold of the spirit has a mightier sound than the world's.

We often hear the expression "a flood of tones," without defining it; but it is indeed a "flood" which streams from the piano where Liszt sits. The instrument appears to be changed into a whole orchestra; this is produced by ten fingers which possess an expertness that may be called fanatical—they are led by the mighty genius. It is a sea of tones, which, in its uproar, is a mirror for every glowing mind's momentary life's problem. I have met politicians who conceived that from Liszt's playing the peaceful citizen could be so affected by the tones of the Marseillaise Hymn as to seize the musket, fly from hearth and home, and fight for an idea. I have seen peaceful Copenhageners, with Danish autumn's mist in their blood, become political bacchanals from his playing; and mathematicians have become dizzy with figures of tones and calculations of sounds. The young followers of Hegel—the really gifted, and not the empty-headed who only make a spiritual grimace at the galvanic stream of philosophy, beheld in this flood of tones the billowy-formed progress of science toward the coast of perfection. The poet found in it his whole heart's lyric, or the rich garb for his most daring figures. The traveller, thus I gather from myself, gets ideas from tones of what he has seen, or shall see. I heard his music as an overture to my travels; I heard how my own heart beat and bled at the departure from home; I heard the billows' farewell—billows which I was not to hear again ere I saw the cliffs of Terracina. It sounded like the organ's tones from Germany's old minsters; the avalanche

rolled down from the Alpine hills, and Italy danced in her carnival dress, whilst her heart thought of Cæsar, Horace, and Raphael! Vesuvius and Ætna threw out their lava, and the last trumpet sounded from the mountains of Greece where the old gods died; tones I knew not, tones I have no words to express, spoke of the East, the land of imagination, the poet's other father-land.

When Liszt had ceased playing, flowers showered around him: beautiful young girls, and old ladies who had once been young and beautiful, cast each her bouquet. He had cast a thousand bouquets of tones into their hearts and heads.

From Hamburg Liszt was to fly to London, there to throw out new bouquets of tones, which exhale poesy over that prosaic every-day life. That happy one, who can thus travel all his life, always see people in their poetical Sunday dress! Yes, even in the inspired bridal dress! Shall I again meet him? was my last thought; and chance would have it that we should meet on our travels,—meet at a place where my reader and I least could imagine; meet, become friends, and again separate; but it belongs to the last chapter of this flight. He went to Victoria's capital, and I to Gregory XVI.'s.

V.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A SKETCH.

WE were on the opposite side of the Elbe. The steam-boat glided down on the Hanoverian side between the low green islands, which presented us with prospects of farm-houses and groups of cattle. I saw happy children playing on the half-drawn up boats, and thought how soon this play must be over, how they would perhaps fly far forth into the world, and then would come the remembrance of these small flat islands, like the Hesperian gardens with their childhood's golden apples and oranges.

We were now at Harburg: every one looked after his own

baggage, and saw it placed on the porter's barrow ; but a tall and rather stout lady with a proud carriage not in harmony with her faded chintz gown, and a cloak which had certainly been turned more than once, shook her head at every porter who stretched out his hand to take her little travelling bag, which she held in her hand. It was a man's bag in every way, and she would not give it into other hands, for it was as if it contained a valuable treasure. She followed slowly after us all into the quiet town.

A little table was laid for me and a fellow-traveller, and they asked us if a third could be permitted to take a place at the table. This third person arrived ; it was the lady in the faded gown ; a large boa, somewhat the worse for wear, hung loosely about her neck : she was very tired.

"I have travelled the whole night," said she ; "I am an actress ! I come from Lubeck, where I performed last night ;" and she sighed deeply as she loosened her cap-strings.

"What is your line ?" I asked.

"The affecting parts," she replied ; and threw her long boa over one shoulder with a proud mien. "Last night I was *The Maid of Orleans*. I left directly after the close of the piece, for they expect me in Bremen. To-morrow I shall make my appearance there in the same piece ;" she drew her breath very deep, and threw the boa again over the other shoulder.

She immediately ordered a carriage, as she intended to travel post ; but it was to be only a one horse chaise, or she would prefer one of the landlord's own, and a boy with her, for in case of need she could drive herself. "One must be economical, particularly in travelling," said she. I looked at her pale face ; she was certainly thirty years of age, and had been very pretty ; she still played *The Maid of Orleans*, and only the affecting parts.

An hour afterward I sat in the diligence ; the horn clanged through the dead streets of Harburg ; a little cart drove on before us. It turned aside, and stopped for us to pass ; I looked out, it was "The Maid of Orleans" with her little bag between her and a boy, who represented the coachman. She greeted us like a princess, and kissed her hand to us ; the

long boa waved over her shoulders. Our postilion played a merry tune, but I thought of "The Maid of Orleans," the old actress on the cart, who was to make her entry into Bremen on the morrow, and I became sad from her smile and the postilion's merry tones. And thus we each went our way over the heath.

VI.

THE RAILROAD.

As many of my readers have not seen a railroad, I will first endeavor to give them an idea of such a thing. We will take an ordinary high-road: it may run in a straight line, or it may be curved, that is indifferent; but it must be level — level as a parlor floor, and for that purpose we blow up every rock which stands in the way; we build a bridge on strong arches over marshes and deep valleys, and when the level road stands clearly before us, we lay down iron rails where the ruts would be, on which the carriage wheels can take hold. The locomotive is placed in front, with its conductor or driver on it, who knows how to direct and stop its course; wagon is chained to wagon, with men or cattle in them, and so we travel.

At every place on the way they know the hour and the minute that the train will arrive; one can also hear, for miles, the sound of the signal whistle, when the train is coming: and round about where the by-roads cross the railway the guard or watchman puts down a bar, so as to prevent those who are driving or walking from crossing the road at a time when the train is approaching; and the good folks must wait until it has passed. Along the road, as far as it extends, small houses are built, so that those who stand as watchmen may see each other's flag and keep the railroad clear in time, so that no stone or twig lie across the rails.

See, that is a railroad! I hope that I have been understood.

It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a one. For half a day and the succeeding night, I had travelled with the diligence on that horribly bad road from Brunswick to

Magdeburg, and arrived at the latter place quite tired out, and an hour afterward I had to set out again on the railroad.

I will not deny that I had previously a sort of feeling which I will call railway-fever, and this was at its height when I entered the immense building from whence the train departs. Here was a crowd of travellers, a running with portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and a hissing and puffing of engines, out of which the steam poured forth. At first we know not rightly where we dare stand, fearing that a carriage, or a boiler, or a baggage chest might come flying over us. It is true that one stands safely enough on a projecting balcony ; the carriages we are to enter are drawn up in a row quite close to it, like gondolas by the side of a quay, but down in the yard the one rail crosses the other like magic ties invented by human skill ; to these ties our magic car should confine itself, for if it come out of them life and limb are at stake. I gazed at these wagons, at the locomotives, at loose baggage wagons, and Heaven knows what ; they ran amongst each other as in a fairy world. Everything seemed to have legs ; and then the steam and the noise united with the crowding to get a place, the smell of tallow, the regular movement of the machinery, and the whistling, snorting, and snuffing of the steam as it was blown off, increased the impression ; and when one is here for the first time, one thinks of overturnings, of breaking arms and legs, of being blown into the air, or crushed to death by another train ; but I think it is only the first time one thinks of all this. The train formed three divisions ; the first two were comfortably closed carriages, quite like our diligences, only that they were much broader ; the third was open and incredibly cheap, so that even the poorest peasant is enabled to travel by it : it is much cheaper for him than if he were to walk all the distance, and refresh himself at the ale-house, or lodge on the journey. The signal whistle sounds, but it does not sound well ; it bears no small resemblance to the pig's dying song, when the knife passes through its throat. We get into the most comfortable carriage, the guard locks the door and takes the key ; but we can let the window down and enjoy the fresh air without being in danger of suffocation : we are just the same here as in another carriage, only more at ease : we can rest ourselves, if we have made a fatiguing journey shortly before.

The first sensation is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together ; the steam whistle sounds again, and we move on ; at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly, but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window and discover that you are careering away as with horses at full gallop ; it goes still quicker ; you seem to fly, but here is no shaking, no suffocation, nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant.

What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us ? It was one of the watchmen who stood there with his flag. Only look out ! and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see, is a field which looks like a rapid stream ; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside the globe, and seeing it turn round ; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direction ; but when you see some flags at a greater distance, the other objects do not move quicker than they appear to do when we drive in an ordinary way, and further in the horizon everything seems to stand still ; one has a perfect view and impression of the whole country.

This is just the way to travel through flat countries ! It is as if town lay close to town ; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage, — they must leave towns behind them thus.

Those who drive in carriages, on the by-roads, seem to stand still ; the horses appear to lift their feet, but to put them down again in the same place — and so we pass them.

There is a well known anecdote of an American, who, travelling for the first time on a railroad, and seeing one milestone so quickly succeed another, thought he was speeding through a church yard, and that he saw the monuments. I should not cite this, but that it — with a little trans-atlantic license, to be sure — characterizes the rapidity of this manner of travelling ; and I thought of it, although we do not see any mile-stones here. The red signal flags might stand for them,

and the same American might have said, "Why is every one out to-day with a red flag?"

I can, however, relate a similar story. As we sped past some railings that appeared to me to be a pole, a man who sat beside me said, "See! now we are in the principality of Cöthen," and then he took a pinch of snuff, and offered me his box: I bowed, took a pinch, sneezed, and then asked: "How far are we now in Cöthen?" — "O," replied the man, "we left it behind us while you were sneezing!"

And yet the trains can go twice as quickly as they did on this occasion; every moment one is at a fresh station, where the passengers are set down and others taken up. The speed of the whole journey is thus diminished: we stop a minute, and the waiter gives us refreshments through the open window, light or solid, just as we please. Roasted pigeons literally fly into one's mouth for payment, and then we hurry off; chatter with our neighbor, read a book, or cast an eye on nature without, where a herd of cows turn themselves round with astonishment, or some horses tear themselves loose from the tether and gallop away, because they see that twenty carriages can be drawn without their assistance, and even quicker than if they should have to draw them, and then we are again suddenly under a roof where the train stops. We have come seventy miles in three hours, and are now in Leipsic.

Four hours after, on the same day, it again proceeds the same distance in the same time, but through mountains and over rivers; and then we are in Dresden.

I have heard many say that on a railroad all the poetry of travelling is lost, and that we lose sight of the beautiful and interesting. As to the last part of this remark, I can only say that every one is free to stay at whatever station he chooses, and look about him until the next train arrives; and as to all the poetry of travelling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close-packed diligences that poetry vanishes: we become dull, we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter by bad, heavy roads; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a railway carriage.

O what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this

production! We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old! We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears; we fly like the clouds in a storm — as the bird of passage flies! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark steam rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak! We are, with natural means, equally as potent in the present age, as those in the Middle Ages thought that only the devil himself could be! With our cunning we are as his side, and before he knows it himself we are past him.

I can remember but a few times in my life that I ever felt myself so affected as I was on this railroad journey: it was thus with all my thoughts — that I beheld God face to face. I felt a devotion such as, when a child, I have felt in the church alone: and when older, in the sun-illumined forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and starlight night. Feeling and Imagination are not the only ones that reign in the realm of poetry: they have a brother equally powerful; he is called Intellect: he proclaims the eternal truth, and in that greatness and poetry reside.

VII.

GELLETT'S GRAVE.

GELLETT is buried in one of the church-yards in Leipsic. The first time I was in Germany, in the year 1830, I visited this grave; Oehlenschläger's gifted daughter, Charlotte, was at that time on a visit to Brockhaus; she conducted me to the poet's grave. A thousand names were scratched on the grave-stone and cut in the wooden palings around it; we also wrote our names. She broke off a rose from the grave, and gave it me as a remembrance of the place.

Ten years afterward I came this way alone. I found the church-yard easily enough; but the grave itself I could not find. I asked a poor old woman where Gellert was buried, and she showed me the place. "Good men are always sought for," said the old woman; "he was a great man!" and she looked on the simple grave with peaceful devotion. I sought

amongst the many written names for the two that were inscribed when I was last here ; but the railings had been lately painted over, perhaps painted several times since then. New names were written, but the name on the grave-stone — Gellert's name — remained the same. It will be discovered there when those lately written have disappeared and new ones are inscribed again ; the immortal name stands, the names of mankind are blotted out. The old woman broke off a rose for me, a rose as young and fresh as that which Charlotte herself, in all the freshness of youth, gave to me at the same place ; and I thought of her as I saw her then before me ; she, that fresh rose, who is now in the grave ! She whose soul and mind breathed life's gladness and the ardor of youth ! This time I wrote not my name on the railing : I placed the white rose in my breast, and my thoughts were with the dead.

VIII.

NUREMBERG.

Wenn einer Deutschland kennen
 Und Deutschland lieben soll,
 Darf man ihm Nürnberg nennen,
 Der edlen Künste voll ;
 Die nimmer nicht veraltet,
 Die treue fleiss'ge Stadt ;
 Wo Dürer's Kunst gewaltet,
 Und Sachs gesungen hat.

SCHENKENDORF.

THE history of Casper Hauser bears the stamp of a previous century ; nay, however true we know it to be, we cannot exactly think of it as something that occurred in our time ; yet it performs a part in it, and amongst the large towns of Germany, as chance would have it, Nuremberg was the scene of this strange adventure.

It is said of Kotzebue, that he wrote "The Cross Knights," to make the scenery and decorations of the theatre available ; even so we may almost imagine that Casper Hauser was de-

signed for the city of Nuremberg ; for, if we except Augsburg, no city from its exterior leads us back into the Middle Ages so impressively as the free, old "Reichsstadt," Nuremberg. Several years ago, when I was in Paris, I saw a panorama by Daguerre, — who has since become so famous, — which, if I recollect rightly, represented the Dey of Algiers's summer palace ; from the flat roof one looked over the gardens, the mountains, and the Mediterranean ; but in order to prepare and bring the spectators into the proper mood, we had to pass through some rooms which were fitted up in the Oriental style, and we looked through small windows over the top of a palm-tree or high cactuses. I was reminded of this arrangement as we rolled into Nuremberg through ancient France.

From the moment we reached the city of Hof in Bavaria, everything begins, by degrees, to sustain that fantasy which, in Nuremberg, expands into dreams of the Middle Ages, and which finds there a correct and well-arranged scene for its visionings.

After passing Münchberg, we were in the mountains ; and the country around displayed a more romantic character. It was in the evening light. The mountain "der Ochsenkopf," the largest here, was quite hidden by the misty clouds ; the road became narrower and dark ; at Bernech it was quite inclosed by steep cliffs ; to the left, at some yards above us, stood a ruined tower, which in ancient times certainly commanded the entrance to this place. Bernech itself, with its uneven streets, the lights that moved about within the old houses ; the postilion's music, which sounded as melancholy as the tune of an old ditty — everything breathed the spirit of romance.

I felt inclined to put words to these minor tones, — words about the Robber Knight who lay on the watch in the old tower whilst the Nuremberg merchants passed the ravine with their wares ; words of the attack in the moonlight night, as the red and white Main saw it, and afterward related it to brother Rhine under the vine-crowned shores.

We passed through Bayreüth, Jean Paul's town, and in the gay light of morning we saw the large city of Nuremberg.

When I came quite near to it, its old grass-grown moats, its double walls, the many gates with towers in the form of up-

right cannons, the well-built streets, magnificent walls, and Gothic buildings constrained me to acknowledge, "Thou art yet Bavaria's capital! It is true thou wert compelled to give thy crown to Munich; but thy royal dignity, thy peculiar greatness, thou bearest still! Under thy sceptre, civic industry, art, and science went hand in hand together; far and wide sounded the strokes of Adam Kraft's hammer, and the bells of Master Conrad and Andreas; Albert Dürer's genius sounds the praise of Nuremberg's name louder than the shoemaker Hans Sachs could do it, although he had an immortal voice. Peter Fischer caused the metal to flow in bold and beauteous figures as they presented themselves to his imagination; Regiomontan raised thy name to the skies, whilst thy children, through him, became greater, comprehending and appreciating the useful and the noble. The marble was chiseled into graceful statues, and the wooden block transformed into a work of art.

The postilion blew his horn through the streets of Nuremberg. The houses are diversely built, and yet are stamped with the same character; they are all old, but well preserved; most of them are painted green, and some have images in the walls; others are furnished with projecting bow-windows, and balconies; others again have Gothic windows with small octagonal panes, inclosed in thick walls; on the pointed roofs are seen rows of windows, the one standing above the other, and each surmounted by a little tower. The water of the fountains falls into large metal basins, surrounded by wrought iron balustrades of a tasteful form. But such things are not to be described, they must be drawn! Had I talent to have done it, I would have placed myself on the old stone bridge over the river whose yellow water hurries rapidly on, and there would have depicted the singular projecting houses. The old Gothic building yonder on arches, under which the water streams, stands prominently over the river, adjoining a little hanging garden with high trees and a flowering hedge! Could I paint, I would go into the market, force my way through the crowd, and sketch the fountain there; it is not so elegant as in the olden times with its rich gilding, but all the splendid bronze figures stand there yet. The seven Electoral Princes,

Judas Maccabeus, Julius Cæsar, Hector, and others of like illustrious names. Sixteen of them adorn the first row of columns, and above these Moses stands forth with all the prophets. Were I a painter, I would go to the tomb of St. Sebaldus, when the sunlight falls through the stained glass windows on the statues of the Apostles, cast in bronze by Peter Fischer, and the church and tomb should be drawn as they were reflected in my eyes: but I am not a painter, and cannot delineate them. I am a poet; accordingly I inquired for Hans Sach's house, and they showed me into a by-street, and pointed to a house; it had the old form, but it was a new house. Hans Sach's portrait hung there, with his name under it; but it was not the house where he lived and made shoes. It is the site, but everything upon it is new. The portrait proclaims that it is a tavern bearing his name for its sign. Six thousand two hundred and sixty-three comedies, tragedies, songs, and ballads, are said to have been written here!¹

From the poet's house I went to the King's palace, and this building admirably harmonizes with the old city of Nuremberg. Knightly splendor without and comfort within! There are high walls: the court-yard itself is narrow, but the large linden-tree that grows there has a fragrance which makes the place cheerful. The small rooms, where so much that is great has occurred, seem to dilate as we contemplate them; for every spot here has a peculiar interest of its own.² The richly-painted arms in the ceiling, the old pictures of saints, their heads surmounted by their stiff golden glories, with which the walls are ornamented, confer even upon the smallest chamber a sort of grandeur that the mind gives to everything by which fancy is set in motion.

The stoves are all of clay, large and painted green; they

¹ Hans Sachs was born in 1495, and died the 20th of January, 1576.

² In one of the rooms there hangs a large gilt frame, inclosing a small poem, which contains the following thought; it has been written of late years by a book-binder named Schnee, a citizen of Nuremberg. The verse is as follows:—

“ Enge wohnte man sonst, weit war es aber im Herzen,
Also ertönte uns jüngst ‘Ludwig’s’ begeisterter Spruch
Drum — ist klein auch die Burg, in der einst die Kaiser gewohnet,
Fühlt sich gewiss hier Sein Herz heimisch im engen Gemach.”

might, with their thousands of gilded figures, Christian and heathen images, supply material for strange stories. What evenings might not a child enjoy and dream away, when the fire in the stove lights up these heraldic painted walls, and the gilded figures step forth and disappear again, just as the flames fall on them, or are withdrawn from them. From that child's imaginings Brentano could compose a deathless story for us.

Whilst I was thinking of this, the keeper led me about, and repeated the names and the dates of the various subjects. I looked at his little boy who followed us, but who stopped every moment to play near a window. I would much rather have sat with the little fellow and heard him relate realities or dreams — and in fact most of the tales that are told us by older persons and called historical are nothing else than the latter. I could have wished to have stood with him in the moonlight and looked over the old Gothic town, whose towers point toward the stars as if they would interpret them; to have looked over the plain whence the postilion's horn sounds, and then thought of Wallenstein's troopers who sounded here to battle: in the mist that soars over the meadows, I could fancy I saw the Swedish troopers who fought for their faith.

I should like to sit with the little one under the linden-tree in the narrow palace yard, and see with him what the legend says of Eppelin, the wild Knight of Gailingen. From his castle he could witness every expedition of the Nuremberg merchants as they went with their wares to the city, and like the falcon dart upon his prey; but the falcon was now caught, the wild knight pined in this castle where the linden-tree grows; his last morning came, and he was permitted, according to the good old custom always allowed the condemned, that before his death he might have a wish granted, and the knight begged that he might once more ride his faithful steed.

The horse neighed with pleasure, and proudly bore his master round the little yard: and the knight stroked its powerful and slender neck. The muscles of the noble animal appeared to swell, its hoofs struck the pavement; more and more vigorous and rapid, it hurried on in a circle, so

that the warder and the soldiers had to keep themselves close to the wall to afford it space; and they did so without fear, for they knew the castle gate was well secured, and that the knight could not escape. Yet, if they could have read in the horse's eye what was there to read, says the chronicle, they would have stopped the steed in its flight, and bound the strong hands of the wild knight. And what stood in its eye? It spoke its dumb but fiery language:—

“In this wretched court thy knightly blood ought not to flow! Here thy active, merry life ought not to end! Shall I no longer bear thee in the gay battle, through the deep ravines and the green forests? Shall I no longer eat the corn from thy brave hand? Trust to my immense strength, and I will save thee!”

And the steed reared, the knight struck his spurs in its sides, drew his breath hard, bent himself over its neck,—sparks flew from its iron-shod hoofs, and half the miracle was done, for the horse stood on the battlements, and a moment after they both flew over the broad moat, and were saved. When the wind blows through the leaves of the linden-tree it tells of it.

Below the castle, in a street close by, is an old house of three stories, the one projecting a little over the other. Every stranger stops to look at it. In the front room hang shields with armorial bearings, sent from the different towns in Bavaria. What house is this? We go but a few paces round the corner, and in the little square stands the statue of its owner: the metal glitters in the sun; it is Albert Dürer's monument by Rauch.¹

The energetic mind that lived in Regiomontan, Albert Dürer, and Peter Fischer, has not departed; there are vigor and industry in this city.

¹ The monument was erected on the 21st of May, 1840, the younger portion of the community singing enthusiastic songs; and at the illumination which took place the following inscription was seen on Dürer's house:—

“In diesem Hause schuf einst Dürer seine Werke
Und hier that ihm die Kunst den Freudenhimmel auf,
Und hoher stieg er stets mit neuer Kraft und Starke—
Er lebte, liebte, litt, und — schloz hier seinem Lauf.”

It is true, during my short stay I only became acquainted with one house, but all within bore the stamp of what we call the good old times. The master of this house was the picture of honesty and sagacity, a man such as the people represent their old citizens to have been.

Nuremberg resembles some few strong old men, in whom youth still remains, in whom thought is yet active, and lively, and enterprising. The railroad from Nuremberg to Fürth is a striking example of this, for that railroad was the first laid down in Germany. Old Nuremberg was the first city that entered into the gigantic idea of the new time — that of uniting towns and cities by steam and iron ties.

IX.

A WISH ACCOMPLISHED.

WHEN I was a child, I had a little show-box in which all the pictures were cut out of an old book; every picture represented a Gothic building, a cloister or a church, and outside were finely sculptured fountains; but on each of them I read a name at the bottom, and this name was on them all: "Augsburg."

How often have I not looked at these pictures and wandered in thought amongst them; but I could never rightly get to know what was behind the street corner. And now — now I stood in the midst of these pictures' realities; I was in Augsburg itself! and the more I looked at the old houses with their walls painted in variegated colors, the jagged gables, the old churches and statues around the fountains, the more it appeared to me to be a piece of enchantment. I was now in the midst of the show-box, and had got my childhood's wish accomplished. If I desired, I could get to know what there was behind the street corner.

I knew this street corner again; I went round it. I found — pictures, and those such as I had no idea of when a child, which not even the world knew of at that time. Here was an exhibition of daguerreotype pictures, which a painter named

Iseuring from St. Gallen had opened. There were but few landscapes and architectural pieces, but a number of portraits of different sizes, all taken by the daguerreotype. They were excellent: one could see that they must be likenesses; it was as if one looked at the originals "in little" on a steel plate on which they were engraved; and every feature was so exactly shown that even the eye had a clearness and expression. The most felicitous delineation was in the silk dresses of the ladies; it seemed as if one could hear them rustle. There were also some few attempts to give the portraits color; but they all appeared like faces by a strong fire-light; there was too much of a red illumination.

Did I not think thus when a child? could I but get round that corner, I should get to see new pictures; and I got to see new ones — the newest our time has given us.

How did I not wish when I looked through the glass in the show-box: "O, that I could go up that broad flight of steps, and in through that old-fashioned door!" I could now do so, and I did so, and stood in the lower hall of that splendid Town Hall, where bronze busts of Roman emperors gaze at the colossal eagle, which, like themselves, was cast in bronze, but more movable. Napoleon once commanded that it should fly to Paris. The Emperor's bird ought to be in the Emperor's city; and the bird flew, but on the frontiers, where the tower of Strasbourg stands like a guide-post, the eagle rested. At dawn of morning the Gallic cock crew, as the cock crowed when Peter betrayed his master. Great events had come to light; then the eagle flew back again to old Augsburg, where it still sits and meditates. That is what I saw when I went up the broad steps, and in through the large, old-fashioned door.

"Could I but be amongst those buildings!" was my wish when a child: and I came amongst them in the only likely and desirable manner, although it was some years after that my wish was accomplished; but it was so nevertheless! I was in Augsburg.

X.

MUNICH.

THE ancient portion of the city of Munich appears to me like an ancient rose-tree, from which new branches shoot out every year ; but every branch is a street, every leaf is a palace, a church, or a monument ; and everything appears so new, so fresh, for it has but this moment unfolded itself.

Under the Alps, where the hop-vines creep over the high plains, lies the Athens of Germany. It is cheap to live here ; many treasures of art are to be seen, and I have here found many amiable persons who are now dear to me ; but yet I would not live here, for the cold is more severe than in Denmark. The cold from the Alps sweeps with an icy chill over the highlands of Bavaria, and where the Alps themselves beckon us, like the Venus Mountain, as it sings, "Come hither ! come hither !" Behind these bold, dark-blue mountains lies Italy.

Every city, from Rome the eternal to our own silent Sorö, has its own peculiar character with which one can be intimate, even attach one's self to ; but Munich has something of all places : we know not if we are in the south or the north. I at least felt a disquiet here, a desire to leave it again.

Should any one fancy that my description of Munich contains crude and contradictory images, then I have given the most just picture according to the impression that the town has made on me. Everything here appeared to me to be a contradiction. Here were Catholicism and Protestantism. Grecian art and Bavarian ale. Unity I have not found here : every handsome detail appears to have been taken from its original home and placed in and about old Munich, which is a town like a hundred others in Germany. The Post-office, with its red painted walls and hovering figures, is taken from Pompeii ; the new Palace is a copy of the Duke of Tuscany's palace in Florence, — each stone is like that of the other. The Au Church with its stained glass windows, its colossal lace-like tower, in which every thread is a huge block of stone,

reminds us of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna ; whilst the court chapel, with its mosaic pictures on a gilt ground, wafts us to Italy. I found but one part in Munich that can be called great and characteristic, and that is Ludwlg Street. The buildings here in different styles of architecture blend together in a unity, as the most different flowers form a beautiful garland. The Gothic-built University, the Italian palaces, even the garden close by, with its painted piazzas, supply a perfect whole. I think that if one drove through this street, and from thence to Schwanthaler's and Kaulbach's *ateliers*, one would receive the best picture of what Munich is intended to be ; but if one will see it as it really is, one must also go into the "Bockkeller," where the thriving citizens are sitting with their tankards, and eating radishes and bread, whilst the youths dance to the violin : one must go through the long streets which are building, or, more properly speaking, along the high-road, where they are planting houses.

Most of the young artists who travel southward make a long stay in Munich, and afterward speak of their sojourn there with much enthusiasm.

But that they remain here so long, may be attributed to the cheapness of the living ; and if they come direct from the North, Munich is the first town where there is much to be seen. Most true artists are natural and amiable ; a mutual love for their art binds them together, and in excellent Bavarian ale, which is not dear, they drink to that good fellowship which in remembrance casts a lustre on that city, and forms the background of many a dear reminiscence.

King Ludwlg of Bavaria's love of art has called forth all that we term beautiful in Munich ; under him talent has found encouragement to unfold its wings. King Ludwlg is a poet, but he works not alone with pen and ink, for things of magnitude he executes in marble and colors. His "Valhalla" is a work of marble erected by the Danube, where it visits old Regensburg. I have seen, in Schwanthaler's *atelier*, the mighty figures intended to ornament the façade toward the Danube, and which, when placed in juxtaposition, represent the battle of Hermanus. Another composition of the same kind, and great in idea and expression, is the Main and Danube Canal,

whereby the German Ocean is united with the Black Sea. I saw also in Schwanthaler's *atelier*, the vignette title to this work—if I may presume so to call the monument—which represents the river-nymph Danube and the river-god Main.

Königsbau, which, as I before said, is in its exterior a copy of the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, has in the interior, if we except those rooms that are decorated in the Pompeiian style, and the magnificent Knights' saloon, with the gilded Electors, an odor of Germanism, which improves the fancy and elevates the thought. The walls shine with pictures of what Germany's bards have sung, and the people have felt and understood; the "Nibelungenlied" reveals itself here in bold outline; the Diver ventures into the boiling deep; Leonora rides in the moonlight with the dead, and the Elf-king lures the child as it rides through the wood with its father.

A handsome spiral staircase leads to the flat roof of the palace, from whence we see the whole Isar plain and the Alps, which, with me at least, always awaken disquiet and a desire to travel: I thought I could trace my feelings in everything beneath me. The post-horn sounded, the diligence rolled away. I saw the smoke from the arrowy locomotive, as it drew the train of carriages on the railway; and down in the palace garden, where the river Isar branches off in different directions, the water rushed with a rapidity I have never seen equaled in any garden: "Away, away!" was its cry.

Even the streets and buildings in this new city will not, as yet, attach themselves to each other; the Pinakothek, with its elevated windows in the roof, has, from the spot on which I am standing, the appearance of a large hot-house or conservatory, and such it is; there, as in the Glyptothek, we wander amongst the most beautiful productions of art, brought together from the four corners of the world. In the Pinakothek are all the varieties of glowing plants, and the saloons are equally as gorgeous as the flowers; in the Glyptothek stand the immortal figures by Scopas, Thorwaldsen, and Canova, and the walls are resplendent with colors that will tell posterity of Cornelius, Zimmerman, and Schlotthauer.

Near to Königsbau is the theatre; it is even joined to it

by a small building. It is built on a very extended scale ; the machinery is admirable, and the decorations are splendid. But a bad custom exists here, that of destroying all the illusion by calling the actors forward. I never saw displayed a more flagrant instance of bad taste, than one evening during the performance of the opera of " Guido and Ginevra ; or, the Plague in Florence." In the fourth act of the piece the scene is divided in two parts : the lower part represents a vault, wherein Ginevra lies in her coffin, having, as is supposed, died of the plague ; the upper part of the scene represents the church, where they are singing masses over her tomb for the repose of her soul. The mourners depart, the church is dark and empty ; it is late in the night : Ginevra's trance is ended, she awakes and soon comprehends her dreadful situation—she is buried alive. The music in this scene is highly expressive and effective ; with the greatest effort she drags herself up the stairs which lead to the church ; but the trap-door is fastened, she has not strength to raise it, and despairs. At that moment a crowd of sacrilegious robbers enter, for the plague rages in that large city, and all law, all affection and piety are annihilated ; they even plunder the dead. They force their way into Ginevra's tomb, but are seized with horror on beholding the supposed corpse standing in the midst of them ; they kneel, and she once more attempts to ascend the stairs, and escape through the trap-door which the robbers had opened. She succeeds ; she stands in the church, and exclaims : " I am saved ! " and then leaves the stage.

The lady performed very naturally, sang prettily, and the music is, as I have said, in the highest degree expressive ; but now the spectators began to shout and call her forward. Ginevra appeared again, and in order to express her thanks properly, she ran with marvelous ease through the church, down the stairs into the vault, toward the lamps, made her courtsey with the happiest face imaginable, and then hopped away back the same way she came, and where a minute before we saw her, as if half dead, dragging herself forward. For me, at least, the whole effect of that beautiful scene was from that moment destroyed. As to the rest, the plays performed here are good and interesting.

But I will now turn to the glorification of art in the capital of Bavaria, and the names of Cornelius and Kaulbach stand preëminent. I will first speak of the younger of the two, Kaulbach. Every one who has lately been in Berlin, assuredly knows his famous painting, "Die Hunnenschlacht." I have heard several artists, though it is true they were persons who, according to my opinion, have not produced anything great, judge him very harshly, and describe him as proud and repulsive; I nevertheless determined to pay a visit to his *atelier*. I wished to see the man and his latest work, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," of which every one spoke differently. Without any sort of letter of introduction, I set out for his *atelier*, which is situated in a remote part of the town near the river Isar. Passing over a little meadow inclosed with palings, I entered the foremost *atelier*. The first object that revealed itself to me was a living and very original picture, such as I had never before seen: a young girl, a model, lay in a sleeping position; a number of young artists stood around her, one occupied with drawing, another playing the guitar and singing "Ora pro nobis," whilst a third had opened a bottle of champagne just as I entered.

I asked for Kaulbach, and they showed me into a larger room close by, where the artist received me. Kaulbach is a young man, with an ingenuous face; he is pale, and his features indicate suffering; but there lies a soul in those proud eyes, a cordiality, like that with which he received me, when I told him I was a stranger who had no one to introduce me to him, and therefore was obliged to present myself, and that I could not leave Munich without having seen his works. He asked my name, and when I told him, I was no longer a stranger; he shook my hand, bade me welcome, and a few minutes afterward we were like old friends. How much envy and folly was there in the judgment I had heard pronounced against this great artist! He led me toward the cartoon for his last great picture, which is already renowned, "The Destruction of Jerusalem." This was the first time during my journey, the first time during my stay in Munich that I felt glad, charmed, and filled with great and powerful thoughts, and it was this picture that had cast such a ray of sunlight

over my mind! All that I had lately seen and found beautiful in the *ateliers* of other young artists, now appeared to me as sketches in comparison with this work. My feeling was akin to that a young man of susceptible imagination must experience, when having read some trifling plays, poems, or everyday novels, he turns to the perusal of Dante's "Divina Commedia," or Goethe's "Faust." There is something so great in these, that other productions, however finished they may be of their kind, under such circumstances would appear so inferior, that they would suddenly lose all the effect they in the first instance created. And yet it was only in the cartoon, and in miniature, that I saw this work of Kaulbach, which will assuredly forthwith take its place in the works of art—a place such as the world has long ago consented to concede to Michael Angelo's "Day of Judgment."

The destruction of Jerusalem is dealt with in this picture as an epoch in the history of the world, as a circumstance of more than a general historic character. Thus Kaulbach has comprehended it and represented it, for he has gathered his materials from the prophets and Josephus.

At the top of the picture we see, in the clouds, the figures of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, surrounded by a glory; they prophesy the fall of Jerusalem, and show the people what is written in the Scriptures; under the prophets are seen soaring the seven chastising angels, as executors of God's anger. We see the Jewish people's misery: the temple is in flames; the city is taken; the Romans plant their eagles around the holy altar, whilst Titus with the lictors enter over the fallen walls. In the foreground of the picture is seen the high-priest of the temple, who kills himself and his family on the fall of the sanctuary; at his feet are the Levites, sitting and lying, with their harps—the same that sounded by the waters of Babylon when the thought of Zion still lived; but they are now silent, for all is lost.

To the right of the picture, a Christian family is leaving the city accompanied by two angels; the waving palm-branches signify martyrdom; to the left is seen the Wandering Jew, chased out of the city by three demons; he is the representative of the present Judaism—a people without home.

It is long since that a picture has made me thrill, and filled me with such thoughts as this picture gave me. The artist went through every particular; showed me the detached studies: each in itself was a beautifully executed picture. Afterward I saw the sketch of his famed "Hunnenschlacht;" how these giant spirits soar! how nobly Attila rises, borne on shields through the air! I saw the drawings for Goethe's "Faust," and left the friendly artist with a high admiration of his talents, and a warm regard for his social qualities.

One of the greatest works that Munich may be proud of from the hand of Cornelius, is certainly his "Day of Judgment," which is repositied in Ludwig's church. Six years ago I saw the cartoon to this picture in Rome, where I made the acquaintance of this great artist. It was two evenings before my departure for Naples that I was in the hostelry by the Piazza Barberini, and there met, amongst the Danes who were assembled, a German whom I had not seen before. He had piercing, intelligent eyes, was very eloquent, and entered into conversation with me about the newest German literature. We talked long together, and when he rose to depart, two of my countrymen asked him if they might visit his *atelier* next day, and see the cartoon for his latest work.

"I do not much like it to be seen by many," answered he; "but you may come, on condition that you bring this gentleman with you as a card of admission," and he pointed to me.

No one had told me who it was I had been conversing with; I only heard that he was a painter, and of painters there are plenty in Rome. I therefore thanked the gentleman for his invitation, but said that I regretted I could not accept it, as I intended to leave Rome the following day, and being scant of time, I wished once more to visit the Borghese gallery.

"You will come!" said he with a smile, as he laid his hand on my shoulder, and went hastily away.

He was scarcely out of the door, before some of my countrymen began to load me with abuse for what they called my unheard of incivility in refusing an invitation from — Cornelius; I must have seen who he was in his eyes, and in his whole person, said they!

Now, I had not these qualities of discernment. However, I went with the others to visit him next day. He received me with a smile, and added: "Did I not say you would come!" He then showed us the cartoon to that now famous painting, "The Day of Judgment." Our personal acquaintance was but transient; it was in Munich first that I had occasion to value the worthy man, and to meet with friendship and cordiality from the great artist.

Of small events, of which every man has always some to record if he stay in a strange town for a few weeks, I will mention one: on walking through the streets of Munich, a book-seller's shop attracted me, where I saw amongst the books exhibited in the window a German translation of my novel "The Improvisatore," included in "Miniaturbibliothek der ausländischen Classiker." I walked in, and asked for the book; a young man delivered me a little volume which comprised the first part.

"But I wish to have the whole novel!" said I.

"That is the whole!" he replied; "there are no more parts. I have read it myself, sir!"

"Do you not find, then," I inquired, "that it ends rather abruptly; that we do not come to any conclusion?"

"O yes!" said he, "but it is in that as in the French novels! The author points out a conclusion, and leaves it to the reader to finish the picture for himself."

"It is not the case here," I exclaimed; "this is only the first part of the work that you have given me!"

"I tell you," said he, half angrily, "I have *read* it!"

"But I have *written* it!" I replied.

The man looked at me from top to toe; he did not contradict me, but I could see in his face that he did not believe me.

On one of the last evenings of my stay here, I knew that at home in Denmark, in that house where I am regarded as a son and brother, there was a marriage feast. It was late as I proceeded along the banks of the river Isar; on the other side of the river was a crowd of merry young men; they had a lighted torch before them, and the red flame trembled on the surface of the water. As they went on, they sang some lively

German songs, whilst the stars glistened between the bare branches of the trees ; there was also song and torch-light in my heart. The carrier-dove will fly with my song to the North, to my home of homes, when I fly over to the Alps.

At home thou sittest, sad with joyful face,
 Dressed in thy wedding gown,
 And a stranger I, in a foreign place,
 Am seeing the sights of the town.
 At the altar ye stand — he takes thy hand,
 Here's a song for you from the company gay ;
 There's the clinking of glasses
 And the singing of lasses ;
 But I — for you I'll pray.

When in the home I've left behind
 Again shall I see thee ?
 A sister to me, gentle and kind —
 Let God's will be !
 To-morrow I go o'er the Alpine snow,
 I'll think of you, where the roses stay,
 Of you, with your words of worth,
 Of you, with your dreams in the North,
 And then — for you I'll pray.

XI.

TYROL.

ALL the mountains were covered with snow ; the dark pines were as if powdered over ; to the left a dark vacant stripe indicated the deep bed of the river Inn. From thence came clouds of exhalations ; they rolled forward like mists, and, driven by the wind, they sometimes concealed, and sometimes disclosed the sides of the snow-covered mountains and firs.

The soldiers on the frontiers, in their large gray cloaks, clumsy woolen gloves, and muskets over their shoulders, met us in the fresh cold morning.

We had left Seerfeldt, and were now on the highest point of the mountain ; we saw the whole valley of the Inn, far, far below us. The gardens and fields looked like the beds in a kitchen

garden : the river Inn itself appeared to be a small kennel. Close to us, ruins round about, clouds and mountains, with sunshine and long intense shadows ; no, such things cannot be minutely drawn, and it is just that circumstance which gives them their greatest charm.

Beyond the confines of reality this greatness can only reveal itself in remembrance, to the Tyrolese himself, when he, far away from his home in flat foreign lands, sings his simple melodious songs : yet there is one thing he misses, one thing that remembrance cannot restore, — it is that deep silence, that death-like stillness, which is increased by the monotonous creaking of the wheels in the snow, and by the screams of the birds of prey.

Several years ago, when on my travels from Italy, I passed the same way and stayed some days at Innsbruck. I made several tours in the mountains with a young Scotchman. He found much resemblance between nature here and at his home near Edinburgh. The children playing before the cottages, the springs that flow forth everywhere, the sound of bells around the necks of the cattle, all reminded him of home ; he became quite melancholy. And when I, in order to make the illusion stronger, began to sing a well known Scotch melody, he burst into tears and became ill : we were obliged to sit down, and strange enough, on looking round I saw on a solitary spot between the bare cliffs a wooden monument on which some Hebrew letters were painted. I asked a herdsman who passed us what was the meaning of it ; and he told us that a Jew was buried there, that they had no church-yard for that sort of people, and therefore they had laid him there in the mountains ; but one of his creed, who travelled with him, had placed this monument there. This account set my fancy in as great emotion as the Scotchman's feelings had been on beholding the scenery, and yet I quite forgot this incident, which, like a fragrant flower, full of poesy, shot forth in a moment ! I had remembered a hundred other insignificant things, but not this ; and now on seeing Innsbruck suddenly before me, on passing over that little mountain road I went up, and where the many springs still splashed, as on that evening, my thoughts were again called to life ; it was as if the

waters asked, "Do you remember it?" It appeared to me as if but a few hours had passed since I was here, and I became thoughtful, and with good reason. How many reminiscences do there not slumber in our minds, how much that we would gladly have forgotten; if now, at once, all these remembrances awake! — I thought of the words of Scripture, "We shall give account for every idle word we have spoken!" We shall remember them! I believe that the mind forgets nothing; everything can be again awakened, as fresh and living as in the moment it happened. Our thoughts, words, and actions are bulbs and roots we plant in the earth, and much of them we remember full well; but when we come to the end, we turn round, and then see the whole in its bloom, and it is paradise or hell that we recognize and own.

Shall I draw Innspruck? Then I must first show you a roaring stream, with many timber rafts steered by two or three men; I must describe strong wooden bridges, and crooked streets with shops in the heavy-built arcades; but one of the streets must be broad and showy, the sun must shine on the altars there, and on the gilded moon which bears the Madonna. Life and bustle must be shown, Tyrolese women with clumsy caps, slender Austrian officers, and travellers, with book in hand, must cross each other, and then we have the picture of the town; but the frame is of a greater style, and gives relief to the picture; the frame is composed of the high mountains: they seem to be threatening thunderclouds that will pass over us.

I soon found the same walk I had visited with the Scotchman; the river Inn rushed on unchanged, the timber rafts glided under the strong bridges down the stream just as before. I went up the road where all the springs gush forth, where all the houses boast of a large image of the Madonna, — the one copied exactly from the other, the clothes of the same color, the same position for the mother as for the child; over the wall and quite over the windows, where they only left a little space open, hung, like a large carpet, the yellow maize to ripen in the sun; merry children played in the streets: everything was as before. I followed the path, and stood amongst the silent rocks, where I had seen the mon-

ument with the Hebraic epitaph, and I saw a part of it still, but only a part; a piece of the plank lay in the grass with half worn-out Hebrew letters; high grass shot up over the pile which had borne it. I sang my Scotch song again, and looked at the scenery around; that and the song were unchanged. I thought of my Scotch friend who is now perhaps the father of a family, and who was possibly at that moment seated in his soft arm-chair, asleep after a good meal, perhaps dreaming of one or another thing he had seen; perhaps dreaming of this place, and in his dream seeing the town, the river, and the mountains just as clearly as I saw it, for the mind can retrace even the smallest details; dreaming that I sang the Scotch song for him on this place. He awakes, looks up, and says, "I had quite forgotten that; how one can dream!" and so the dream was perfect reality, for I stood again by the grave, and sang the Scotch melody.

The bright brass balls on the high church towers in the town shone in the evening sunlight. I returned thither: the palace church stood open, as is the custom in Catholic countries; the light fell with a red tint through the large window-panes. From the entrance and up to the choir, stand colossal figures in bronze of the German emperors and empresses, all undoubtedly cast at the same time and by the same master; but although they scarcely belong to works of art, yet they give the church a peculiar stamp; it seems like an open book of legends, which speaks of the days of chivalry; even that white monument in the aisle to the left harmonizes well, if not as a part of the picture, yet like a fresh flower laid in the book, as a scented mark. It is an Alpine plant which tells of the strong mountains, of love for home here, of fidelity toward its land's Emperor,—it is the monument of Andreas Hofer. With the flag in his hand and his eyes toward heaven, the brave Tyrolese seems to advance to combat for his mountains, his hearth, and the Emperor Francis. From Innspruck the way passes over Brenner to Italy.

It was toward evening on the fourth of December, 1840, that I drove up the mountain in the diligence, well wrapped up in cloaks, with Iceland stockings up over the knees, for they

had warned me that it was cold up there, and perhaps the snow lay so high that we should have to cut our way through. I knew it was the worst season of the year, but over it we must go. The road winds constantly in a zigzag upward, and we went very slowly. The view behind is immense, and becomes more impressive every step we go forward. The air was quite of a rose red ; the mountains with the snow looked like a shining silver cloud, and as the red light disappeared in the air and it became more and more of a pure blue, night lay in the valley ; the lights twinkled in the town, which appeared to us like a starry firmament beneath us. The evening was so still we heard the snow creak under the wheels. The moon, which was only in the first quarter, shone clear enough to illumine all the surrounding objects in the white snow without depriving us of the sight of the many stars ; sometimes we saw one of them, so large and glittering, close by the mountain summit, that it appeared as if it were a fire.

The wheel-ruts passed close to the giddy precipice where there are no railings — where there is nothing, except here and there a mighty pine which holds itself fast by the roots to the declivity : it appeared a fathomless abyss in the moonlight. What stillness ! only the sound of a rivulet was to be heard ! We met not a single wanderer ; not a bird flew past us ; and it soon became so cold that the windows of the diligence were covered with icy flowers, and we saw but the rays of the moon refracted from the edge of the flowers. We stopped at Steinach, where we flocked round a stove with a brass ball on the top, and refreshed ourselves with a frugal Friday's meal, whilst the coachman filled the diligence with hay to keep our feet warm. There was not much snow lying there, but it was bitter cold. Just at twelve o'clock we passed Brenner, the highest point, and though the cold was the same, yet we felt it less, for we sat with our feet in the warm hay and with our thoughts in Italy, toward which we were now advancing. The frozen window-panes began to melt, the sun burst forth, the green firs became more and more numerous, the snow was less. " We approach Italy, " said we ; and yet the postilion was so frozen that his cheeks and nose were of the same color as the morning clouds.

The road runs continually along the side of the roaring river ; the cliffs around are not high, and have a strange mouldering appearance : they look like slates with half obliterated Runic inscriptions and hieroglyphics ; they often form large walls which seem to support the remains of old monuments, decayed and beaten by rain and storm. During several hours' driving they had always the same formation ; it really appeared as if one were in a large cemetery for the whole race of Adam : the still-born child, the most wretched beggar, each had his monument ; all generations, all ages had theirs ; the grave-stones there stood strangely cast amongst each other : the green bush shooting forth from the rocky wall formed a striking resemblance to the feathery tuft in a knight's helmet, as the weather-beaten cliff resembled him ; here stood a knight in armor amongst deformed dwarfs, who all wore ruffs : they could not be better represented than here. In centuries to come these images will also decay ; but new ones will be formed again, another church-yard's monuments for another thousand years' dead,—and the river will rush on below, and hum the same death-hymn.

Toward noon we were in Botzen ; some of the trees had leaves ; the red vine leaf hung yet on the stem ; beautiful white oxen drew the peasants' wagons ; the church-yard had painted arcades ; in the inn there was as much Italian spoken as German, and on the table lay a play-bill on which we read in large letters : “ Lucia di Lammermoor, tragedia lirica : ” we weré near Italy, although yet on German ground.

ITALY.

I.

ENTRANCE INTO ITALY.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

I.

PASSING over the Alps we come into a land where the winter is like a fine autumn day in the North ; once at least it was so to me. Six years had elapsed since I had left Italy ; I was now here again, and in the first hostelry on Italian ground I had determined to empty the cup of welcome ; but the diligence drove past the first, the second, and the third, for the conductor slept, and we certainly acted wisely in following his example. I peeped at the blue sky, and let down the carriage window to drink health in the fresh air. But our signors screamed aloud at this intrusion of the cold air, and so I only got a sniff of it.

It was not yet daylight when we reached Verona. The Hotel della Posta is a cold, uncomfortable place. I was shown into a paved room, where there were three immeasurably large bedsteads ; a few dried sticks furnished a flame in the chimney ; but the fire was a sort of fascination, it did not afford the least warmth ; so I went to bed and slept — slept until the sun shone through the windows. I arose and drank of its beams, and in reality this was the most precious draught that Italy could give ! But I wished to have more sun ; I went out, therefore, and as I got more, I wished to have it still warmer. It is the same with sun-drinkers as with other drinkers, they will always have more and always stronger.

The sun shone on the magnificent marble tombs of the Scaligii, on the sarcophagus of Romeo and Juliet, on the

great Amphitheatre. I saw them all together ; but the sun of Italy did not yet shine in my heart with that lustre which all the pictures of memory do.

We ascended the citadel to enjoy the splendid view over the old city and the murmuring river, and it was here that Italy first revealed itself. Yes, you will laugh at this revelation, but it is truth : the whole space of ground where this revelation took place was only some few yards ; it was in a long green salad bed, — only green salad, but it was in the open air in a strong sunlight, and the warm beams of the sun were reflected from an old wall quite overgrown with ivy. It was green here, it was warm here, and yet it was the seventh of December.

That poor green salad, in the open air, in sunshine and shade, was like the drapery of that throne from which the majesty of Italy greeted me and cried : “ Welcome ! ”

II.

They spoke of nought but war, — the expected war which France was soon to carry on against Germany. On the road there was bustle and movement, but this also was a sign of war ; one baggage wagon followed the other with ammunition, accompanied by Austrian cavalry, all, like ourselves, going towards Mantua, that famous large fortress.

“ I shall return in eight months,” said a German who sat in the same carriage with me ; “ just the same way back ! It appears very consoling. How is one to slip through the enemy’s ranks ? ”

“ I live here on the plain, in the little town of Villafranca,” sighed a lady ; “ there we are but a few hours’ ride from Mantua. We may expect dreadful times.”

I became serious ; yet in the great events of life, where I cannot do anything myself, I have the same firm belief as the Turks in a directing Providence ; I know that what will happen, happens ! Here my thoughts turned to my friends at home ; the best hopes arose in my mind.

It was evening, the air was clear and blue, the moon shone, it was so still, just as on a fine autumn evening in Denmark.

Mantua lay before us. They said it was Mantua, and I was quite in Denmark, not only in thoughts but in the surrounding scenery. I saw a large clear lake, which in the moonlight seemed inclosed by woods that assumed a peculiar blueness; the large plain of Lombardy, the lake and the woods, which in fact existed not, but appeared to exist, suddenly recalled me to my home: tears came to my eyes, — call it not home-sickness, for I *was* at home.

They say that sorrow gets up behind a man and rides with him: I believe it; but memory does the same, and sits faster. Memory rode its hobby on my knee, and laid its head against my heart.

“Do you remember,” it sang, “the large calm lakes inclosed by fragrant beech woods? Do you remember the little path between the wild roses and the high brackens? The rays of the evening sun played between the branches of the trees, and made the leaves transparent. Near the lake lies an old castle with a pointed roof, and the stork has its nest up there; it is beautiful in Denmark!”

“Do you remember the brown, sweet smelling clover-field, with its old tumulus grown over with brambles and black-thorn? The stones in the burial-chamber shine like copper when the sun throws his red gleams within. Do you remember the green meadow where the hay stands in stacks, and spreads a sweet perfume in the calm air? The full moon shines, the husbandmen and girls go singing home, with glittering scythes. Do you remember the sea, the swelling sea, the calm sea? Yes, it is beautiful in Denmark!”

And we rolled into Mantua, — rolled in over an immense draw-bridge! The wheels of the water-mills roared and foamed outside — and so we were in the streets of Mantua.

III.

It was the feast of the Madonna; the magnificent church shone with light, the figures in the cupola appeared living — they soared! It was as if one had cast a look into heaven itself: the smell of incense filled the aisles of the church; song and music sounded so exquisitely beautiful; they breathed forth

a gladness which we inhabitants of the North cannot imagine in a church ; and yet, when we hear it there in the South, and see the devout crowd kneeling, we feel ourselves elevated by joy !

From the church, the crowd streamed forth into the large open square, and just before it stood a little puppet show. The puppets knocked their heads against each other, and fought with their large arms. The dialogue was applauded. It was now all life and mirth.

People wandered up and down under the high piazzas ; song and music sounded from the open cafés ; I took a seat in one, where a musical pair displayed their talents.

The husband was ugly and deformed, quite a dwarf ; the wife, on the contrary, young and pretty ; she played the harp and he the violin. His voice was sonorous. It was the most brilliant bass, so melodious and flexible : he sang with taste and feeling. Every one around became attentive. No one read his paper longer, no one gossiped with his neighbor ; it was a song worth hearing, and the Italians have an ear for song.

I observed that the young wife once looked at him with an expression of mildness, and with so friendly a smile that their every-day life appeared as an adventure, his ugliness a spell, which she well knew ; his nobler "self" revealed itself in song, and whilst he sang the ugly mask would once and forever fall, and she would see him young and handsome as she was herself.

All the guests gave him a small tribute ; mine rattled in his hat as they called me to the post-house.

The building here was formerly a cloister ; one must go through arcades, over the court-yard of an old cloister, into the church, a large one, built in the Italian style, and which now serves as a coach-house.

The air without, lighted by the moon, threw so much light upon the cupola, that all the outlines appeared distinct. The lower part of the church itself was almost in the dark. A large stable lantern hung where the brass lustre had before hung ; the diligence and one of the nearest carriages was lighted by it ; round about stood trunks, travellers' baggage, and packages. The whole made a disagreeable impression on

me, for there was too much here that reminded me of the house of God.

I know not with what feelings the Catholic regards such a change as that of a church into a stable. I have always imagined that the Catholic was more zealous for his creed than the less ceremonious Protestant. I felt glad to leave the place.

The church door opened, and where the choristers had swung their censers with incense before the kneeling crowd, our horses' hoofs pattered, the postilion blew his horn, and we drove away. Four mounted gendarmes accompanied us, for the way was not safe.

Everything was soon still and lonely; we saw no more lights shining from any house by the way.

We approached the river Po, and all around showed traces of the last inundation. Field and road were covered with a thick mud; we could only drive slowly. By the bank of the river lay a solitary ferry-boat, so large that the carriage and horses could drive on to it; a small wooden shed was also erected on the vessel; within it burned a large fire, round which we all flocked, as the night was cold, whilst the stream itself carried the ferry-boat over. Everything was so still that we heard only the whistling sound of the ropes round the pulley by which our vessel was held, as the stream drove it on. The ferry was crossed: fresh gendarmes, on horseback and wrapped up in large cloaks, awaited us.

IV.

MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT.

It was after midnight: I sat in the rolling carriage, the soldiers kept close to it; it was the most beautiful moonlight! A large city with old walls lay straight before us; it was again pitchy night, we rode in through the gate, and the moon again shone. We were in Modena! That sight is before me now, full of moonshine, like a strange dream. Old buildings with arcades: a magnificent palace with an extensive open place revealed itself; but all was void and still, not a light shone on us from a single window, not one living being moved in the large old city; it was quite like witchcraft. We stopped

in a little square, in the centre of which stood a brick column, the upper part of which formed a sort of lantern with a glass window; a lamp burned within. This sort of altar is called "the eternal light;" the lamp is kept burning night and day.

The flame appeared in the clear moonlight like a red spot, a painted flame; a woman wrapped in a ragged mantle sat there and slept. She leaned her head against the cold wall of the pillar; a sleeping child lay on her knee with its head on her lap. I stood long and regarded this group; the little one's hand was half open on its mother's knee! I laid a small coin quite gently in the child's hand; it opened its eyes, looked at me, and closed them again directly. What was it dreaming of? I knew that when it awoke, the moonlight would cause the money to appear like silver in its hand.

I saw Bologna by sunlight; it lies between luxuriant vine fields, close under the Apennines, which form a green hedge wherein every tendril is a vineyard, every flower a villa or a church.

The sun plays a great part in this country; the inhabitants of the city do not like it, therefore everything is calculated to afford shade, every house forms a cool piazza; but the sun rules in the vine fields and ripens the juicy grape; it even forms an alliance with the stones. It is here in the neighborhood, in Mount Paderno, that the so-called Bononian stone (*Spongia di Luce*) is found, which has the particular quality of absorbing the sun's rays, and of giving a light in the dark.

I thought of this when I saw the great city in the sunlight, and my eye fell on the leaning tower. *This is also a mass of stone which gives light*, thought I, but it has got its light from Dante's "Divina Commedia."

I thought of this when I visited the rich cemetery and looked at the many marble monuments; they are also Bononian stones which receive their light from the dead they are placed over; but I found none which as yet had absorbed any light, though on one was inscribed, that here lay a celebrated dramatist, and on another, that here reposed a lady who could speak Greek and Latin.

I thought of the Bononian stone as I stood before one of the private buildings in the city, and they told me the name

of its owner. This house will also some day send forth a nimbus, but it has not yet; for the sun is up, the stone drinks in the rays in our time; the owner must die, then comes the lustre — the owner is the composer Giacomo Rossini.

II.

A NIGHT ON THE APENNINES.

THE Apennines with their trees and vineyards rise towering above the green, flat plains of Lombardy. As we arrive outside the gates of Bologna, it appears as if the road passed over the ruined terraces of an immense garden, like those which, history tells us, a Semiramis constructed.

It was in the middle of December; everything bore the character of a late autumn. The vine leaves were red, the foliage of other trees yellow, the laurel hedges alone were green, as at all times, and the pines and cypresses carried their heads aloft in all their splendor. We drove slowly upward, ever upward; garlands of vine leaves hung down over the shattered wall; we met droves of fine oxen which had been employed as fore-teams, their white, shining sides had a reddish tinge from the setting sun.

As we came higher up, the country became more and more solitary; I went on before alone. The sun was down, and for some minutes there lay a bluish tone over the mountains, — an airy tone which seemed as if it streamed out from the mountain itself; not a breeze was felt; it was mild and still, and there was a greatness in the cliffs and the deep valley that disposed the mind to devotion. The solitude of the valley imparted to this — I will not say a stamp of melancholy, no, I think it must be called quietude; it was as if sleep had its kingdom there beneath; there was a rest, a peace, which was increased by the gentle murmur of the river far below.

The road wound round the mountain, and I soon lost all sight of our vehicle; I saw not a being, I saw nothing but the deep valley; I was alone — quite alone.

It was night, the stars peeped forth; they glitter more brightly with us on a clear, frosty, winter night; but here in the mountains the air is much higher, its distant vault was transparent, as if a new and immense space began behind this.

A ray of light shone forth between the rocks, it came from an inn above us. A lamp burned before an image of the Madonna in the open arcade; the cameriere, in white apron and velvet jacket, received us. We took our place in a large hall, the grayish-white walls of which were covered with names and inscriptions in all the European languages; but it was cold and solitary here. Large bundles of twigs were thrown on the fire; they blazed up in a great flame, and invited us to form a circle around the chimney. Every one in our little company had something to relate, particularly about the last great inundation.

After having enjoyed the smoking supper, each one sought his chamber; mine lay somewhat remote; it was large and lonely. The bed was just as broad as it was long; the vessel with holy water hung by the bed-head; inscriptions were also to be found here on the wall; one was in Danish, —

“Enjoy life’s happiness in thy day’s youthful prime,” —

written by a compatriot. I hope that he enjoyed life. A poor table and two rush-chairs completed the rest of the furniture.

I opened a window; large iron bars were fixed across on the outside; the window looked out over a deep valley; it was dark beneath. I heard the roar of a current; above me was the firmament sparkling with stars; I leaned my forehead against the iron bars, and felt myself no more alone than I am in my little room in Denmark. He who has a home *at* home, can feel home-sickness; but he who has none feels himself equally at home everywhere. In the course of a few minutes my room here was an old home to me, though I knew not its environs as yet.

Besides the general entrance, I saw a little door with a bolt before it. Where may this lead to, thought I? I took the lamp, in which three wicks were burning. I lighted all five, drew the bolt aside, and set out on a voyage of discovery.

Outside I found a sort of lumber-room ; here stood chests, sacks, large jars, and on the walls hung old clothes and muskets. But from this room there was another outlet ; I opened the door, and now stood in a narrow passage ; I followed it, and stopped at a door : should I go further ? I listened. Then at once I heard the tones of two flutes, a deep, and a sharp piercing one, — after an interval they were repeated.

The longer I listened the more sure I was that it could not be from a flute these tones came. I lifted the wooden latch and the door flew quickly open, — much quicker than I expected. The room was dimly lighted by a lamp ; an old peasant, with long white hair, sat half undressed in an arm-chair and played on a flute. I made an excuse for coming, but he did not notice me. I pulled the door to again, and was going ; but it was opened again, and a young lad, whom I had not observed, asked me in a whisper whom I was seeking.

The old man I had seen was the uncle of my host ; he was insane, and had been so from his sixteenth year. “ I will tell you a little about him,” said the lad. “ His malady was as if blown on him — no one knew the cause ; he had, when a boy, played the flute very prettily ; but from a certain night he had never since attempted more than these two tones — a deep sorrowful one, and a high piercing one. These he constantly repeated, and often for several hours during the night.” They had attempted to take the flute from him, and then he became like a wild animal ; with the flute, however, he sat still and mild. The young man I spoke with slept in the chamber with the old man, and was accustomed to the sound of the flute, as one may be to the strokes of the pendulum, or the coppersmith’s hammer, when he has been one’s neighbor for a series of years.

I returned to my room, and closed the door ; but yet I thought I heard the two tones of the flute ; they sounded as when the wind moves the vane on a distant spire. I could not fall asleep, my fancy was occupied with the old man. I heard the tones of the flute, — they sounded as from a world of spirits. When the old man is dead, the inmates of the house will, in the stillness of night, think that they hear, like

ghost-tones, what I now heard in reality. It was early morning before I fell asleep, and I believe they called me the same hour ; we were to depart at daybreak. It was night when we got into the carriage ; the mountains before us were covered with snow ; in the dawn they seemed as if they were glowing. At Pietra Mala we see but wild, naked cliffs of a volcanic nature, and the volcanoes are not burnt out ; to the right, a thick smoke curled up from the rocky clefts. This morning I discerned two seas like a glittering stripe in the horizon ; to the left, the Adriatic, to the right, the Mediterranean. A strong wall is erected here on the highest point close to the way-side, to afford travellers a shelter against the storms which come from the east ; before this wall was built, there were often days and nights that no one could venture here, for the angel of the storm passed over the mountains.

“ The old man at the inn,” said the vetturino, “ one night, in the worst storm, crept on his stomach over this rock, though he was not deranged then ; he must, and would descend on the other side of the mountain ! ”

I thought of the old man and of the tones of his flute.

The way downward was beautifully picturesque, in bold serpentine lines, sometimes over walled arches, always sheltered by the mountains, where the sun shone warm, where the snow was melted, and the trees stood in full leaf. “ Beautiful Italy ! ” we all exclaimed. The vetturino cracked his whip, and the echo repeated it, as he could not have done it.

III.

THE BRONZE HOG.

A STORY.

IN the city of Florence, not far from Piazza del Granduca, runs a little cross-street ; I think it is called Porta Rossa. In this street, before a sort of bazaar where they sell vegetables, stands a well-wrought bronze figure of a hog. The clear, fresh water bubbles out of the mouth of the animal, which has become dark green from age ; the snout alone

shines as if it were polished bright ; and it is made so by the many hundred children and lazzaroni who take hold of it with their hands, and put their mouths to the animal's to drink. It is a complete picture to see that well-formed animal embraced by a pretty, half-naked boy, who puts his sweet little mouth to its snout.

Every one that visits Florence will easily find the place ; you need only ask the first beggar you see about the Bronze Hog, and he will tell you.

It was a late winter evening, the mountains were covered with snow ; but it was moonlight, and the moon in Italy gives a light which is just as good as the best light of a dark winter day in the North ; nay, it is better, for here the sun shines, the air elevates, whilst in the North that cold, gray, leaden roof presses us down to the earth, the cold wet earth, which will hereafter press our coffin.

Yonder, in the Duke's palace garden, where a thousand roses bloom in the winter time, a little ragged boy had sat the whole day long, under the pine-tree's roof. He was a boy that might be the image of Italy,—so pretty, so laughing, and yet so suffering. He was hungry and thirsty : no one had given him a farthing ; and when it became dark, and the garden was to be closed, the porter chased him away. He stood long on the bridge over the Arno, dreaming and looking at the stars as they glistened in the water, between him and the noble marble bridge, Della Trinità.

He bent his steps toward the Bronze Hog, knelt half down, threw his arms around its neck, placed his little mouth to its shining snout, and drank a deep draught of the fresh water. Close by lay salad leaves, and a few chestnuts : these were his supper. There was not a human being in the street ; he was quite alone. He sat down on the swine's back, leaned forward so that his little curled head rested on that of the animal, and, before he himself knew it, was asleep.

It was midnight, the bronze figure moved ; he heard it say quite distinctly, " Hold fast, little boy, for now I run ! " and away it ran with him. It was a laughable ride.

The first place they came to was Piazza del Granduca, and the bronze horse which bore the statue of the Duke neighed

aloud; the variegated arms on the old Council Hall shone like transparent paintings; and Michael Angelo's David swung his sling. It was a strange life that moved! The bronze groups with Perseus, and the "Rape of the Sabines," were but too living: a death shriek from them passed over that magnificent but solitary place.

The Bronze Hog stopped by the Palazzo degli Uffizi, in the arcade where the nobility assemble during the pleasures of the Carnival.

"Hold fast!" said the animal, "hold fast! for we are now going up the stairs." The little boy said not a word; he half trembled, he was half happy.

They entered a long gallery; he knew it well, for he had been there before. The walls were covered with paintings; here stood statues and busts: everything was in the brightest light, just as if it were day; but it was most splendid when the door to one of the side rooms opened. The little fellow remembered the splendor here, yet this night everything was in its most beauteous lustre.

Here stood a beautiful naked female, as beautiful as nature and marble's greatest master alone could make her. She moved her fine limbs, dolphins played around her feet, immortality shone from her eyes. By the world she is called the "Venus de' Medici." On each side of her were numerous marble groups, in which the spirit of life had pierced the stone. These were naked, well-formed men: the one sharpening the sword, is called the Grinder; the wrestling Gladiators form the second group: the sword is whetted, the combatants wrestle for the Goddess of Beauty.

The boy was almost blinded with all this lustre: the walls beamed with colors, and all was life and motion there. The double image of Venus was here seen — that earthly Venus, so swelling and impassioned, whom Titian had pressed to his heart. It was strange to see. They were two beautiful women; their handsome, unveiled limbs were stretched on soft cushions, their bosoms rose, and their heads moved, so that the rich locks fell down on their round shoulders, whilst their dark eyes spoke the glowing thoughts within; but not one of all the pictures ventured to step entirely out of the

frame. The Goddess of Beauty herself, the Gladiators and Grinder, remained in their places, for the glory which beamed from the Madonna, Jesus, and John, had bound them. The holy images were no longer images—they were the sainted beings themselves.

From saloon to saloon what splendor! what beauty! and the little boy saw it all. The Bronze Hog went step by step through all this magnificence and glory. But one sight superseded the rest—one image alone fixed itself in his thoughts: it was caused by the glad, happy children who were there on the walls: the little boy had once nodded to them by daylight.

Many, certainly, have wandered carelessly past this picture, and yet it incloses a treasure of poesy: it is Christ who descends into the nether world; but it is not the tortured we see around him; no, they tell of hope and immortality. Angiolo Bronzino, the Florentine, painted this picture. The expression of the children's certainty that they are going to heaven, is excellent; two little ones embrace each other; one child stretches its hand out to another below, and points to himself as if he said, "I am going to heaven!" All the elders stand uncertain, hoping, or bending in humble prayer to the Lord Jesus.

The boy looked longer at this picture than at any other; the Bronze Hog stood still before it; a gentle sigh was heard; did it come from the painting, or from the animal's breast? The boy extended his hands toward the smiling children; then the animal started off with him, away—through the open front hall.

"Thanks, and blessings on thee, thou sweet animal!" said the little boy, and patted the Bronze Hog, who, with an amiable grunt, sprang down the stairs with him.

"Thanks, and blessings on thyself!" said the animal. "I have helped thee, and thou hast helped me, for it is only with an innocent child on my back that I have strength to run. Nay, I dare now enter under the light of the lamp, before the image of the Madonna. I can bear thee away everywhere, only not into the church; but when thou art with me I can look in through the open door from the outside. Do

not get off my back ; if thou dost, I shall fall down dead, as thou seest me in the day at the Porta Rossa."

"I will stay with thee, my blessed animal," said the little boy ; and away they went with a whizzing flight through the streets of Florence, and out to the open square before the church of Santa Croce.

The large folding door flew open, lights shone from the altar, through the church, into the solitary square.

A strange ray of light streamed forth from a monument in the left aisle ; a thousand moving stars formed, as it were, a glory around it. A device displayed itself on the tomb ; a red ladder on a blue ground—it appeared to glow like fire. It was the grave of Galileo : it is a simple monument, but the red ladder on the blue ground is a significant device ; it is as if it belonged to art alone, for here the way goes always upward, on a glowing ladder, but to heaven. All the prophets of genius go to heaven, like the prophet Elias.

In the right aisle of the church every statue on the rich sarcophagus seemed to be endowed with life. Here stood Michael Angelo, and there Dante, with the laurel-wreath around his brow ; those great men, Italy's pride, with Alfieri and Machiavelli, rest here side by side.¹ It is a handsome church, far more so than the marble cathedral of Florence, although it is not so large.

It was as if the marble habiliments moved ; as if those great forms raised their heads with more dignity than ever, and looked, in the deep night, during song and music, toward that variegated, beaming altar, where white-robed boys swung golden censers : the powerful odor streamed forth from the church into the open square.

The boy stretched forth his hand toward the beaming light, and at the same moment the bronze hog darted away with him. He was obliged to cling fast to it ; the wind whistled

¹ Opposite Galileo's tomb is that of Michael Angelo, on which is placed his bust, beside three figures, — Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture ; close by is Dante's cenotaph (the body itself is in Ravenna) ; on the monument is seen Italy, she points to the colossal statue of Dante ; Poetry weeps for her lost son. A few paces from this is the monument of Alfieri ; it is adorned with laurels, lyres, and masks ; Italy weeps over his coffin. Machiavelli closes the row of these celebrated men.

about his ears ; he heard the church doors creak on their hinges as they closed ; but at the same time he appeared to lose all consciousness ; he felt an icy coldness, and opened his eyes.

It was morning ; he sat, but half glided down from the Bronze Hog, which stood, where it always used to stand, in the street Porta Rossa.

Fear and anxiety filled the boy's mind when he thought of her whom he called mother ; her who had the day before sent him out and said that he must get money ; he had none, he was hungry and thirsty. Once more he took the metal hog round the neck, kissed its snout, nodded to it, and then wandered away to one of the narrowest streets, only broad enough for a well packed ass. A large iron-bound door stood ajar ; he went up a bricked staircase with dirty walls and a slippery rope to serve as a hand-rail ; then came to an open gallery hung round with rags ; a flight of stairs led from thence to the yard, where thick iron wires were drawn from the wall to all the floors in the house, and the one pail swung by the side of the other, whilst the pulleys whistled, and the pails danced in the air, so that the water splashed down into the yard. There was another dilapidated brick staircase which he went up ; two Russian sailors sprang merrily down, and had nearly upset the little boy. They came from their nightly carousal. An exuberant female form, not very young, but with thick black hair, followed them.

“What have you brought home ?” she demanded of the boy.

“Do not be angry,” he exclaimed ; “I have got nothing ! nothing at all !” and he took hold of his mother's gown as if he would kiss it. They entered the chamber ; but we will not describe it. Only so much may be told, that there stood a pot with a span handle, *marito*, it is called, and in this was charcoal. She took it on her arm, warmed her fingers, and struck the boy with her elbow.

“To be sure, you have money ?” said she.

The child cried, she kicked him ; he cried aloud. “Will you be still, or I'll knock your screaming head in two !” and she swung the fire-pot, which she held in her hand ; the boy

fell to the ground with a scream. Then her neighbor entered the door, she also had her *marito* on her arm.

“Felicità! What are you doing with the child?”

“The child is mine!” answered Felicità. “I can murder him if I choose, and thee, also, Gianina,” and she swung her fire-pot; the other raised her’s to parry the blow. The pots clashed against each other, and the broken pieces, fire and ashes, flew about the room; but at the same instant the boy was out of the door, over the yard, and away from the house. The poor child ran so that at last he was quite breathless. He stopped at the church of Santa Croce, — the church whose large door had the night before opened to admit him, — and he went in. There was a flood of light; he knelt by the first grave to the right; it was Michael Angelo’s, and he sobbed aloud. People came and went; the mass was read; no one took notice of the boy. At length an elderly citizen stopped, looked at him, and then went away like the rest.

Hunger and thirst tormented the little fellow; he was quite exhausted and sick; he crept into a corner between the wall and the marble monument, and fell asleep. It was toward evening when he was again awakened by some one shaking him; he started up, and the same old citizen stood before him.

“Are you ill? Where do you live? Have you been here the whole day?” were a few of the questions put to him by the old man. They were answered, and the old man took him home with him to a small house close by, in one of the side-streets. It was a glover’s shop they entered; the wife sat diligently at work. A little white Bolognese dog, clipped so close that one could see its rosy red skin, skipped on to the table, and jumped about before the little boy.

“The innocent souls know each other,” said the woman, as she patted both the boy and the dog.

The good folks gave the poor boy to eat and to drink, and they said he should be allowed to remain the night over. Next day father Giuseppe would speak with his mother. He had a poor little bed; but it was a magnificent one for him, who was often obliged to sleep on the hard stone floor. He slept so well, and dreamt of the rich paintings, and of the Bronze Hog.

Father Giuseppe went out next morning, and the poor child was not happy on that account, for he knew that this going out was in order to return him again to his mother ; and he cried and kissed the nimble dog, and the woman nodded to them both.

And what answer did father Giuseppe bring? The citizen spoke much with his wife, and she nodded, and patted the boy.

“He is a sweet child!” said she. “What a fine glover we can make of him — just as you were! and he has such fine, pliant fingers. Madonna has destined him to be a glover!”

And so the boy remained there in the house, and the woman herself taught him to sew. He lived well, he slept well, he became lively, and he began to tease Bellissima — so the little dog was called; the woman threatened him with her finger, and chid him, and was angry, and it went to the boy's heart, as he sat thoughtfully in his little chamber. It looked out to the street, and they dried skins there; thick iron bars were before the windows. He could not sleep, the Bronze Hog was in his thoughts, and he suddenly heard something outside, — “plask, plask!” Yes, it was certainly the hog. He sprang to the window, but there was nothing to be seen — it was past.

“Help Signor to carry his color-box!” said the old lady in the morning to the boy, as their young neighbor, the painter, came toiling along with it, and a large roll of canvas. The child took the box, and followed the painter; they made the best of their way to the gallery, and went up the same stairs; he knew it well from the night that he rode on the Bronze Hog; he knew the statues and paintings; the beautiful marble Venus; and those that lived in colors; he saw again Mary, Jesus, and John. They now stood still before the picture by Bronzino, where Christ descends into the nether world, and the children round about smile in sweet certainty of heaven; the poor child smiled also, for he was here in *his* heaven!

“Now go home!” said the painter to him, when the boy had stood until he had adjusted his easel.

“May I see you paint?” said the boy; “may I see how you get the picture there on to that white piece?”

"I am not going to paint now," answered the young man, and took his black crayon out. His hand moved quickly, his eye measured the large picture, and, though it was but a thin stroke that came forth, yet Christ stood hovering there as on the colored canvas.

"But you must go, now!" said the painter, and the boy sauntered silently homeward: he sat down on the table, and learned — to sew gloves.

But his thoughts were the whole day in the picture-gallery, and, therefore, he pricked his fingers, was intolerably awkward, but did not tease Bellissima. When it was evening, and the street door just chanced to be open, he stole out; it was cold but starlight, so beautiful and clear, and he wandered away through the streets, which were already still, and he soon stood before the Bronze Hog, which he bent down over, kissing its bright snout; and he got on its back.

"Thou blessed animal," said he, "how I have longed for thee! We must ride a little to night!"

The Bronze Hog remained immovable, and the fresh water welled from its mouth. The little boy sat there like a jockey until some one pulled him by the clothes. He looked around, it was Bellissima, the little, naked, shorn Bellissima. The dog had crept out of the house and followed the little boy without his having observed it. Bellissima barked as if it would say, "You see I am with you, why will you sit there?" No fiery dragon could have frightened the boy more than the little dog in that place. Bellissima in the street, and without being *dressed*, as the old mother called it! what would be the consequence? The dog was never allowed to go out in the winter time without being clothed in a little sheep-skin, which was cut and sewed to fit it. The skin was to be bound fast about the neck and belly with red ribbons, and it had bells: The dog looked almost like a little kid when it had this habit on in the winter time, and was permitted to trip out with Signora. Bellissima was with him, and not dressed; what would be the result? All his wild fancies had vanished, yet the boy kissed the Bronze Hog, and took Bellissima in his arms. The animal trembled with cold, and therefore the boy ran as fast as he could.

“What are you running with there?” cried two gendarmes whom he met; and Bellissima barked.

“Where have you stolen that pretty dog from?” they asked, and took it from him.

“O! give it me again!” whimpered the boy.

“If you have not stolen it, you can tell them at home that they can get the dog at the guard-house.” They named the place, and away they went with Bellissima.

Here was sorrow and trouble. He knew not whether he should spring into the Arno, or go home and confess all. They would certainly kill him, he thought. “But I would willingly be killed! I will die, and then I shall go to Jesus and Madonna;” and he went home with the thought of being killed.

The door was locked; he could not reach the knocker; there was no one in the street, but there was a loose stone; he took it up and hammered away at the door. “Who is that?” cried a voice from within.

“It is me!” said he. “Bellissima is lost! — let me in, and kill me!”

They were so frightened, particularly Signora, for poor Bellissima! She looked directly to the wall where the dog's vestment always hung, and the little sheep-skin was there.

“Bellissima in the guard-house!” she cried quite aloud; “you wicked child! How did you get him out! He will be frozen to death! That delicate animal among the coarse soldiers.”

The old man was obliged to be off directly. The wife wailed, and the boy cried. All the people in the house mustered together, the painter too; he took the boy between his knees, questioned him, and by bits and scraps he got the whole story about the Bronze Hog and the gallery — it was not easy to understand. The painter, however, consoled the little fellow, and spoke kindly to the old woman; but she was not satisfied before “father” came with Bellissima, who had been amongst the soldiers. There was such joy, and the painter patted the poor boy, and gave him a handful of pictures.

O, they were splendid pieces, comic heads! but, above all, there was the Bronze Hog itself to the life. O, nothing could

be more glorious! With a few strokes, it stood there on paper, and even the house behind it was shown.

“O, how I wish I could draw and paint! then I could obtain the whole world for myself.”

The first leisure moment that the little fellow had next day, he seized a pencil, and on the white side of one of the pictures he attempted to copy the drawing of the Bronze Hog, and he succeeded! A little crooked, a little up and down, one leg thick and another thin, but yet it was not to be misunderstood; he himself exulted over it. The pencil would not go just as straight as it should do, he could perceive; but next day there stood another Bronze Hog by the side of the first, and it was a hundred times better; the third was so good that every one might know it.

But the glove-making went badly on, the town errands went on slowly, for the Bronze Hog had taught him that all pictures could be drawn on paper, and the city of Florence is a whole picture-book, if one will but turn the leaves over. On the Piazza della Trinità there stands a slender pillar, and on the top of this stands the Goddess of Justice, with her eyes bound, and the scales in her hand.

She soon stood on the paper, and it was the glover's little boy who had placed her there. The collection of pictures increased; but everything in it was as yet but still-life; when one day Bellissima hopped about before him. “Stand still,” said he; “you shall be beautiful, and be amongst my pictures!” but Bellissima would not stand still, so he must be bound; his head and tail were fastened; he barked and jumped: the string must be tightened — when in came Signora!

“You wicked boy! the poor animal!” was all that she could say: and she pushed the boy aside, kicked him with her foot, and turned him out of her house; he, the most ungrateful rascal, the naughtiest child! and crying, she kissed her little half strangled Bellissima.

Just then the painter came up the stairs, and — here is the point on which the story turns.

In the year 1834 there was an exhibition in the *Accademia della Arte* in Florence; two paintings placed by the side of each other drew a number of spectators to them. The small-

est painting represented a merry little boy, who sat drawing ; he had for his model a little, white, nicely-clipped pug-dog, but the animal would not stand still, and was therefore bound fast with pack-thread, and that both by the head and tail ; there was life and truth in it that must appeal to every one. The painter was, as they said, a young Florentine who had been found in the streets when a little boy. He had been brought up by an old glover and had taught himself drawing. A painter, now famous, had discovered this talent, the boy having been turned away because he had bound his mistress's favorite, the little pug-dog, and made it his model.

The glover's boy had become a great painter. The picture proved it ; but it was particularly shown in the larger one by its side. Here was but a single figure, a ragged but beautiful boy, who sat and slept in the street ; he leaned up against the Bronze Hog in the street Porta Rossa.¹ All the spectators knew the place. The child's arm rested on the swine's head ; the little boy slept soundly, and the lamp by the image of the Madonna cast a strong, effective light on the child's pale, sweet face. It was a magnificent picture ; a large gilt frame encircled it, and on the corner of the frame hung a laurel wreath, but between the green leaves, a black ribbon entwined itself, from which a long crape veil hung down.

The young artist was just then dead !

IV.

TRAVELLING WITH THE VETTURINO.

THE most general mode of travelling through Italy is with the Vetturino ; he arranges the whole, but then one must stop where he will, eat what he orders to be placed on the table, and sleep in the place he pleases to choose for us. Dinner and lodging are always included in the agreement ; but the journey always lasts twice as long as when one travels by post ; it is also quite characteristic that, after having agreed

¹ The Bronze Hog is a cast ; the original is antique and of marble ; it is placed at the entrance to the gallery in Palazzo degli Uffizi.

with the man, we do not give him money in hand, but he, on the contrary, gives us ; for he is sure that we shall not run away from him ; but we cannot be so certain with respect to him, for if a higher price be offered him than that we have agreed to give, he takes the highest bidder, and lets us remain behind with what he has put into our hands.

The time of departure is generally before sunrise ; but as the vetturino has his passengers to fetch from different places in the town, and as all do not belong to the class of early risers, some are to be awakened when he comes ; others stand busy packing up, so that it is late in the morning before the last passenger can be got into the carriage. Now I belong to those who get up in the middle of the night, when I have to travel early in the morning ; so I was up here likewise, and had everything ready to leave Florence, and to travel by way of Terni to Rome, a journey which, with the vetturino, lasts six whole days. The road over Siena is, however, shorter. I knew them both, and chose the most interesting, although the longest. The vetturino was to start at three o'clock ; I was ready an hour earlier, and stood staring at my portmanteau and travelling-bag.

I had my things taken down-stairs that they should not wait for me. The clock struck half-past two, but no carriage came ; the clock struck four, there was a rumbling in the street ; there came a vetturino, but he drove past ; there came another ; he also drove past, and all was still !

The clock struck one quarter, and then another. The church-bells rang to prayers, the bells of the hotels rang for the waiters. Carriages enough came through the street, but none to me. The clock struck five, then six — I was certain that they had forgotten me — and then came the carriage. Within, sat a stout Englishman : he was asleep when the vetturino had called for him. There was also a Roman lady ; she had been on a visit to her daughter, who resided in Florence, and their leave-taking had lasted an hour, so the vetturino said, adding, we should now be off at a gallop, as soon as I had got in.

The whip cracked, we rolled over the Arno, and then we stopped. It was outside a cloister ; some ecclesiastics came

out ; a young, pale brother of the Camaldolese order ascended the *coupé* with me. He was an Englishman, and knew a little French, but it was not possible to get into conversation with him ; he read his prayer-book continually, smote his breast, crossed himself, and kept closing his eyes as if he would have nothing to do with either trees, mountains, or sun, much less with such a heretic as myself. Every people's, nay, every sect's different manner of approaching God is sacred to me ; I feel myself perplexed by the thought that my presence makes them less free in their approach to God. It was thus also here by the side of this, the most zealous Catholic I had hitherto met ; but as I by degrees observed how entirely he lived within himself and his forms, I also became free ; and as he once closed his prayer-book and stole a glance at nature, my great holy Bible, I pointed to its beautiful writings and the sentences which might be read there. God had strewn ashes on the green heads of the olive-trees which here stretched forth the rich fruit of their gray-green branches. The vines held each other fast, though the world had robbed them of their heavy grapes, and the wind now plundered them of their red-brown leaves. "Be humble, if even you give rich fruit to the world !" preached the olive-trees. "Keep together in unity, if even the world rob you of all !" said the vine. Thus I read in my Bible : what the brother of the Camaldolese read I know not ; but the Bible can be read in many ways. In the interior of the diligence, the conversation proceeded in a much more lively manner. The Englishman spoke French with La Romana, and she laughed and translated into Italian for her spouse — a little gentleman who was dressed like an abbot — what the Englishman said to her. A young priest was the fourth person, and they composed the party.

We came to Incisa. The young priest and the little thin man jumped out of the diligence, and then came Signora ; the Englishman followed her with still more difficulty, as he had ladies' fur boots on his feet, a large blue cape over his shoulders, and a thick woolen neckerchief about his thin red whiskers. There was something of a courtier's consciousness and a chandler's carriage about him ; my English priest clothed

in black, with his boots over his smalls, very frozen-looking and devout, wandered away directly to the church ; we others accompanied Sir ——, who led La Romana up the broad, dirty stairs to the *salle-à-manger*, which presented four not over white walls, a brick floor, some rush chairs, and a table, — the cloth on which, was in color as though it had been washed in coffee-water. The Englishman entertained us by telling about all the royal saloons he had been in, of two princes who had sat by his bedside when he lay ill in Florence ; and now he was so modest as to travel with the vetturino, and that without having servants with him ; for “one was not in Italy for one’s servants’ pleasure !”

Signora bowed at every great name he mentioned, and repeated it to her little husband, who bowed still lower, and looked at the young priest, who bowed obediently as he did.

Now came the dishes, which all of us, except the Briton, had ordered. The Englishman peered closely into them, seized a fork, and without any ceremony took the best piece he saw. “It is good,” said he, and we all bowed politely. The company did it because of his distinction ; I on account of his originality.

The Signora now took some small baked fruit cakes, which her daughter had made for her. She presented two of the richest to our guest, as we at the table called him. “I will put by these cakes until evening,” said he ; “they are delicious ;” and he folded them up in paper, put the little parcel into his pocket, and bowed. “But yet one ought to taste them,” he reminded himself ; and so he took a piece from Signora. “It is excellent, superb !” and he took another piece.

Signora bowed, and laughed aloud. I think she also began to find him original.

The hostess now brought him his breakfast, and that disappeared like our dishes. For dessert the Englishman gave us a bravura, Signora clapped her hands, and cried “Bravo !” her husband also. The waiter let fall the plate from sheer astonishment, and the Englishman’s rush-chair broke down ; it was too crazy for an Englishman under excitement. Signora now made a sign, and her husband sang so softly, and in such

a dying cadence, so ethereally I may say, that I at last could only see by his trembling lips, that he was still amusing us with his song. It met with immense applause. We then got into the diligence again. My praying English priest now appeared, and crept up with me ; his breakfast had been the air and the little prayer-book : he prayed still. The whip cracked, three voices within the carriage rose in melody, and away we went again. Toward evening we had rain, but the rain-drops soon turned into snow-flakes, which were thawed directly on the wet, clayey road. We got but slowly forward ; it was dark, and there was not a house where we could get our lantern lighted. Signora moaned in dismal fear of robbers, and her spouse from dread of being overturned ; the Englishman railed at the coachman, and the coachman at the horses, and so it continued in the same progression until a light at length shone in the distance. We were near a solitary inn, where we went up into the guests' room through a stable, half frozen and hungry. It was a most intolerable time before a few sticks and twigs could be brought to blaze in the chimney ; but at the moment they *did* blaze, the Englishman came with his sheets, and formed a screen with them around the fire-place. "They must be dried," said he, and so the sheets got the whole warmth. The rest of the company put up with it, and I also was obliged to be satisfied. The Englishman and I were to sleep in one room together. I entered, and found him standing on my counterpane which he had spread out on the floor, having elevated his bed with two of my pillows, which he had appropriated to his own use without ceremony.

"I do not like to lie with my head low !" said he.

"Nor I, either !" I replied. "With your permission," and I took them from him. He looked amazed.

He was an insupportable sleeping companion ; he wanted so much waiting on that at last I was obliged to go to bed to get rid of him. I pretended to sleep ; but I saw with half closed eyes, that he prepared his midnight meal on a rickety rush-chair by the bed.

I had been up a long while next morning, the horses were already before the diligence, and we still waited for the Eng-

lishman. He could never be ready. Signora had also just begun her toilet.

“It goes on slowly,” said her husband, “for she weeps from anxiety to see her daughter.”

At length we drove off.

I again sat with my godly neighbor, who crossed himself, read his prayer-book and fasted.

We were obliged to stop in Arezzo, for both the priests must pray, and Signora said she must absolutely go to confession.

From hence all around was olive woods. One group of trees disclosed itself after the other. The olive-tree resembles the willow most; but the branches do not shoot forth in stiff twigs; they bend more, the leaf is less, and the trunk itself looks as if a giant hand had torn it half up from the ground, turned it round, and then let it stand waving in the storm.

The old town of Castellone, situated on a rock, rises above the gray-green olive woods; it is one of the dirtiest, but also most picturesque towns in Italy. I know not how to describe it better than by saying that it looks as if it had taken the houses, nooks, and corners that were much too miserable-looking in other towns, and thrown them here behind the old wall, above and over which they, however, protrude. These small hanging gardens are in reality but scraps of terraces, which they have fastened like balconies under a window, or over a door of the house, where one least expected to see them. A part of the town wall forms a sort of forum for the people. The square here was quite filled with all sorts of persons; the steep road up to the gate of the town also swarmed with pedestrians and persons riding; but there were no church-bells ringing, no flags waving, otherwise I should have thought it was some great feast. From all the by-ways, and even on the high-road, there were swarms of men and swine — great grunting herds.

A heavy cloud hung over our heads, and some fine drops fell. The travellers extended their umbrellas which were almost all of a yellow-green, and so colossal that one could only see the green roof, and the hind part of the ass, when a monk or a village donna rode before us. There was such

a screaming, and grunting, and hilarity, the nearer we approached the inn which lies close to the road by the gates of the town. There was a swine market in Castellone.

Signora stepped backward out of the diligence just as a whole herd of swine was driven past; half the drove ran under the diligence; it looked like the waves of "the Black Sea," and Signora trod on the Black Sea, and rocked on it, like a travestied Venus Anadyomene. She screamed, the waves screamed, and the drover screamed. It was a perilous moment for Signora.

We sat down to table in the inn. There was such ordering and shouting by the Englishman, that the whole house was convinced he was a disguised prince, and that he would give the attendants royal veils. They heard only him, they ran only for him, were abused and kicked, and to all that he said and did they smiled and bowed; but he gave them no veils. "For I am very dissatisfied!" said he; "I am dissatisfied with the food, with the house, and the attendance!" The abashed waiters bowed still deeper, and both the priests took their hats off when he got into the diligence.

It was so narrow and uncomfortable within; it was so hung round with boxes and cases that every one was obliged to be very circumspect, if he would travel with the slightest comfort; the whole of the packages belonged to the Englishman, and yet, as he boasted, he paid the least of us all. He had taken the best place, and if a box or a package came too near him it was pushed over to the others. "For those things trouble one," said he; and it is true they did; but all the things were his own, even the large case which he had fixed behind Signora's neck.

At Lago di Perugia we left the Tuscan, and entered the Papal territory. The Custom-house looked like a deserted stable, but it is finely situated on the side of a mountain in the midst of an olive grove, from the terraces of which we look down to the sea. The sun cast strong red rays on the trees; pretty peasant girls with white veils over their shoulders drove their cattle along, and I rejoiced at the sight of this living picture, whilst the officers of the customs examined the contents of our portmanteaus.

It was dark before we got away. The road was heavy and our horses exhausted. We proceeded at a very slow pace ; the vetturino said that the road here was not safe, — that is to say, we had no robbers to fear, but thieves might cut off our baggage from behind the diligence. Signora wept aloud.

We now took it in turns to walk two behind at a time, to keep a lookout. It was a heavy, clayey forest-road, only lighted by the miserable flame of our carriage-lantern, and in addition we had also to go up hill. The horses panted, the Englishman growled, and Signora sighed from the deepest depths of her heart.

Late in the evening we reached the village of Pasignore, which is regarded by all travellers as a genuine robber-hole.

Two stout, masculine looking girls, strong, and florid complexioned, each of whom looked like a robber's bride, waited upon us in the inn. We got a soup to which we gave a taste by putting in much salt, pepper, and cheese ; we also got some boiled, and then some small fried fish, each as large as a finger. The wine was sour as vinegar, the grapes mouldy, and the bread as hard as a stone.

The beds were all as broad as they were long ; they seemed to be arranged for four persons lengthwise and four crosswise.

The rain poured down in torrents the whole night.

As we were leaving the inn in the morning, having to descend the steep stone stairs which passed almost perpendicularly through two floors, our buttoned-up and overcoated Englishman trod on something — I know not what — and rolled from the topmost step very gracefully down the whole stairs, step for step ; but this did not put him in better humor.

The road to Perugia goes upward. We had got oxen for leaders to our conveyance ; they went but slowly, and it seemed as if we should never reach the good city, which is more famed for the potter's son than for all its bishops.¹

At length we arrived there.

The passage in the hotel was crowded with armorial shields ;

¹ Perugia, as it is well known, is the place where Raphael received instruction.

one was hung up for every prince who had passed a night here. The Danish wild-men were also here ; they seemed to interest Signora, particularly when she heard from me that they were my countrymen ; and she asked me quite naively, if they went dressed in that manner in our cold land.

The cold, chilly, praying Camaldolese monk left us here. He bade none of us farewell.

At last I had a good place ; the whole *coupé* was mine ; I could sit alone and gaze well pleased at the fine mountains ; this place was, in fact, too little for two persons.

We were now to be off again ; our stout Englishman waddled up to me : he too would enjoy the prospect.

I assured him that the place was not large enough for him. "It *is* unpleasant!" said he, and held on fast, although he continued to agree with me that there was not room for two ; he therefore proposed to me that I should creep into the diligence ; but I told him that it was just for the sake of enjoying nature alone that I had chosen this place.

"I will also remain here for the sake of enjoying nature," said he.

We had only driven a short distance when he shut his eyes, and begged me to nudge him when there was anything pretty to be seen. I did so a few times, but then he requested that I would only nudge him when there was something very unusually fine.

I let him sleep.

At Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, we visited the village church de gl'Angeli. Signora would confess.

Our Englishman took a guide to conduct him about alone to see the curiosities, "for he did not see well in company," he said. The monk who escorted him received neither money nor thanks. "These fellows have nothing else to do!" said he, when Signora reproached him for his meanness. From that moment the connection between them was colder ; from that moment no quartet was heard in the diligence.

I never before met a person with such a — yes, what shall I call it? — such a thoughtless impudence. Every one must live for him, every one must conform themselves to his convenience ; he never paid a compliment but it was transformed

into rudeness as it passed his lips. At last I began to think of the wicked step-mother in the story, who, after her husband's daughter had returned home from the well into which she had thrown her, and gold and roses sprang out of her mouth when she spoke, threw her own wicked daughter into the well ; but when she came up, she was still worse than before, and at every word a frog or a lizard sprang out of her mouth. The more I looked at the Englishman, and the more I heard him speak, the more certain was I that he was own brother to the step-mother's bad daughter.

How unpleasant did he not make the evening to us in that peaceful town Spoleto ; where the fire burned so brightly in the chimney ; where the music sounded so sweetly from the street ; where the people rejoiced outside the church, "*E viva Madonna ! E viva Jesus Christus !*"

We were again in the diligence before sunrise ; and as long as it was the cold morning I had my place alone. It was dull weather, but the mountains were beautiful, and many of the trees were green. One little town after the other rose above us : each one lay like a sphinx on the mountain, and seemed to say : " Do you know what lives and moves here ? " We passed quickly by.

A beggar knelt down on the road before us, and kissed the ground. We passed by. We met armed soldiers, who surrounded a car on which lay four strong, black-bearded robbers chained together ; an old crone was with them. She sat at the back, with her face toward us ; she nodded to us, and seemed to be merry enough. We drove quickly past — we were in Spoleto.

A horrible looking fellow, in a dirty blue cloak, and with a little red greasy cap on his uncombed hair, approached our diligenece. I took him for a beggar, and referred him to the party in the other part of the vehicle ; he went up to one side and then to the other, but was sent away from both sides.

" That is a passenger," said the vetturino ; " it is a *nobile* from Rome ! " But we all protested against having him for a neighbor. He looked exactly like patient Job, when he scraped himself with a potsherd.

He then got up beside the vetturino, and my prospect was now completely cut off.

When at home, and sitting on a soft sofa, we do not dream of travelling thus in Italy ; we then only see handsome people ; the sun then shines continually between the vines and cypresses ; the body feels no weariness. Even the fresh air that came to me was infected with the smell of the *nobile's* clothes.

At the next station I gave up the *coupé* to him, sat by the side of the vetturino, drank in the air, and looked on the charming mountain scenery.

The road went in a zigzag up Monte Somma ; we had oxen before the diligence ; the fountains rippled between the large stone blocks ; some yew-trees were quite green as in spring ; and where the trees were old and leafless, and the ivy, so fresh and luxuriant, wound about the trunks and branches, even to the extremest point, so that the trees appeared in their richest verdure ; the whole crown of the tree was a swelling green.

Pretty girls ran alongside the diligence, and offered us fruit. The ox-driver sang his canzonet, and whistled a merry chorus to it. I sprang down from my seat ; my heart exulted at the picturesque beauty around us.

Down in the clefts of the mountain lay the ruins of two water-mills ; a large, black bird of prey darted out of the thicket. All was wild and solitary ; rain clouds hung in the air above us ; mists arose gently from the clefts of the mountains. Step by step the heavily-loaded diligence moved on.

The vetturino declared that we could not arrive at Terni in time enough to visit the water-fall. I, who had seen it on a previous journey, was resigned. The Englishman, on the contrary, raved ; and this time it was not without reason. He swore, he stormed, he *would* see the water-fall.

It was pitch dark when we reached Terni, but the Englishman would have his way. He called for a guide, had two lanterns lighted, got upon an ass, and ordered them to conduct him to the water-fall.

“ But it is impossible for you to see it with two lanterns.”

“ Then we can take three,” he replied, and rode away.

The guide looked extremely pleased with the whole arrangement ; it was certainly the first time that he ever saw the water-fall by such a light.

How they managed to place the two or three lanterns by that gigantic fall I know not ; but the Englishman said, when he returned, that the water-fall at Terni was not worth the trouble of going all that way to see ; he had viewed it both from above and below, but it was a poor affair.

We were to be off again at three o'clock next morning, the vetturino informed us, for the road was bad, and we had our longest day's journey to make, and we must reach Nepi before it was dark, as the country round about there was unsafe. Another vetturino with his party joined us ; but still we were not in sufficient force.

The rain poured down in torrents, the road was deep and heavy, it was quite dark. We heard a deep hollow sound from the mountains ; it was the herdsmen who blew their conch-shells to call their flocks together.

We passed the mountainous town of Rocca at day-break. It is very picturesquely situated ; the country around had the appearance of the Tyrolean mountains in the summer time. Every bush, every tree was green ; the rain had refreshed the grass and leaves. The ivy had entwined itself in rich garlands around the thick trunks of the trees, and about the cliffs. The town itself hung like a swallow's nest on the front of the rock. The yellow Tiber wound its way along in the deep below.

Our Englishman slept ; Signora did the same ; but they looked the more lively for it when we afterwards descended at Atricoli, a town, the pavement in which seems to have been laid down during an earthquake. The inn was so filled with dirt that I preferred to eat in the stable, where the smell was at least pure, rather than in the greasy rooms.

The prospect, on the contrary, was splendid in the extreme. The mountains had a bluish-green tone ; the valleys extended, deep and fruitful. That splendor — and this filthiness ! Yet it is truly said that nothing is perfect in this world. But in truth both conditions were here as complete as can be imagined. The Englishman was so also, in his way ; he went prying about after food amongst the new vetturino's passengers, and regaled himself with the best pieces that were set before him. He became rude toward our peaceful ecclesiastic, and began to speak in an uncivil manner to Signora.

Unpleasant company, bad weather, miserable roads, and poor horses ; everything was united to make the journey a penitential one. The sun would not shine into my heart, nor would it shine upon the landscape around me ; and the extent of country which we had just passed lay in the most charming sunshine when I was last here. But nature doubtless thought thus : " For that party yonder I need not put on my best ; and the poet has seen how beautiful it *can* be here. He has sung my praise, he will not do it better ! " and so she continued in her rainy, phlegmatic humor.

The vetturino declared that the road was now so bad that we could not reach Nepi by daylight ; it was too dangerous to drive there in the dark ; we must, therefore, pass the night in Civita Castellane.

We passed Monte Soracte, of whose snows Horace has sung ; and our night quarters lay before us, with old bush-grown walls, almost covered with creeping plants. The water rushed in a feathery foam over the cliffs. Civita Castellane is one of those towns that appear handsome as we pass them, but it is an uncomfortable place to reside in. We put up at Albergo Croce di Malta, an old cloister, formerly belonging to the monks of St. Francis, but now converted into an inn. From the street we entered at once into the vaulted stable. It appeared as if it had been a chapel before ; a high, steep staircase led to the guests' rooms. Cats and fowls sprang about. The doors hung on one hinge only, or else were entirely without. The women of the house sat and plaited their long hair, and scarcely knew whether they ought to receive us or not.

I went about a little, and looked over the building ; everything was in the greatest disorder : in some of the rooms there stood beds without bed-clothes ; wet clothes were hung up on poles ; in others lay broken furniture, or there were jars and pots piled up with Heaven knows what. I descended into a narrow yard, inclosed by four dingy piazzas ; in the middle of the yard was a deep well ; bats flew by dozens over my head ; a little wooden door stood ajar ; it could neither be moved backward nor forward. I put my head in ; it was a cold, damp church. I saw the high windows, but everything within was veiled in darkness. I was not alone ; I heard

footsteps — I stepped aside : two men in black, with broad-brimmed hats, like those the Jesuits wear, entered the archway.

“ *Viva Giesu sanguine!* ” said they, quite softly as they passed me. I followed slowly after them.

When I came up again, I heard that it had fallen to my lot to share my room that night either with the *nobile* or the Englishman. I protested against the arrangement, and took refuge with the young priest. He had got a sort of pigeon-house to sleep in ; and I asked if I might not prepare myself a bed on some chairs with him.

“ But I have some religious ceremonies ” — he began.

I begged him not to think of me at all, for that matter, as I should fall asleep directly. I now hastily put together a few chairs side by side ; the priest, Signora, and her husband, all three helped me to drag in the bed-clothes — it was a horrible couch ! In the midst of this arrangement came the Englishman ; he was red in the face, and angry because I would not sleep in his company.

“ Will you leave me in this robber hole ? ” said he. “ Am I to lie, and be murdered alone ! The door won't lock ; there is a closet in the room with stairs ! In the adjoining room there are a monk and a peasant — they look most wretched ! Shall I lie there, and be murdered alone ! You are not a good comrade ; I shall not speak to you during the whole journey ! ”

I thanked him for it.

It was an unpleasant evening ; and on the same evening — but I did not know it then — my tragedy, “ The Moorish Girl,” was performed for the first time in Copenhagen. The public were, certainly, much better satisfied that evening than the author.

Although we were two companies of travellers, who intended to depart together the next morning, yet all the people in the inn advised us to take an escort with us to Nepi, where we expected to arrive at sunrise.

At three o'clock we were all up ; four horses belonging to the party forming our escort, tramped outside the hotel. The rain poured down ; our Englishman not ready, and when he

was, he began a scene of abuse with the hostess, and then with the chambermaid.

At length we set off; two horsemen rode before, and two behind. When we reached the gates we met the Roman diligence, which goes by way of Forti to Bologna; it also was under escort.

We passed a long bridge, "Ponte del Cujoni," as the vetturino called it, and said that under this bridge the rascally thieves concealed themselves when they saw that travellers had soldiers with them. How far it was safe to take this way I dare not venture to determine; but I certainly regarded the whole as an agreement between the people at the inn, the vetturino, and the soldiers, for the latter earned a little money by it. Neither now, previously, nor afterward, have I ever been attacked in Italy, for we assuredly may travel as safely here as in England, or France.

It was almost broad day when we arrived at Nepi, a town which may pass for a first-rate specimen of filthiness and ruin; the large palaces appeared as if they were deserted by human beings, and abandoned to rats and bats. Spiders' webs, covered with thick dust, hung in every niche and corner. The rain, however, ceased during our stay here, but the gray atmosphere hung like a heavy leaden dome above us.

There was a strange solitude amongst the final branches of the mountains. At length we came to the last station, La Storta, a little hamlet, a few hours' drive from Rome.

The first and only inn here looks like a common stable; the kitchen and guests' room is in one. The walls are painted with wretched landscapes, just as one sees them in a bad magic lantern, with thick strokes and gross colors, glowing and imperfect as in a colored A B C book. All the light comes in through the door. In the middle of the floor stood a large, square iron box with fire in it, and by the side of it a deal table and benches for the guests. Bunches of brackens hung under the ceiling to attract the flies, probably that they might not spoil the paintings. Poultry and bottles had their place on the floor; the smell of cookery filled the room, and we saw everything in a light tone of smoke from the chimney. The prospect through the door was bounded by a gravel-pit

and a dung-hill, with living turkeys. The diligence and baggage-wagon filled up the remaining space.

Our Englishman went immediately to the fire-place, looked at the different dishes, and at once took what was ready, and what he thought was best ; but the hostess of La Storta turned on her heel, and in a moment snatched the piece he had taken out of his hand, her flashing eyes measuring him from top to toe. He pushed her aside. She asked if he were mad, and then showed him the meat he had ordered, which was still quite raw in the pan. He pinched her fat arm, and she raised her kitchen knife.

Her husband, a little thick man, ran up, held her round the waist, and lifted her from the floor. She waved the knife about, and a broad stream of words flowed through the house. The Englishman's face was red as fire ; he seized a rush chair, and held it before him.

We, however, managed to get peace restored, and then he began to eat. He ate as much as three persons.

"I shall eat for two," said he. "I shall eat, for I am vexed ; eat, yet only pay three paoli."

The hostess, however, demanded six paoli ; the vetturino, whose boarder the Englishman was at all meals, complained aloud. We took the vetturino's part, and the Englishman loaded the poor fellow with abuse.

"He shall have no drink money !" said he. "I am displeased with him ; I am dissatisfied with the food ; dissatisfied with the company !"

"With the company ?" asked Signora.

"Certainly," said he, "you are always chattering. Snur-r-r — how it clatters ! and your husband is stupid ; he is dumb, he has no education, no refinement !"

"No education !" replied Signora. She became quite pale, put her arms a-kimbo ; "no refinement ! Husband, take your academical certificate out of your pocket, and show him that you have education."

Her little husband was just as pale as herself ; he said not a word ; his eyes stared wildly around. He took out his pocket-book, and unfolded a paper which he held out before the Englishman.

“Read,” said Signora, “read if you can! — my husband not a man of education! Englishman, look at me! It is you who are an uncultivated fellow; and you say you have lived with princes! Oxen and dogs have been your companions, *maladetta!*”

“I don’t read,” shouted the Englishman in the midst of her speech, and struck the paper, set his arms a-kimbo just like Signora, and imitated the gobbling of a turkey-cock.

All at once the hostess stood by the side of Signora; she raised herself on one foot, her eyes glistened, she held a dish of cauliflower in her hand, and the contents flew over the Englishman’s head. The hens on the floor fluttered wildly about: I laughed, some of the company drummed on the table with their fingers, and two ladies belonging to another vetturino’s party flew to a side door.

From that moment no one spoke to the Englishman; he got into the diligence, and pretended to sleep.

From La Storta begins the Campagna of Rome, a large grass-grown church-yard — that is the picture it presents. No house; but the ruins of tombs without names, lie by the wayside. The shepherds drive their flocks of sheep amongst the high thistles.

“Nero’s grave!” cried the vetturino, as he pointed to a monument close by the road. We drove past. I discerned the cupola of St. Peter’s; O! how my heart beat at the thought of seeing Rome again. I knew that green Monte Mario. We rolled over Ponte Molle, and were inclosed by the white walls of the vineyards, until we stopped outside Porta del Popolo.

The passports were delivered, we received our *bulletta*; a soldier got up alongside the other vetturino, whilst the officer bade us follow to the custom-house. We followed.

“Not to the custom-house,” was the first word our Englishman said. He shouted it out of the diligence; he ordered them to drive him to a hotel, for he would not be dragged about at a soldier’s orders.

“To the custom-house,” we all cried, and the vetturino drove thither.

In the Englishman’s portmanteau there was found a number of wax-candle ends. “I have brought them from the inns

I have slept in ; they stand in the account, and are paid for, and I take with me what belongs to me.”

Here we took leave.

V.

ARRIVAL AT ROME.

ROME is certainly the only city in which a stranger without family or acquaintance can settle and be, as it were, at home. A tranquil mind may live here as solitary and lonely as it can wish, and the most troubled spirit will find change enough, for not a day passes here but it brings something new to the eye and to the thoughts.

A man ought to live a whole year in Rome to be able rightly to conceive the picture of this first city of the world, which receives its peculiar coloring from each successive season of the year. It is just as interesting to see Rome at harvest time, when the dancing girls come from the vine fields, as it is to view it in the days of the Carnival, when the merry maskers fill the streets. One must be in Rome when the snow lies on the mountains, and the sentinel stands on his post with the fire-pot before him, whilst the bare-legged boys put their feet on the ice and say it burns. One must be in Rome in the glowing summer heat, when the cooling fountain attracts the singing crowd about it in the evening.

The traveller from the North, who, as he rolls into the city, thinks that he shall see a place that will remind him of Nuremberg, or of some still more ancient city, is not a little surprised at the animated sight, the beautiful regularity, the highly modern buildings that present themselves to his view. We at once see a large handsome place, with obelisk and fountain, elegant hotels, noble terraces with newly carved statues and bass-reliefs ; young odor-spreading acacias form zigzag avenues one above the other. All the great world roll past in splendid equipages ; English ladies and Roman dandies display themselves on horseback. The only thing that could disturb this modern picture would be, if a couple of the cardinals' red-painted, clumsy carriages were to come

past, with the coachman and footman in perukes and three-cornered hats.

Toward the gate of the city are three streets, called Babuino, Il Corso, and Ripetta; the middle one is Il Corso, in which, during the Carnival, horse-races and driving take place. It is a fine street, with broad-flagged foot-pavement, shops, churches, and, above all, plenty of passers by. Let us drive through it, turn into one of the side-streets on the left, and we are then in the so-called Spanish Place.

They tell us that the Tiber once rose so high that it carried a boat up to this place; suddenly the water sank, and the boat remained there, just where the fountain now is. Michael Angelo, who was ordered to make a drawing for this fountain, took his design from the stranded boat: so we now see, in the centre of the round basin, a stone boat out of which the water flows.

Behind the fountain rises a flight of stone stairs; they are as broad as a street, and as high as the neighboring houses. It is the so-called Spanish Stairs, which lead to the French cloister for nuns, to the French academy, as well as to the finest and most frequented promenades.

These stairs once bore a disreputable name, in consequence of the midnight assaults that took place there. Now that lamps have been erected, and a soldier set on guard, such things are no longer heard of; and yet the lamps burn dimly, and the soldier always sits, in the evening, in his watch-box. During the day this place swarms with beggars with withered limbs: some hop like frogs, using their hands to spring on; others lie down at full length, and show their decrepit limbs.¹

From the topmost step of the stairs, by the walled balustrade, we have a prospect over half of Rome, with its towers and cupolas; but we will not look at it now; we will follow the street before us: it is Via Felice; and here two kings have their dwellings. Where are these palaces situated? See, there to the left, the smallest house of them all, penned

¹ The first who, during my renewed visit to Rome, addressed me with an "eccellenza," was just the very character I have drawn in *The Improvisatore*, under the name of Uncle Beppo: he lay here still, with his grinning face.

in amongst these poor houses, and itself the poorest of them all ; two windows without glass, only iron bars across, a door with a knocker, and the inscription " Villa Malta." This is the King of Bavaria's palace in Rome. Let us enter ; yes, the miserable entrance is soon forgotten ; we are in a splendid garden, where large laurel hedges line the walk on either side ; the pine-trees lift their green screen around the little dwelling, from which we look out over the seven-hilled city to the blue Sabine and Albanian mountains.

The other king's dwelling lies to the right in the same street, and looks something more like a palace than the former, though the windows are a little irregular. A dark passage with stone steps leads up to the rooms, which have only bricked floors ; but the walls there are covered with glorious images and paintings.

This is Thorwaldsen's dwelling.

We follow the street we are in, and stand in a large square, so perfectly Roman that nothing can be more peculiar to Rome. We see a part of the Capuchin cloister, we notice old ruined walls, we behold a row of wretched, small, market town-houses, and behind these, one of the most splendid palaces, inclosing a treasury of paintings and sculpture. To the right we have shops, genuine Roman shops, ornamented with laurels, garlands of red and white sausages, pyramids of cheese, mosaic work of figs and oranges, whole organs of candles, and everything as tastefully arranged as if there were some great feast going forward.

The lamp before the image of Madonna at the corner burns day and night ; a canopy hangs above it ; a little altar is beneath, and on this stand flower-pots with waving silk ribbons, whilst the wall itself is covered round about with votive tablets ; these are small pictures, representing all the sicknesses and all the misfortunes Madonna has cured and saved men from. We see the runaway horses she stopped in their flight, we see children fall into wells who yet are saved. It is a whole miniature exhibition of miracles — a whole gallery of misfortunes which have a good end ; there is no place on the house itself for more votive tablets, and therefore the last are placed on the opposite wall.

But we must take a look at the square itself. In the centre of it stands a mighty stone Triton, who with puffed-out cheeks blows in the conch-shell, so that the jet of water rises many yards in the sunshine, and plays like a prism, with the colors of the rainbow. Splendid white oxen, with horns an ell long, lie here detached from the wagons; groups of peasants, with variegated ribbons around their pointed hats, stand and play *mora*; girls so healthy-looking and handsome, with golden combs in their glistening black hair are looking at a couple of dancers. The tambourine sounds — it is merry to see and hear. The Capuchin monk, who goes past with his beggar's wallet on his back, looks askant with a smile at the happy group.

Yes, here we are, in the heart of Rome! In this quarter strangers generally live; here we will also stay, and from hence make our excursions and see — yes the whole in detail, as it revealed itself to me in the most lively manner.

VI.

THE BORGHESE FAMILY.

THE Church of San Carlo is in the street Il Corso; song and music sounded through the high arches; a thousand lights were borne in procession; a white, gilded coffin with a sky-blue lid stood on a high tressel, surrounded by candelabras with burning censers: but no earthly dust lay in this coffin! In the Church of Maria Maggiore,¹ in the rich tombs of the Borghese family, reposed Guendalina Borghese Talbot; here, before this empty sarcophagus, expensive masses for the soul's repose were read, and the poor wept for her they had lost.

In the last months of the year 1840, the angel of death sailed every night up the yellow Tiber, landed, and traced with rapid steps the narrow streets, to the house of the poor, and

¹ One of Rome's most important and handsomest churches; its forty Ionic pillars of Grecian marble are from the temple of Juno Lucina: the ceiling is gilded with the first gold that came from Peru to Europe.

to the palace of the rich ; and wherever he came, he wrote the sign of death over one head.

In the silent streets by night, in the noisy crowd by day, but not visible to mortal eye, the angel of death passed up the narrow brick-built stairs and up the broad marble flags.

In Via Ripetta, one of the three straight streets which lead from Piazza del Popolo, there is a small uninhabited house ; an ample open bow front forms the two uppermost stories, so that from the windows of the Palazzo Borghese, where one wing looks toward the narrow side-street, one can see through this bowed front into Via Ripetta, see the yellow Tiber, that part of it where the ferry is ; the opposite shore, the Church of St. Peter, and even the distant hills. The chamber in the Palazzo Borghese, from whence we have this prospect, belongs to the great picture gallery which extends through several saloons : here Leonello Spada's concert sends forth its everlasting tones ; here the red evening sky never fades over Lot and his daughters ; Gerardo delle Notti called them into life with soul and flame ; the golden shower pours down on Darnæ's lap with that metallic clang which Raphael alone could impart to it.

Through these saloons the angel of death passed in the night, with large, expanded wings which covered and concealed everything behind them. See ! on his brow the star shines and predicts for us an immortality. He is no skeleton, but a daring youth who boldly cuts the thread of life.

Through these saloons the angel of death sped. Domenichino's sybil seemed to raise her eyes ! Cæsar Borgia, to whom Raphael has given immortality, would have stepped out of his frame ; but death's angel swept silently onward, up the broad staircase, between the noble statues.

A son of the Borghese race was ordained to die. And the crape veil was fixed to the rich hatchment ; but before it was hung up, the angel of death came again ; it sought the mother who wept for her child ; he kissed her bosom and she was dead — mother and son were dead.

The poor wept ! There was sorrow in the cottage, there was wailing in the rich palace of the Borghese ; but there still lived two sons. And death's angel came again ; one son

more must die ; at last one remained, but sorrow was at his heart, and fever in his blood.

“Where is my brother?” he asked ; and at the same moment they bore the corpse of his brother through the gates of the palace.

No answer was given : the angel of death kissed the questioner's lips. He also was dead !

There was weeping and wailing in the rich and magnificent palace of the Borghese ; the best, the kindest mother was dead, and with her, three sons ! Eternal Rome shed tears — its poets sang to the harp their dirge of sorrow ; one touched my heart, I give it here : —

SONETTO.

“La Morte della Principessa Guendalina Borghese Talbot, seguita da quella di tre suoi Figli.

- “ Presso al Tamigi un Fior di Paradiso
 La Fè piantò con somma cura un giorno ;
 Bello ci crebbe in quel suol più d'un narciso :
 Tanto era in suo candor di grazie adorno !
- “ Quindi la Carità fiammante in viso
 Del Tebro il trapiantò nel bel soggiorno,
 E quì destava in tutti amore e riso
 Per la fraganza che spandea d'intorno.
- “ Ma il grato olezzo anche su in cielo ascese,
 Onde averlo fra loro ebber desio
 L'Alme ch'ivi si stanno al gaudio intese.
- “ Allora a un divin cenno Angiol partio
 Che svelto il Fior con tre germogli, il rese
 All' amor de' beati, e in grembo a Dio.
- DI. F. F.

VII.

THE CHURCHES IN ROME.

YES, there are no less than three hundred and twenty-eight churches in the city of Rome. To describe them would be just as tedious as to read the description ; we will, therefore, confine ourselves to three, situated in the same quarter : and here let us enter.

Ascending the Spanish Stairs, we behold the Church Trinità dei Monti: a crowd of strangers flock here every Sunday morning, to hear the singing and music of the holy sisters. The blind beggar holds up the heavy curtain before the door with his back, that the crowd may enter with greater ease. He rattles his tin box; no one appears to notice it, for the tones of the soft female voices are already heard: it seems to be the weeping of angels dissolved in harmony. No spiritless sermon disturbs the devotion: the thoughts rise, in music's sound, to God.

The church is light and comfortable; the sun shines on the gilded and ornamented walls. A trellis separates the congregation from the nuns, who sit around the altar, with the poor little girls they educate. Over the trellis is painted a burning heart, encircled by a wreath of thorns. Does it mean, "The heart shall burn for God in the thorns of the earth alone?" or does it signify, "My heart burns, but the cloister's thorns are set around it?"

With a life-enjoying look, the strangers stare through the trellis at the imprisoned doves. Alas! which is better: alone with God and one's self to sit under the dark cypress in the cloister-garden, or to listen to the fluttering birds that fly in pairs over hill and dale, where the net is outstretched, and the hunter takes his aim? Ask not the pale young nun! Disturb her not; she has wept her pains away, and to-day she sings her gladness behind that black barrier.

They related of one of the sisters, who had once sung the sweetest of them all, and was palest of them all, that strangers had missed her one Sunday morning; that at the same hour two old men dug her grave in the cloister-garden; and the spade sounded — it struck against the hard stone; the earth was thrown up, and a marble figure, from the olden time, was raised from the earth. A handsome Bacchus, the god of enjoyment, rose to the light of day from that grave which was to receive one who never enjoyed life. The grave also can be ironical!

From the Church Trinità dei Monti we wander down the street, turn round the corner, and stand before the Church of the Capuchins. Within its walls are to be found beautiful

paintings ; in the cloister there are cool walks ; they encompass a little garden, where the citron-trees grow, their branches heavy with fruit ; but we will not linger here. Beneath the church, yet not under ground, is a row of chapels, and these we will visit. The sun shines in here ; through the barred windows the air blows fresh and pure, and yet we are amongst the dead. The floor, ceiling — all the small chapels here are constructed entirely of human bones ; whichever side we look we see nothing but the joints of bones ; they form rosettes, rings, and figures. One of the skulls has two hip-bones, placed in such a manner beside it that they look like two wings. A throne of bones is raised in one of these niches : two little children's skeletons hover like angels above it, two hip-bones joined together, form their wings. Chandeliers made also of human bones hang here, and are drawn up and down with a small cord. Hands grasping each other, form strange arabesques ; but the floor within each little chapel is of earth, mixed with mould from Jerusalem. The remains of the monks which are laid here are taken up again after a lapse of eight years ; if the limbs still hang together, the dead body is wrapped in a Capuchin's cloak, and set up in one of the niches, and a bouquet of flowers, or a prayer-book, is placed in his hand.

It is strange to see what an extremely different expression can reside in these mummy-like physiognomies. The monk who shows you about, will often point to one of these silent figures, and say, " He was my friend and brother in the cloister here ; we were dear to each other : pray for us."

The whole is a *memento mori* never to be eradicated, and yet the sight has nothing disagreeable in it ; it is the earthly, the perishable part we see, but it is present to us in our sunshine, in our fresh air, — it is as if it mocked itself to soften the image of death to others.

The third church we will visit is Santa Maria degli Angeli. It is situated in the midst of the ruins of Diocletian's baths, which appear as if they were a part of the old walls of the city. They occupy a considerable space. One part of it seems to serve as a store-house for hay, another is transformed into a large hospital ; close up to this, through a row of broken-

down arches and shattered walls, is seen an entrance as if into a chapel. We enter, and stand in one of the largest and handsomest churches in Rome.

It is Diocletian's bathing room. Immense columns, each a single block of granite, still stand proudly and unchanged from his time.¹

In this church there is something very pleasant, and refreshing as if one were in the open air under the shade of the pine-trees, and at the same time all is so solemn, solitary, really Catholic! The walls display some of the finest paintings. Here is Domenichino's "St. Sebastian," and Carlo Maratti's "Baptism of Christ."

In the chapel-like building which we pass through to enter the church, lie the remains of Carlo Maratti to the left, and Salvator Rosa to the right, with the bust of each over their graves. Opposite these two tombs are two others, on which the epitaphs appeared to me the most beautiful and full of meaning that I have hitherto read. They run thus:—

"Corpus humo tegitur,
Fama per ora volat,
Spiritus astra tenet."

The other is not less significant, —

"Virtute vixit,
Memoria vivit,
Gloria vivet."

In none other of the large churches in Rome do we find such solitude as here: we see but a few strangers slowly moving upon the marble floor, and a monk drawing the curtain aside from one of the hidden paintings. The door of the cloister stands ajar, and if we have peeped in, we feel a desire to remain here; for in the cloister, as in the church, there is nothing depressing to be seen. Large, cool, refreshing arcades inclose a garden full of the largest cypresses that Rome can boast. I have never seen any poplars higher or more luxuriant than these trees, which cast their broad shade over a fountain.

One feels an inclination to work with the monk who plants

¹ The eight columns are each sixteen feet in circumference and forty-three in height.

roots and herbs in the little gardens outside the cell. Every garden here is like an arbor of vine leaves, oranges, and lemons. The warm rays of the sun play between the dark green leaves, and, as it were, blend with the golden, lustrous fruit.

From this odorous, green chapel of nature the monk wanders into the church, bends his knee, and praises his God in quiet loneliness.

VIII.

FAIRY PALACES IN REALITY.

“THE old gods still live!” Yes, one can say so in a story — but in reality? that is itself often a romance.

The child who reads “The Arabian Nights,” sees in imagination the most magnificent enchanted palaces, and feels happy in his half-belief; but then comes the child of maturer growth, and says, “Such things are not to be found in reality!” and yet they are to be found here. The Vatican and St. Peter’s Church in Rome present a vastness, a pomp, and an appearance similar and equal to those palaces which fancy has raised in the old oriental book, “A Thousand and One Nights.” We must ourselves see them, and learn if the old gods still live.

We now stand in St. Peter’s Place, and perceive to the right and left three rows of arcades. The church directly before us is in every respect so vast that we have no measure to describe it; it harmonizes so perfectly with the “place,” and with the mighty Vatican close by, that we can only say, “Yes, it is a large three-storied building!” But we look at the crowd that throng up the stairs, and which extend the whole breadth of the building, and they are reduced to pigmies as soon as the eye has conceived the proportions of the doors and windows. We acknowledge the magnitude without having as yet understood it.

In the centre of the place stands an obelisk. There are two fountains, one on each side of this obelisk. Look at these in conjunction with all, and, with respect to all around and about, they are of a suitable size; but if we regard them by

themselves we see that they are astonishingly great. It is related of a foreign prince, that on seeing this immense mass of water, he cried out, "That is enough!" imagining that this extraordinary display was only made in honor of him, and at an immense expense, and that it was delusion — a brief appearance of reality; but the water continued to spring: and the fountains spring yet with the same freedom and fullness. It is beautiful to see, when the sun's rays paint a rainbow on the falling drops.

From St. Peter's Place we proceed to the right through a closed passage into the yard of the Vatican, which is encircled on three sides by that gigantic building. In the same greatness of style as St. Peter's Church, and placed in juxtaposition with it, neither produced that effect it must otherwise have conveyed to the imagination of the beholder.

The soldiers in the costume of the Middle Ages, look exactly like the knave of clubs in a pack of cards. They are all hired German troops, who keep guard in the arcades and the yard. Around every story there is a gallery; in the uppermost story the walls are painted with geographical maps, *la fresco*. Here the Pope can study the lands his predecessors have once ruled over. The gallery beneath is a complete pictorial Bible; it is the so-called Raphael's tier. It is only during the few last years that they have closed the open arches with windows. The paintings are somewhat faded; the arabesques are partly destroyed by exposure to the weather, nay, even scratched out by mischievous hands, or scribbled over with the names of travellers whom no one cares about. The lowest gallery leads into that wing of the palace which the Pope does not inhabit, but which contains the richest and most glorious treasures in the world.

The whole building, as we know, consists of twenty-two court-yards, and eleven thousand rooms — a romantic statement this, it will be allowed. A few hours' ramble here is as if one were in an enchanted palace. The most daring fancy cannot in this place invent anything new; it is controlled and rebuked by beholding reality, richer and rarer than its best conceptions.

Let us wander on.

Through a trellised gate we enter a passage, so long that the distance is almost lost. Everywhere else in the world, but not here, it would be called a rich museum. The floor and walls present reminiscences of the olden times. We peep through a door, and are blinded by the splendor of the colors in the many saloons that succeed and flank each other. The ceilings and walls are loaded with paintings, but none of them fix themselves in the mind ; they produce an effect like the colored patterns in a kaleidoscope. This is the library, but where are the books ? They stand concealed in low cases of white and gold.¹

We peep through another door ; the light streams through the glass roof ; the walls and floor are of polished marble ; splendid statues stand on both sides ; they seem to have been cut but lately from the marble block, and yet it is more than a thousand years since they vibrated to the stroke of the chisel. One ought to see these treasures by torch-light : then the marble seems to receive life ; the moving light makes the muscles appear to swell, the folds of the clothes to move, and the pale face to acquire the hue of health.

But we will pursue our way up the long passage, go up some few stairs, and a row of saloons with the most beautiful reminiscences of ancient times ; the one saloon richer and more splendid than the other attracts us ; we almost become tired of beholding : how then can we describe ? The gods of Olympus still reign here : the Muses greet us mortals : all is greatness and beauty.

We will only dwell on one small space, and from this we must draw our conclusions of the whole.

We stand in a small yard : the bright sun casts its rainbow-colored rays over the high water-jet, which splashes in the marble basin. The place is inclosed by open arches, and in this are displayed the world's far-famed glories. Here stands Antinous, the Apollo of the Vatican ; here the Laocoön writhes in eternal pain, encircled by snakes ; here the Gladiators and Perseus of Canova inspire delighted admiration.

One is as if overwhelmed by the greatest productions of art ; it is a repose for the mind and eye to look through the

¹ Queen Christina of Sweden's library forms a considerable collection.

windows, and the sight which yields repose is a prospect over Rome and the Campagna to the mountains ; it is a view over small flag-paved yards or beautiful gardens, which in the winter time display the most alluring verdure. All the avenues are of laurel-trees ; the roses appear to start out from the high continuous walls, the water wells forth from artificial grottoes and caverns.

Should we not believe it a dream of romance ? And yet all here is reality, marvelous reality.

Through a vestibule built in the Egyptian style, filled with grand sarcophagi, each of one single costly stone, we enter, — yes, what ? A museum it cannot be called, it is too small — we enter one of the pyramids of Egypt. The whole saloon is decorated like one of the largest and most magnificent burial chambers in the pyramids ; the walls are painted with columns and tropical plants ; the ceiling is arched like a firmament — an African starry firmament ! of the purest ultramarine color, and with myriads of rich gilded stars. We feel ourselves in Africa ; we are in the midst of the pyramids, and round about, silent and dark, sit the strange images of gods ! In the side chambers stand the mummies, some of which are freed from their cerements, others quite inclosed and concealed in their painted chests.

From these shapeless images in stone, these glaring colors which confuse the eye, we will go to the most perfect works that art can boast. We find them in a small picture gallery, — treasures that can only have been selected from a hundred others, — and the way thither leads through many saloons, some with the variegated tapestry of the Gobelins, for which Raphael supplied the drawings, others with maps, and the ground-plans of towns painted in fresco. It is as if every saloon in the Vatican would outvie the other, either by its treasures of art or by its peculiarity.

We now stand amongst the immortal pictures. Which way shall we turn — to what room — toward which wall ? There we see Domenichino's dying Jeronimus hovering in the clouds ; Raphael's Madonna del Foligno, and his last work the Transfiguration. Here, Perugino, Giulio Romano, Titian, and the greatest masters of Italy greet us. Strange enough ! a small

animal piece by Paul Potter is seen like a little flower in every-day life, amongst these glories and clouds. It stands by the door, like a modest guest in this paradise of art ; but it is not unworthy of its place.

Large folding doors open, and we stand amongst Raphael's painted poetry, and wander through saloons whose walls own his immortal works. What nature, fancy, and purity in each !

And what remains, after having seen this magnificence, — what remains of man's works that can astonish us by a greater richness and splendor? We pass through two saloons ; large doors open into what we should call lofty churches, but here they are but chapels ; they are filled with splendor, and adorned with paintings ; but we go on, lift a curtain, and stand in St. Peter's Church. All is marble, gold, and mosaic work. We stand in the largest church in the world !

“ Yes, it *is* great, but not so great as I expected ! ” is the general expression the first time we enter. It is here, as in nature ; the space is too great for the eye to measure it. The proportions are too gigantic ; we must first walk through the church, we must see that mass of human beings which seems to fill the place without, which moves here within ; we must approach the marble dove that appears to hover in the point of view where we stand, and then see that we must raise our hands to be able to touch it.

The mosaic angels in the dome appear to us so insignificant ! and yet, ascending to them, we find that they are several yards in height : looking down, the cross at the altar far below us towers aloft like one of Rome's palaces.

We must ascend the flat roof of the church, and when we are there it is as if we were in a market-place ; the several cupolas appear like chapels, and the largest an immense church. Round about on the roof are erected small houses for the craftsmen who are at work upon it. Here are furnaces and lime-pits ; here is a little town ; merry children play about on the great open place, and climb up the high parapet to look over Rome and the Campagna to the sea and mountains.

We ought to see St. Peter's Church during the Easter week, to see it in the evening, and in bright sunshine ! It is per-

fectly like enchantment to witness what they call the lighting of the dome ; yet it is not alone the dome and the cross high above it that stream with lights, but it is the whole immense building with the colonnades around the place ! We see everything in a hue of fire ; the lamps are so richly diversified, and placed in such situations, that the whole architectural design stands forth confessed. It has a great effect, on such an evening, to go from the illuminated place into the church itself, where all is night and stillness ; but directly under the dome, by the high altar, beams a glory of several hundred silver lamps, placed on the parapet around St. Peter's grave. We climb up to it, and look down into the chapel shining with gold and silver, where the marble figure of a kneeling Pope prays in silence. There is such a peace, such a devotion in the quiet of the church and in this venerable man's figure, that we ourselves are filled with both, and, like the Catholic, feel a desire to bend in adoration to the Invisible Almighty.

We must wander through this divine temple by sunlight, when it is solitary, and the beautiful voices stream from the side-chapel : we must come here during the great festivals : the music vibrates, the incense perfumes, thousands kneel down and receive an old man's blessing. Everything beams with light, everything glows with gold and colors ! The most famous pictures dispersed through Rome's palaces are here copied in mosaic work, and are made altar pieces. Yet one altar here has no painting or mosaic ; two gigantic figures in papal robes support a throne, but no one sits in it except the invisible God. Immense marble statues stand forth from the shining walls.¹

But what does that dark bronze statue, under a throne covered with gold and purple, signify ? The papal guards stand on each side, and the people kiss the feet of that bronze figure. It is the image of St. Peter. It was once Jupiter's ; the lightning is torn from his hand ; she now holds the keys.

¹ Each statue here represents the founder of an order of monks ; thus, we see the prophet Elias ; a burning wheel represents the glowing car in which he ascends to heaven ; he stands as the representative of the Carmelite monks.

The old gods live yet in Rome. The stranger bends his knee to them in the museum; the people kiss their feet in the church. The old gods still live; that is the beginning and the end of the story.

IX

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ROME.

THE further the Swede, Norwegian, and Dane travels from home, the louder sings the heart of each when they meet.

"We are one people, we are called Scandinavians!" When I was in Rome, in 1833, the three nations kept their Christmas Eve in company, like one family. Song and mirth do not agree with the Roman solemnity on the Saviour's natal festival, therefore, we could not be merry within the gates of the city; but yet we did not lose our pleasure. No city is so tolerant as Rome. They let us have a fine suite of rooms outside the city gates; a large house in the Villa Borghese, in the midst of a grove of pines close to the modern amphitheatre. We ornamented the saloon with garlands and wreaths; the flowers we plucked from the garden. The air was mild and warm; it was a Christmas like a fine summer's day at home.

We must have a Christmas-tree, a fir-tree, as in the North; but here it was too valuable a treasure. We must, said they, be contented with two large orange-trees which were sawn from the roots, and were full of fruit which was not fastened to the branches, but which grew out of them. We were about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows; we men had wreaths of ivy. The three nations had subscribed to purchase presents which were to be gained by lottery. The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription, "Christmas Eve in Rome, 1833:" this was a gift from the three nations. And who won it? I was the lucky one.

Toward midnight the elder part of the company broke up and returned to Rome. Byström and Thorwaldsen were amongst them, and I accompanied them.

The city gate was locked, but that we might enter we were told that we must give three loud raps with the knocker, and cry out, "*Gli Scandinavi.*"

I thought of Holberg's comedy, where Kilian knocks at the gates of Troy ; and so I took hold of the knocker, gave the signal, and our password, "*Gli Scandinavi.*"

A little wicket in the gate was opened, and one by one we crept into that city of the world.

It was a merry Christmas ! The night was warm and mild as a summer night in the North.

And now, the same evening, in 1840, no one had thought of any arrangement for Christmas.

Every one sat at home. It was cold weather ; the fire in the stove would not warm my chamber.

Thought flew far away ; it flew toward the North.

Now, it whispered, there is the Yule-tree lighted up with a hundred parti-colored lights ; the children exult in sweetest happiness ! Now they sit around the table at home, sing a song, and drink a health to absent friends. There is hilarity in the town, there is mirth in the country, in the old mansion. The passages are ornamented with firs and lights ; carpets are laid on the stairs ; the servants, neatly dressed, trip busily up and down. The music sounds, and the procession begins ; it proceeds to the large ball-room ! O, Christmas is a merry time in the North.

I left my solitary chamber ! People flocked to the Church Maria Maggiore.

Some few lamps burned within the church. Men, women, and children, who had wandered hither from the Campagna and the mountains, sat and lay on the steps leading to the chapels and altars in the side aisles. Some of the poor folks had fallen asleep from very weariness ; others counted their beads.

The candles were now lighted. The whole church shone with purple and gold. The incense spread its perfumes, the music resounded, the anthem announced "Glory to the newborn King !" The old Cardinals bore the cradle of Christ on their shoulders through the aisles of the church, and the people saw a ray of glory around it, brighter than that shed by the

the thousand lights. It was as if the shepherds sang, and as if the angels sang. And there came peace and good-will in the human heart.

X.

THREE ROMAN BOYS.

WE find large palaces in Rome in narrow, winding streets, which, if they stood in an open place, would be pronounced buildings of consequence. I will draw such a one with pen and ink ; and I hope so correctly, that my readers will be able to find it again when they know that it is in the street Ripetta they must look for it.

High piazzas, with finely wrought marble pillars, inclose a little square court-yard ; statues stand between the pillars, and in the niches of the walls are disfigured marble images. The walls are covered with bass-reliefs, and above are colossal heads of Roman emperors. Grass and creeping plants hang about the pedestals, and shoot forth from the folds of the marble drapery. The spider has spun its web, like a mourning veil, between gods and emperors. In the yard lie cabbage stalks, lemon peels, and broken bottle cases. Earth has collected in heaps around the sides of the marble sarcophagi that stand here ; they once inclosed some of Rome's mighty men ; now, they contain broken pots, salad leaves, and earth.

The broad marble stairs which lead to the saloons of the palace are still dirtier than the yard. Three bare-legged, half-frozen beggar-boys sit here in a circle ; the one has a ragged carpet thrown over his shoulders like a cloak, and a reed as a tobacco-pipe in his mouth. The other has a covering for his feet of rags bound together with pack-thread. His coat is so large and wide that it would fold twice round the lad, and I really believe it serves him, in addition, for trousers. The third has a hat on, and for the rest a waistcoat, I believe no more, unless, perhaps, the slipper that lies at the bottom of the stairs, may claim him for its master. All three are playing at cards.

Can it interest you to know a little more of these three young

Romans or their families? Perchance the chief personages of the family are assembled at this moment on the terrace by the Piazza del Popolo. Here stands a group of black-bearded men in striped clothes of blue and white; it is a well-known uniform, to which there is generally a chain appended, but it is usually worn around the legs. These are the Roman galley slaves. The first one resting there on his spade is father to the boy who wears the ragged carpet as a cloak across his shoulders. Yes, that is the father! But he is neither a thief nor a robber; he is only a scoundrel! It is a short story. To vex his master he became a slave. To vex his master he has placed contraband goods in his wagon, and he took care that they should be found; for the law in Rome demands, in such cases, that horses and wagon, if even the master be innocent, shall be forfeited and given to the police. The man becomes a slave but the master must give fifteen *bajocchi* to support the slave; this is a great expense. If the fellow be industrious, then every year of his imprisonment consists but of eight months, and he receives the highest payment for his work.

This is the shrewd calculation he makes, as he leans on his spade:—

“Master has lost his wagon and horses! Master must every day pay money for my board! I have free lodging, constant work, the highest wages, and I am an extolled slave! and that is, perhaps, more than my son will ever be.”

On the promenade close by, rolls a light little gig. A rich Frenchman, of some thirty and odd years, is driving. He has been in Rome before; it is more than eight years ago. He now shows his young wife about in the first city in the world. They have just seen to-day a beautiful female statue by Canova, and admired it; and the Frenchman knew those graceful forms which are now immortalized in marble — but he did not say so. The beautiful Giuditta is dust; her son is the second boy amongst the card-players; he wraps himself up in his large coat, and the father wraps himself up in his rich mantle, as he hurries on along the promenade.

The third little fellow, with hat and waistcoat! Yes, where shall we find his parents? yet we have the scent.

Under a tree in the avenue stands a little wrinkled woman

with her fire-pot on her arm ; she begs for a little money in the name of Madonna ! She cannot be the boy's grandmother, still less his mother. No, but she is the only one that can tell us something about him.

In the direction of the bridge Castel d'Angelo, there is a street leading from St. Peter's Place. In this street there is a large building, and in the walls there is a movable niche decorated with the same sort of stuff as the slaves' clothes. At the bottom of the niche there is a soft pillow. It turns round on a pivot, and close by there is a large bell. Nine years ago this little wrinkled woman came here, laid a little bundle in the niche, turned it round, rang the bell, and hastened away. This is the Foundling Hospital.

The third boy comes from thence. The old woman could tell us the whole story, but of what use would it be ? The rich young Signora is far away in that floating Venice, a pattern of severity and of pure morals. But her son — he is well off ! he sits on marble, and plays out the trumps.

These three boys are good subjects for the pencil. The expression in the eyes — every movement — the dirty cards and the thick cloud of smoke from the cigars ! That is a group.

They are disturbed by a flock of turkeys, which two peasants, with long white sticks, drive up the marble stairs to one of the higher saloons, where the purchaser lives, and where they will have permission to waddle about for some few days on the stone floor under the painted ceiling that displays the rich arms of the deceased race.

XI.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

MOST persons require some sensual provocative, ere on fixed days and hours they are able to raise their minds to devotion ; and the Catholic Church service has such an influence, but it loses too much by the ceremonies. It seems as if the Church had not rightly understood the doctrine, that, unless we be as children, we cannot enter the kingdom of

heaven,—for it often regards its congregation as children, who see and believe, who live in dreams more than in thought.

Every festival that I have seen in Rome included a really fine idea or thought ; but the explication thereof was often, if I may use the expression, made too corporeal. They would show to the external sense what only belongs to feeling, and hence, a soulless caricature, not a devotional picture, was presented to view.

I believe that all well-educated Catholics will agree with me in this ; for whenever my religious feelings have been wounded at these festivals, I never saw any other congregation than people of the very lowest class, whose mental conceptions stand on a level with the child's.

There is, undeniably, something beautiful in the idea that Christians one day in the year remember the first Christian brethren who suffered and died for the faith, and, as it were, sealed its power and holiness with their blood. Thus the Catholics have a feast for the martyrs, and one of the most splendid churches in Rome is dedicated to them. It is opened but once in the year, the 26th of December, when all within is a blaze of light, and the floor as well as the way thither is strewed with evergreens ; but here nothing is shown to impress the thought of greatness of mind in the martyrs, or of strength in the belief which gave them courage to offer up their lives for it. The death of the martyrs is represented in glaring pictures round about : we see a row of horrible executions ; here the breasts of a woman are cut off ; there one is torn to death ; here the eyes are plucked out ; there another cut limb from limb, and then roasted or boiled.

We turn away from these disgusting scenes ; the mind feels oppressed by this sight, instead of being filled by spiritual greatness.

There is something poetically beautiful in celebrating Christmas as a children's festival ; but the manner in which it is celebrated in the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome, annihilates the beauty of the idea by its material performance.

One of the side chapels in the left aisle of the church is completely transformed into a theatre, with side scenes, wings,

YERKATE SEANON
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and decorations. The scene presents a rural country. Here sits a figure representing Madonna, dressed in real clothes ; on her lap rests the infant Jesus formed of wax, and glittering with gold and jewels ; Joseph stands by her side, while the shepherds bring their offerings. The Almighty, surrounded by angels, painted on pasteboard, is seen in the clouds.

The Papal soldiers keep guard before this exhibition, which is well lighted ; a table is placed by one of the nearest pillars, and on this mothers set their children, and those quite little ones of five or six years : one child then runs over a poem concerning the child Jesus or Christmas. It frequently happens that the little preacher either becomes afraid, and stops suddenly, or raises his little voice so comically, that the whole audience begin to laugh. But it is not only one that speaks ; we often see two, or even three little girls placed side by side, who carry on a dialogue in verse about *Bambino's* beauty.

This festival is at its highest on the 6th of January. I was there : it was a rainy day, with a *sirocco* ; the strong perfume of the incense was oppressive, being blended with the perspiration and breath of the garlic-eating peasants, and the dirty, ragged beggars. I felt myself quite unwell. The festival, however, went on. A little girl said her verse boldly ; a mass was sung, and then the procession through the church to the little theatre commenced. One of the monks climbed up to it, took the infant Jesus out of Madonna's arms, and then crawled down again with it ; but at this moment a whole choir of music joined in with the liveliest airs. Cymbals and drums resounded through the church ; it was a march like one in an opera buffa ! It was intended to express the heart's jubilee, that an infant Saviour was given to mankind ; but this scene made my blood run chill. I felt myself seized with disgust, and sought the door. Some peasants, who attempted to cross the aisle through which the procession was to pass, were struck on the chest by two powerful monks, so that they staggered back ; but I, as a stranger, was allowed to pass. I sought the doorway, but the whole procession followed, quick march, behind me, and were on the high stairs as soon as myself. The rain poured down ; the bishop raised the infant Jesus in his arms to the crowd without ! All fell

on their knees. A cry from the nearest monk of "An umbrella! an umbrella! the child will be wet!" sounded in my ears.

I felt as if I had left a profaned temple of God. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," was my involuntary prayer. The church, Jesus, and the Virgin Mary, were too holy in my breast for these meretricious ceremonies.

I must speak of another festival, which, considered as to its intention, is Christianly beautiful, but which, carried into effect, is more comic than edifying. The design is this: that even animals should partake of the Lord's grace and blessing.

On a certain day, or rather in a stated week, — for if one day be not sufficient, the festival is extended to several days in succession, — the peasant leads his ass, and even sometimes his pig, to St. Anthony's Church, to be sprinkled with holy water, and thereby preserved from sickness and witchcraft. All the horses, from the vetturino's broken-down hack to the Pope's own steeds, come to the church, which stands open, and on all the altars are candles. The floor is strewn with evergreens, the walls thickly hung with pictures, painted *al fresco*, but miserably executed. They are representations of St. Anthony's temptations. In one place the devil comes and knocks at his door; in another place the devil stands mocking at the glory of the saints. The whole space before the cloister is filled with people. Here are groups for a painter!

Side by side stand carriages filled with strangers all standing up to see the show; horse-soldiers keep the streets clear. Now comes a carriage filled with children, who are so happy because the horses are about to be blessed; now comes another carriage with a pious old married couple, who cross themselves as they stop before the cloister door, where the monk stands with a plasterer's brush in his hand, and sprinkles the horses with holy water. A chorister gives a picture of St. Anthony to the coachman, and for this he receives one or more wax tapers, which are afterward consecrated in the cloister, and sold at a high price.

It is quite picturesque to see the peasant boys on the horses that are to be blessed; they do not sit on the back of the animal, but quite near the tail. Ribbons of various colors

flutter from their pointed hats ; their jackets and trousers are so patched, that one cannot tell which was the original fabric of their clothes.

I saw a little old woman dragging a very small ass along ; it had silk ribbons around its tail, and on each haunch was pasted a little pig made out of gilt paper ! The old woman stood before the monk with great devotion, bowed low, and crossed herself. The boys pricked the little ass under the tail with long pins, so that the soldiers were obliged to come to the aid of the poor woman and her ass.

From the cloister door the peasant rides in full trot across the place to one of the open inns, and enters the room with the animal, sits down at the long deal table, where the other peasants are seated drinking, in order that he may become an animal himself to-day, and gain admission to the blessing.¹

I must, in this place, mention a festival which, although it does not belong to those of the Church, is yet in a manner connected with them ; it is the feast of languages in Propaganda, which they give, as it is called, "*in onore dei santi re magi.*" We may, with equal justice, call Propaganda an universal academy, or a Noah's ark, just as we feel disposed. Young men from all parts of the world are educated here for missionaries. Here are children from California to China, from Ireland to the Cape of Good Hope ; every one of them repeats a poem by rote in his native tongue. But a man must be a Mezzofanti to profit by this Babel-like Anthology.

¹ On the same day they lead sheep ornamented with rosettes and gold to the Church of St. Agnes, outside the walls of the city, and there bless them. The legend, which is very ancient, tells us of St. Agnes, that she was equally beautiful and innocent ; and that, accordingly, when she refused to deny her Christian faith, she was led into a house dedicated to vice, where the soldiers and vagabonds found women of vicious habits. Agnes was dragged naked into a chamber, and delivered over to two rough soldiers : but at the same moment, says the legend, her fine long hair became still longer and thicker than before, so that it hung like a cloak around her shoulders, and down to her feet ; and, as the soldiers were about to lay hands on her, a shining angel stepped between them and her, so that they were frightened, and fled. Pure and undefiled, she met her death on the pyre. A church, dedicated to St. Agnes, is now erected where that vile house stood, and a chapel in the cellar is shown as the chamber in which she was protected by the angel. The church stands on Piazza Navona.

It is elevating to see how far around the globe this blessing-bringing Christian doctrine makes its way ; but it is with the auditory in Propaganda as with the spectators at the before-mentioned ceremonies ; they have not time to retain what is elevating in thought, which the feast itself might superinduce ; they are made to laugh, and where laughter predominates devotion is gone.

The young men of the Propaganda receive the Cardinals and all strangers who come to the festival ; we are conducted to a seat, and after an introduction, which is uttered in Latin, poems are recited in forty-four languages. The less the audience understand of these poems, the more they applaud ; it was so at least on this occasion, when I heard them cheer loudest an Ethiopian and two Chinese, their languages sounding most like gibberish and awaking the loudest laughter. During the repetition of a German poem, I saw two Italian monks of the Capuchin order laugh to a degree, at what was to them so curious a language, that they were nearly falling to the floor.

The most different languages and dialects are to be heard in this place ; sometimes they also sing a song which may be very interesting, but is never pretty. The impression of the whole feast is that of a burlesque representation. We understood nothing, and laughed at what sounded meaningless in our ears.

Meanwhile, we read year after year in the German newspapers about the great effect of this festival ; but the effect is really only this — we laugh.¹

All the ceremonies I have described made so deep an impression on me, that I could not pass them over ; albeit there is much, great and peculiar, that I shall omit from this my collection of pictures of Rome. These pages, however, would press upon my mind like a millstone if I thought they could

¹ The young ecclesiastic, a German, who showed me my place in it, talked with great animation of the celebration, and repeated several times, “ One only gets such sights in the world’s city, Rome ! ” This expression, which has nothing remarkable about it in itself considered, I would not bring forward here, had not a correspondent of *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in a bombastic account of the Propaganda feast, put these words into my mouth, to show what an effect this display had upon all foreigners.

give offense to a single enlightened Catholic ; but this I cannot believe. I have stated facts ; but I respect everything that is truly religious in every creed, and in every sincere believer.

XII.

THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI.

IT was in the beginning of February, but on a beautiful sunny day : the almond-trees were in bloom. A carriage, wherein were three Danes,¹ rolled down the old Via Tiburtina, past the Church of St. Lorenzo ; they must see the falling waters at Tivoli by torch-light. Ruins of monuments of ancient times, and shattered towers of the Middle Ages, stand conspicuous on the rugged Campagna. Herdsmen in sheep-skin jackets, and with a picture of the Madonna on their pointed, sun-burnt hats, lean against the dilapidated walls where a fire is lighted, and from whence the blue gray smoke rises into the air.

We already felt the poisonous stench from the little river Solfatara. It is but a rivulet, yet its poisonous vapors have killed all the fresh shoots of grass and herbs around it ; a brimstone yellow scum flows down the foul water. We drove at full gallop, and were soon out of that pestilential district. The river Anio, with its fresh stream, rush-grown banks, and picturesque tower bade us welcome to the mountain territory. The road was on an ascent, and always amongst trees ; a magnificent olive grove was before the town. A strange tone of atmosphere enveloped the large, extended Campagna. That blueness, that violet color in the mountains far distant and close by us, and the dark green in the leaves of the trees, had an imposing effect. The sun, as it went down, cast a red, fiery light on the trunks of the trees ; they appeared to be gilded ; the sound of bagpipes was heard under the declivity of the mountain. The whole was a picture of a fine southern evening's delicious tranquillity. With the buoyancy of youth, we all three exulted in this beautiful expanse of nature.

¹ Conrad Rothe, the poet H. P. Holst, and the author.

The sun went down at no great distance from that point in the horizon where the dome of St. Peter's rose enthroned, and it was soon dark evening. We wandered through the dusky streets to the opposite side of the town; to Albergo del Sibilla, which takes its name from the old Sibyl's temple, that is built to the very edge of the precipice overhanging the foaming waters. We heard from the road the wild continuous thunder of the large cascades. A guide lighted his torch; another followed us with two large bundles of hay, which were to be lighted in the grottoes in front of the falling waters. It was almost entirely dark in the little garden without; the flame of the torch merely illumined the nearest hedges. The sky was covered with stars, but they shed no light. We followed a little path between the bushes, ever on the descent, and were all the while deafened by the roar of the water-fall below us. That we were only able to see the nearest objects around the guide, who bore the burning torch, and that all the rest lay in utter darkness, gave a touch of the romantic to the adventure. Not one of us knew whether the abyss in which we heard the water foaming was behind the nearest hedges, or close by the green sward on which we sometimes trod.

The path soon became quite narrow; we had the steep rock to the right, the abyss to the left; the guide struck his torch upon the ground, so that it was almost extinguished, then swung it in the air, and it again threw out a flame, whilst the pitch-black smoke whirled away over the glittering leaves of the trees.

All at once he stopped, uttered a wild shout, and pointed upward to the inn. Aloft on the edge of the rock and directly over us lay the round Sibyl's temple. They had lighted a bundle of hay between the columns; the fire threw a flaming light on the pillars and walls, which looked as if they contained a burnt-offering; the waters still sang their majestic hymn with the same voice of thunder as on one of those nights consecrated to the goddesses! For a second the whole temple was surrounded with rays of the most exuberant light, and then it was again night — dark night.

We held on our way down the narrow path: incrustations hung in picturesque diversity over our heads; close to us was

a declivity — how deep was this? The light from the torch disclosed no bottom: the waters roared quite near us. We had to hold on by the green hedges that we might not fall into the deep. The cliffs, like a natural staircase, soon led us into the Siren's grotto. In order to understand each other we were obliged to shout at the very top of our voices, for the cascades rush through the grotto with an almost deafening sound. Fire was quickly set to a bundle of hay; the clear flame lighted up the cavern, which was dripping with water.

The red flame of the fire played on the white watery column, which, with the lightning's speed dashed from an immense height, and forced its way through an opening in the cliff. The guide threw out burning hay upon the foaming stream, and the hay burnt as the water whirled it along into the yawning abyss, and for a moment it showed us the deep whirlpool.

A few years ago, a young Englishman slid from one of the slippery stones where a little cross-beam is now placed, and disappeared forever. The now reigning Pope,¹ Gregory XVI., to prevent the town from falling in suddenly, — for it is undermined by the many water-falls, — has made a new outlet to the river Anio, which outlet forms the cascades, so that by these means a water-fall has been produced, which in size surpasses all the others. When I visited Tivoli in 1834, this work was in operation, and was completed two years afterward; where I then walked and plucked flowers, there now foams, and perhaps forever will foam, Tivoli's largest cascade. To this cascade we now directed our steps; but we were first obliged to ascend the rugged and slippery steps. We had again to hold fast by the fresh myrtle branches close by the precipice; and at this critical moment, in a situation of imminent peril, the torch went quite out. The thought ran through me that we must remain here for the night, that we must sit down in the hedges, and not move a foot — or it is death. A moment of dead silence followed; the torch flew whizzing in the air; the guide had thrown it with all his strength against the rock. The flame blazed faintly again, and

¹ It may be unnecessary to tell our readers that, since Andersen wrote this work, Pope Gregory XVI. has been succeeded by Pius IX. — *Trans.*

soon after gave a brilliant light. He now went brisker forward up a broader path, singing as he went. By degrees everything showed the influence of art over nature. Here were strong railings and walled stairs, with a steep descent. The torch shone over the balustrade ; a cloud of water broken into foam rose up toward us. The whole stream fell into the dark, giddy deep, looking like the whitest milk. We passed through a long arch in which the river had its new bed, and through which it approached the fall with the swiftness of an arrow. Here was no balustrade ; the torch lighted up the stream, burning hay was thrown into it, and it glided swift as the flight of a bird into the dizzy pool. I felt all my nerves assailed ; I was obliged to cling to the wall, and fix my eye for a time on the firm arch above me. It was impossible to understand one another here, so loud was the roaring of the powerful stream. Half an hour afterward we all three sat in a large room above the falls, around a well furnished table. We spoke of Denmark and of all our dear friends ; healths were drunk to them, whilst the cascades and cataracts thundered in chorus.

It was an evening full of poetry. We stood arm in arm by the open window ; the stars glistened so brightly that we could discern the foaming masses of water like a white veil in the depth below us. They joined in with their loud and eternal song — a song such as no poet can sing.

XIII.

MY BOOTS.

A TRUE STORY.

THERE is a street in Rome which is called Via Purificazione, but we cannot say of it that it is purified. It is an up and down sort of place ; cabbage stalks and old broken pots lie strewn round about ; the smoke rolls out of the door of the *osteria*, and Signora opposite — nay I cannot help it, but it is true — Signora opposite shakes her sheets out of the window every morning. In this street there are generally many

strangers ; but this year most of them remained at Naples and Florence, for fear of the fever and pestilential sickness that was in Rome. I lived quite alone in a large-house, not even the host or hostess slept there at night.

It was a large, cold house, with a little wet garden, in which there were only a row of pease and a half-blown gillyflower ; yet in the neighboring gardens, which were at a higher elevation, stood blooming hedge-rows with monthly roses, and trees full of yellow citrons. The latter bore the continual rain well ; but the roses, on the contrary, appeared as if they had lain for a week in the sea.

The evenings were so lonesome in the cold, large rooms ; the black chimney yawned between the windows, and out of doors were rain and drizzle. All the doors were well secured with locks and iron bars ; but of what use were they ? The wind whistled and screeched through the crevices in the doors ; the few sticks in the chimney blazed up, but they did not throw any warmth into the room ; the cold stone floor, the raw walls, and the high ceiling, seemed only to be adapted for the summer season.

If I would make myself comfortable, I was obliged to put on my fur-lined travelling boots, surtout, cloak, and fur cap ; yes, then it was well enough ! It is true, that side which was turned toward the fire-place was half roasted : but in this world one must know how to change sides, and so I turned, like a sunflower.

The evenings were somewhat long, but then my teeth began to give some nervous concerts, and it was remarkable how they improved in dexterity. A real Danish toothache is not to be compared to an Italian one. Pain played on the keys of the teeth, as if it were a Liszt or a Thalberg. Sometimes it rumbled in the foreground, and then anon in the background, as when two martial bands answer each other, whilst a large front tooth sang the prima donna's part with all the trills, roulades, and cadences of torture. There was such harmony and power in the whole, that I at last felt no longer like a human being !

From an evening it slid into a night concert, and it was during such a one, whilst the windows shook with the storm, and

the rain poured down without, that I cast a half melancholy look at the night lamp. My writing materials stood by it, and I saw quite distinctly that the pen danced over the white paper, as if led by an invisible hand ; but it was not so, it did it of its own accord. It wrote after dictation — and who dictated? Yes, it sounds strange, but it is true. I say it, and you will believe me — it was my boots, my old Copenhagen boots, which, because they were soaked through with the rain, had earned a place in the chimney by the red embers. If I suffered from toothache, they also suffered from water-ache ; they dictated their own biography, and this I think will throw a light on the Italian winter of 1840-41.

The Boots said : —

“ We are two brothers, right boot and left boot. Our first remembrance is, that we were well rubbed in with wax, and then extremely well brushed up and polished. I could see myself in my brother, and he could see himself in me ; and we saw that we were one body, a sort of Castor and Pollux, a species of Siamese twins, whom fate had determined should live and die, exist and not exist with each other. We were both born in Copenhagen. •

“ The shoemaker’s boy carried us in his hand forth into the world, and the first glimpse awakened sweet but false expectations about our destination. He to whom we were consigned immediately pulled us by the ears till we closed round his legs, and then he went down the stairs with us. We creaked with joy. It rained outside, but we still creaked ; but only the first day.

“ Alas ! how much wet there is to get through in this world ! We were not born to be water-proof boots, and therefore did not feel ourselves happy. No brush gave us the lustre of our youth ; this lustre we possessed when the shoemaker’s boy carried us in his hand through the streets ; who can therefore depict our happiness when we one morning heard that we were to travel abroad — yes, to Italy, that sunny, warm land, where we should tread on marble and classic ground, drink in the warm sunbeams, and surely regain our youthful lustre. We travelled. During the longest routes we slept in the port-manteau and dreamed of the warm lands. In the towns, on

the contrary, we looked well about us, but it was wet and raw as in Denmark. Our *soles* got a gangrene ; they were obliged to be parted from the body in Munich, and we found ourselves with new soles instead : but they were made as well as if they had been born with us. 'Were we but over the Alps,' we sighed ; 'it is fine and mild there.' And we got over the Alps, but it was *not* fine and mild there! — it rained and it blew : and if we happened now and then to tread on marble, it was so icy cold, that the marble drew the cold perspiration out of our soles, and the damp traces of them remained where we had trodden.

"It was quite lively in the evening when the waiter numbered all the boots and shoes in the hotel ; we were placed in a row amongst these foreign comrades, and heard from them about the places they came from. There was a pair of beautiful red morocco bodies with black feet (I think it was in Bologna), and they told us about the warm summer in Rome and Naples ; they told us about their climbing up Vesuvius, where the feet were burnt off them by the subterranean heat ; alas ! we almost desired to die in such a manner. 'Were we but over the Apennines ! were we but in Rome !' — and we went there ! But now we have groveled in rain and sludge week after week ! But one must see all things, we suppose, and there will never be an end, either of curiosities or pouring rain ! Not a warm ray has refreshed us ; the cold wind has gamboled around us ! O Rome ! Rome ! to-night, for the first time, we will drink warmth from the blessed chimney, and we will drink till we burst ! The upper leathers are all gone, and our bodies are giving way : *they* will burst too ! But before we die this happy death, we wish this our history to be noted down, and our dead bodies brought to Berlin to rest with him who has had courage and manliness enough to depict '*Italien wie es ist !*' to the truth-loving Nicolai" — and having said thus much, the boots fell together.

It was quite still ; my night lamp went out ; I dozed a little, and when I awoke in the morning, I thought it was a dream ; but I looked into the chimney ; the boots were quite shrunk up ; they stood like mummies standing amid the cold ashes. I looked at the paper as it lay by my lamp ; it was a gray

paper full of ink spots ; the pen had really passed over it, but the words had all run into each other, for the pen had written the boots' memoirs on gray paper. I noted down what I still remembered ; and the reader will recollect that it is not I, but my boots, who cry "Woe!" to — *la bella Italia!*

XIV.

THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE.

HOWEVER bad the winter may be in Rome, it yet has days beautiful as the finest spring days in the North. We feel a desire to go forth into the green fields and gardens : and both are to be found there. The roses stand in flower ; the laurel hedges shed their perfume ; we have many places to choose from for our promenade. We will now visit the ruins of the Emperor's Castle. They lie on a whole mountain plain or table-land in the middle of the city. Here are vineyards, gardens, ruins, and miserable houses ; here are fruitful, arable land, and barren spots where the ass munches its thistle, and the goats seek the mossy grass.

Out toward the Forum there still stands a row of firm walls. Large hedges and hanging plants spring over the slope like the waters of a cascade ; tall cypresses carry their heads aloft, towering above the rest ; we saunter down the broad carriage road, and stand before a villa in the midst of a garden so green and fragrant that we cannot believe it to be winter, and we are in the month of January. Mignonnette, gillyflowers, and roses spread their perfumes around ; citrons and oranges shine on the trees through the dark leaves. We stroll through an avenue of laurel-trees toward a natural balcony which the wall presents toward the Campagna ; we see below us the solitary tombs of the dead, the yellow winding Tiber, and far in the distant horizon a crystal stripe : that is the Mediterranean.

In the midst of the garden which we enter are two considerable openings in the earth ; they are quite round, and from the topmost edge to the bottom, as far down as one can see,

they are covered with luxuriant evergreens. One might suppose that each of them was a crater, which, instead of lava and ashes, threw up flowers and shrubs, with which the whole extensive ruin would in time be covered. Under these openings are large vaults, so deep that the daylight cannot reach the bottom. Here, where perhaps the marble basin once stood, and beautiful women bathed their graceful limbs, surrounded by the rays of a thousand lamps ; where the incense shed its perfume, and where song and stringed instruments resounded, there now hops a clammy frog. Perhaps it is one of those mighty empresses, herself doomed to drag her wet, heavy limbs along in the dark below, where she, in by-gone days, hatched wicked, murderous thoughts !

Stay there below in the darkness of night, thou unhappy one ! Here above the roses bloom ; the warm sunbeams kiss the laurel-tree's green leaves, and the stranger drinks in a beautiful draught of the South that will never be obliterated from his mind.

We wander away from these luxuriant green gulfs, and follow the path that winds between flowering shrubs over steep declivities, and a wooden staircase leads us down into another part of the castle, to a cabbage-garden. The mosaic floor has disappeared, the rain-worm crawls forth from the wet earth, where in former times Rome's emperor with his court sat round the groaning board. Here the precious dishes sent forth their savory odors : here were flamingo tongues, and peacocks' hearts ; here, during the meal, those great ones of the earth changed their rich apparel ; here they displayed themselves in their false locks, painted skin and eyebrows, gold dust in the hair, and with shoes whose soles were perfumed with salve. The poor gold-laced slave stood as immovable as the cabbage stalk now ; if he coughed or sneezed he was cast into the fish-pond to feed the fishes that were to grace the emperor's table.

How many reminiscences are connected with this place, where Caligula, Commodus, and Tiberius reigned. The poet casts these mad emperors' names with disdain into the world, where curses will be heaped upon them till the day of judgment ! Even the school-boy in the smallest town in the far

North shakes his little fist, and cannot pray to God for these wicked men.

These corrupt spirits hover above the ruins of the Emperor's Castle ; they fly with the rapidity of thought around the world, and only rest where a curse is pronounced over their lives and actions ! Fly over sea and land ! No relationship, no political connection, nothing screens you now—you stand alone ! Man judges ! God forgives !

Where extravagance and luxury poured out its cornucopia there now grows the frugal cabbage ; the walls which inclosed those sensual vices now bear the fig-tree's broad leaf of modesty, and the peaceful olive grows where blood once flowed. We will remember Titus, remember the noble-minded, whose life casts a lustre on remembrance ; we will look at the beautiful scented roses, and forget that fallen greatness in the charms of eternal nature !

XV.

ST. CANUTE.

DENMARK is certainly a Protestant land ; but the names of many of its saints live in Rome in the mouths of the people, or are connected with one or other place.

In many a Danish village church is still to be seen the image of Madonna, either painted high up on the walls under the lofty ceiling where it is not whitened over, or even on the altar-piece. The church-bells in the Danish villages ring at sunset, as they did in the time of Catholicism, the *Ave Maria*.

St. Canute was the first saint I heard named when a child, though my Lutheran Catechism did not mention a word about saints. A fine old church, in my native town, bears the name of this saint, whose bones rest behind its altar.

St. Canute was once a greater saint than king in Denmark ; a thousand lights burned at his altar, and the guild statutes boasted his name. When a child, I heard the history of this Danish king, who, because he laid a tax on the Jut-

landers was pursued by them to Funen.* He rested on the way thither, and the stone on which he sat was much softer than the hearts of his enemies: we yet see the traces on the stone upon which he sat. I saw it when a child, and I believed the legend. The King sought refuge in the Church of St. Alban, in Odense; his enemies flocked thither, and his own servant, Blake, was the betrayer of his master.¹ A stone was thrown through the church window; it struck the King on the head, and he sank in his own blood before the high altar, where he prayed. His relics were revered and he was made a saint; even in Rome an altar was raised to his memory.

When a child I never passed St. Canute's Church in the evening without shutting my eyes; and then I always saw most distinctly the pale, dead King, with the gold crown on his bleeding head, and clad in his mantle of velvet and ermine, gliding beneath the lofty arch from the font up to the altar.

On the right hand side of the street, leading from the Castle of St. Angelo toward Piazza di San Pietro in Rome, there is a monk's cloister with a church, — I believe it is called Transmontane, — and amongst the many altars within it is one consecrated to the Danish King Canute. He stands in the altar-piece with his gold crown on, and in a mantle of velvet and ermine, just as when a child I imagined him to be, wandering in the church which contains his bones.

The nineteenth of January, according to the "Diario Romano," is the feast of St. Canute. The rain poured down, and it was miserable weather; but as a Dane I could not do otherwise than go to see the Danish saint's feast celebrated.

I entered the church: there was not a being there; two small tallow candles burned so dimly and looked so sordid, and these stood on the altar of St. Canute.

I could not bear the thought of it; I must at least know why a little more was not done for him. I rang the bell to the cloister, and an old monk came out. I asked him why St. Canute had no more than two candles, and why there was no music or other festival ceremony.

¹ From this comes the Danish saying, "false Blake."

“Alas, sir!” said the monk, “our cloister is one of the poorest in all Rome! We can only afford to celebrate one great festival in the year;” and he mentioned the saint’s name. “Then there is music, and the church is radiant with light; but we are only able to do such things once a year! St. Canute is from the North, and therefore our cloister never receives anything! St. Canute is poor!”

I felt that the man was right.

I stood alone before the altar of my childhood’s saint, in whose church I had wept over my father’s coffin, in whose church I was confirmed; the saint whose church once served me, in its vastness, for a measure of all mountain heights; yes, even of the distance between the earth and stars. St. Canute, all the honors of the universe are perishable! No candle burns by thy tomb in thine earthly kingdom; and even in the city of the Pope thou hast, on thy festival, but two poor tallow candles! The greatest festival thou hast is, that thy countryman stands by thy tomb and sketches this sorrowful picture in remembrance of thee, St. Canute.

XVI.

THE COLISEUM.

I HAVE heard several interesting lectures concerning the gigantic forms in the antediluvian world, but I never understood them better than when I once saw the skeleton of a mammoth. It filled a considerable space in the large yard where it was laid; long grass grew out of the spinal bones and round about the side bones; one might have thought it was the hull of a vessel, and not the carcass of an animal that had once lived.

The Coliseum is a mammoth’s carcass of another species; it is a stone skeleton that proclaims the departed greatness of Rome better than books can do; it is a ruin, an incredibly devastated ruin. Whole palaces in Rome are erected from its torn-down walls, and yet there is, in what we still see, a magnitude like that which is found in the Pyramids and rock temples

of India.¹ Every colonnade forms large streets ; the broken-down staircase, from the floor to the uppermost cornice, is a whole range of rocks covered with grass and underwood ; it is a declivity that might hold a small city. Here and there, in the topmost parts of the ruin, is a house plastered up, with little crooked windows, and in them are persons living.

The whole ruin forms an open church with many altars : the cross stands in the midst under the open sky ; the Capuchin monks come here every Friday in procession, and one of the brethren preaches a sermon where, in past times, the wild animals roared and howled, while the gladiator wrestled, and breathed out his life without uttering a cry of pain. Yonder on that sunlit declivity, where the particolored lizard sits undisturbed and hatches its young, sat Rome's emperor, with his purple clad courtiers ; and here, where now the ragged beggar takes his place, waved the white veil of the vestal maiden.

One ought to enter this place for the first time by the full light of the moon ; a tragedy composed of stone is what we then see and read. One ought to wander through these immense arches by torch-light, and ascend to the very top, where the walls are not of stone, but — masses of rock. What a dead silence ! what immensity ! The torch light falls on the cobwebs in the corners, where the fly sprawls and struggles ; but we think not of it ; we think not of the woes of every-day life : the stones around us have voices, the stars above stand in alliance with them ; the soul feels itself expand in the midst of greatness. The Coliseum preaches to us about the system of the world, about the greatness and the impotence of the human race, so that the mind becomes at once elevated and humbled.

¹ The Amphitheatre in Verona is still so well preserved that the dead of former ages, if they could arise, would think that it was but a few weeks since they sat in that place ; but the whole theatre is dwarfish in comparison with the Coliseum. The same may be said of the Amphitheatre near Capua ; it certainly affords the best idea of the machinery of that time ; but in magnitude it quite disappears before the Coliseum.

XVII.

THE CARNIVAL.

WHAT makes the Roman Carnival so lively, so peculiarly splendid, and so far surpassing the same kind of festivity in every other place, arises from this cause, that the feast of the Carnival in the streets of Rome is confined to six days, and on each of these days to three hours. Il Corso and the nearest side-streets alone contain the scene of this popular amusement. Both time and place are concentrated. Mirth here is like effervescing champagne: the goblet foams and sparkles; it is emptied directly, and — then follows the fast.

The Roman Carnival which, with insignificant variations is from year to year the same, has been so vividly depicted by Goethe that no one can do it better; therefore, every new description is superfluous. I would rather not give any; only to make my picture of Rome a little more complete, I must draw a slight sketch of it in this book: the details belong solely to the Carnival of 1841.

The Senator sits in the Capitol clad in purple and gold, surrounded by his pages in their many colored dresses: a deputation of Jews enter, and beg permission to dwell for another year in that quarter of the city allotted to them, namely, Ghetto. They obtain this permission; the Senator gets into a glass coach, the old bells of the Capitol ring, and this is the signal for the Carnival to commence.

The coach drives on at a foot-pace toward Piazza del Popolo, and behind it swarms a crowd of persons from palaces, houses, and pot-houses. But the greatest order prevails everywhere. Any lady may freely venture out in man's clothing; it would never enter any one's head to insult her, or make the least sign that could alarm her modesty.

It is amusing to see how the poorer classes contrive to procure a carnival dress: they sew salad leaves all over their clothes; they have them on their shoes, and even on their head by way of peruke; husband and wife, and sometimes their children too, are quite clothed in salad. Orange peel is cut out, and worn as spectacles; this is the whole of their dec-

orations, and thus the poor couple wander through the streets with the greatest gravity and the most majestic bearing.

From Piazza del Popolo, the Senator proceeds with his suite up Il Corso. All the windows and balconies are hung with red, blue, and yellow silk drapery; places everywhere are filled with persons of both sexes, and a great part are in costume, with and without masks. Small rush chairs or benches are placed close to the houses on the whole line; they are let out, and the more quietly disposed take their places there. The one row of carriages drives down the line, the other up, and both carriages and horses are mostly decorated with evergreens and fluttering ribbons. We often see coachmen, old fellows with genuine Italian physiognomies, dressed out like ladies, whilst a pug-dog sits by their side dressed like an infant in long clothes, or as a young miss. Other carriages are decked out like steam-vessels, and have a crew of sailors clothed alike, or with girls in military costume. When two such vessels meet, a violent combat takes place, in which *confetti*¹ pour down on each other, not thrown with the hand, but often out of large goblets. The great mass of humanity moves along on the footpath, and even between the carriages. If two Punches or Harlequins meet, they take each other by the arm and push their way on hooting and screaming; masks of the same kind join each other, and they soon become a whole flock. Shouting, they force their way between the carriages and passengers on foot; it is just as if a foaming waterspout darted over a gently undulating sea. At sunset, the sound of cannon is heard; the carriages draw off into the side-streets, and the soldiers, who have been posted at some distance from each other, now collect together and march through the streets; the cavalry ride slowly after; the second time they ride quicker, and the third time at full speed. This is the signal that the horse-races are about to begin.

High tribunes are erected in Piazza del Popolo; a rope is fixed across the street, and behind this are six or seven half-wild horses hung round with iron plates, the barbs on them being turned inward, and on their backs are fastened pieces of burning sponge.

¹ *Confetti* are red and white balls as large as pease, and made of gypsum.

The rope falls — the horses dart away — silk ribbons and tinsel gold flutter and rattle on their manes and sides. “*Cavalli ! cavalli !*” shout the innumerable crowds, as they make way for the flying horses, which become still more wild from the screaming of the people ; they rush past, and the street behind them is closed again by the enormous swarm.

Before the horses have reached the goal, they are for the most part so exhausted that they come up to an easy trot ; meanwhile, the uppermost part of the street is inclosed with large carpets suspended from house to house at certain distances. If the horses were still in their wildest flight they would, nevertheless, be stopped here, entangled, as they must be, in these draperies.

It has a very comical appearance when by chance a dog gets into a part of the street that is cleared. The persons nearest the poor brute at once proceed to chase it ; the whole row follows the example, and the unhappy dog must take his way through the whole street. Screaming and clapping of hands from both sides keep it in the middle of the street. There is such exultation ! the poor dog is obliged to run a race, and if it happens to be a heavy dog, it appears just as miserable as comical ; it can scarcely lift its legs, and yet it must gallop, gallop !

It is a lively scene in the evenings of the Carnival time, if we enter an *osteria* or wine-house, where we often find a whole company of merry maskers, drinking their Foglietta, improvising a song, or dancing Saltarello. Whole crowds go through the streets with song and tambourine, preceded by a burning torch. They go to the theatres, particularly to the smaller ones, in their masquerade dresses, and the audience play there as much as the actors. I followed such a crowd to Teatro Alibert ; about a third part of the public there was in costume : knights in armor, flower-girls, harlequins, and Grecian gods sat amongst us in our every-day dress. One of the largest boxes in the first tier was quite filled with pretty Roman girls, all dressed like Pantaloon, but without masks or rouge. They were so joyous and so beautiful that it was a pleasure to look at them ; but they certainly drew the whole attention from the stage. A very favorite tragedy was per-

formed, called, "Byron in Venice ; or, England and Misso-longhi !" It was very affecting, but the public were merry. Up in the gallery there was a common-looking fellow with a thick, black beard, but dressed as a peasant girl ; he seemed to be much affected by the piece. He formed a curtain over the box underneath with his apron, and then with the skirt of his gown wiped his eyes and applauded. The eyes of the audience were drawn more to him, than to Byron and Misso-longhi.

The last day of the Carnival is always the liveliest ; it concludes with the bouquet of the whole festival, the brilliant, magnificent *Moccolo*. It was particularly lively this year (1841), as the last day of the Carnival was on the 25th of February. There came a dressed out married couple on high stilts ; they moved adventurously through the crowd of passengers and carriagès. Here growled another couple dressed like bears, the one white and the other jet black, both chained to each other ; behind them followed a miller linked to a chimney-sweep, and then came a man hopping about with lottery tickets ; to the end of his hat was fastened a bladder. There came another with an organ on a hand-cart ; out of each pipe stuck the head of a live cat, which screamed pitifully, for the man had a cord fastened to the tail of each, and in this manner he played. One carriage was decorated so as to form a throne of flowers, and thereon sat a minstrel. The harp was made fast, but above it was a wheel of fortune with many flags, and it turned with the wind. Another carriage represented a gigantic violoncello ; on each string rode a figure ; the treble string bore a fine little lady, and all the four strings sang in a loud key, just as the fiddler who stood by the side of the violoncello, stroked the person's back with his bow.

Throughout that long street *confetti* and flowers poured down, yet mostly flowers, for this year's February was abundant in violets and anemones. I saw Don Miguel, not a mask, but the real Don Miguel dressed as a civilian, wandering amongst the crowd ; he had a handful of *confetti*. Queen Christina of Spain had a place in a balcony ; *confetti* and flowers were the weapons she was armed with. Now

sounded the signal for the horse-race. One of the spectators was killed that day by the frightened horses: such things occur every year; the corpse was carried away, and the mirth continued. "*Moccoli ! moccoli !*" resounded on all sides, and in a moment there appeared from all the windows and balconies, nay, even from the roof itself, long rods, sticks, and reeds covered with burning wax-lights. The carriages which, during the horse-race, had drawn off into the side-streets, now filled Il Corso again; but the horses, the coachman's hat, his whip, everything, were covered with burning wax-lights; every lady in the carriages held her candle, and endeavored to screen it from the opposite party who tried to extinguish it. Sticks with handkerchiefs fluttered in the air. A screaming and shouting, of which no one that has not heard it can form any idea, deafened all ears: "*Senza moccolo ! senza moccolo !*" Small paper balloons with candles in them hovered over the crowd and fell down amongst them; it was in this immense street as if all the stars in the firmament, not forgetting the milky way, had made a tour through Il Corso. The air was as if heated by the candles, and the ear was deafened by the shouts. Everything was like the wildest bacchanalian feast — and then, almost at once, light by light was put out; we saw the last extinguished, and it was dark and still. The church-bells rang, and the long fast began.

Next morning one well packed carriage after the other drove away with the strangers — away from that death-like Rome, where all the galleries were closed, all the paintings — even the altars covered with black curtains.

They went to Naples.

XVIII.

PEGASUS AND THE VETTURINO HORSES.

A DIALOGUE.

WE have had descriptions of travels in many forms; but as yet, I think, we have had none in dialogue. Early in the morning of the 26th of February, 1841, a well-packed travel-

ling carriage, drawn by two common hacks, and a leader so fine, so lively, and so fiery, drove out of Rome through Porta Santa Giovanni. This leader was Pegasus himself, and it is quite probable that he had allowed himself to be harnessed to the carriage; for within it sat two poets, besides a church-singer, so animated, so full of youth's gladness, for he had just escaped out of the cloister to study thorough-bass in Naples. In Albano, already he threw off the monk's cowl and put on the gentleman's black coat; he might almost have passed for a poet; and then there was a Signora who was an admirer of poetry and poets, but she could not bear to ride backward. It was, as we hear, a very respectable company, even for Pegasus to draw. They took the way to Naples, and now we shall hear the dialogue.

THE FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY.

PEGASUS.

The way to Albano is over antique roads, past aqueducts of several miles in length, standing proudly like the columns in palace-halls, and past bush-grown walled tombs. A Capuchin monk with his beggar's wallet on his shoulders is the only person we meet. We approach the tomb of the Ascanii; it lifts its head like a mighty stone Colossus by the way-side, bearing its crown of grass and bushes. Sing of it, ye poets there in the carriage, sing of Rome's Campagna!

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

Look to it that *you* draw too! What is the meaning of all those jolts and jumps? We shall bait in Albano for two whole hours; the oats there are good, and the stable large. O dear! we have a long way to go before we shall get to rest this evening.

PEGASUS.

We are in Albano! here, in this street, is a house; we go close past it; it is quite a small one of only two stories. The door opens, a sportsman steps out; he has pale cheeks, and jet black eyes. It is Don Miguel, ex-King of Portugal. A poem might be written about him! Hear it, ye poets within

the carriage! No, they do not hear it; the one is playing the agreeable to Signora, the other sits with his thoughts on a tragedy.

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

Now we have baited, let us prepare to be off again. The way is a long up and down one. Don't look at the pile of stones; that is the grave of the Horatii; it is an old history. Now go on.

PEGASUS.

What magnificent trees! What rows of evergreens! The road runs between high rocks, the fountains ripple, and aloft on the mountain, between the tops of the trees, rises the church cupola of Aricia. The bells ring. By the road stands a cross; beautiful girls pass it; they bend their knee before the cross and count their beads. We approach Genzano; the poets descend from the carriage; they will see Nemi Lake, where there was once a crater. But that is an older story than that of the Horatii! Let us away while the poets are admiring it; they can reach us at Velletri. Let us be off!

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

That first horse is just as if he were mad! He can't stand, he can't go! yet he seems as if he were old enough to have learned to do both.

PEGASUS.

Far beneath us lie the green grass-grown swamps, and Circe's rocky island by the sea. We are in Cisterna, the little town where the Apostle Paul was received by his friends from Rome, when he approached that city. Sing of this, ye poets. The evening is fine, the stars glisten. There is a beautiful girl in the inn at Cisterna: look at her, ye poets, and sing of the fair lily in the marshes.

THE SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

Now pray go a little steadily; not at a gallop! There is a carriage on before us; we must not go past it. Did you not hear it yourself? There are German ladies in it; they have

no gentleman with them, and have begged to be in our company, being afraid of robbers! It is not safe here, for we heard the balls whistle past us at this place years ago.

PEGASUS.

The rain pours down! Everything stands in water. The reed huts seem as if they would sail away from the inundated green islands. Let us gallop on. The road here is so even. There stands a splendid cloister; the monks are gone; the vapors from the swamp drove them away, and the cloister stands with a green mould on the walls and marble columns. Grass grows on the floors, and the bats fly under the cupola. We will run in through the open gate, right into the church and stop there. Then you shall see how the lady we draw has become a beautiful marble image of fear. Then you shall hear our orchestra-leader sing; his voice is so fine. He will sing a hymn for his safety, and both the poets will tell the world about that dangerous adventure in the Pontine Marshes.

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

Take care of the whip! Keep in the middle of the road. We shall soon be in Terracina: there we shall rest; and we shall rest on the frontiers, and at the custom-house. This is the best part of the whole journey.

PEGASUS.

The sun shines on the orange colored rocks; the marshes lie behind us. Three tall palm-trees stand close by the way-side. We are in Terracina. What has become of our company? One of the poets climbed the high rocks amongst the cactuses; round about are gardens with citron and oranges; every branch bends with the yellow, shining fruit; he ascends the ruins of Theoderic's castle, looks over the grass-grown marshes toward the north, and his heart sings, —

“ My wife,
 My sweet smelling rose!
 And thou, my darling! my all, my life,
 My loved one and my pleasure:
 Thou bud of my rose!”

But the other poet sits down by the sea ; yes, out in the sea, on the massive rocks. He wets his lips with the briny drops, and exultingly cries : “Thou swelling sea ; thou dead, calm sea. Thou, like myself, dost embrace the whole earth ; it is thy bride, it is thy muse ! Thou singest of it in the storm ; in thy rest thou dreamest of heaven, thou clear, transparent sea !”

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

They were capital oats we got at Terracina ! The road was also very good, and we stopped so pleasantly long at the customs in Fondi. See, now we are going up the mountains ! Where are we going to ? First up and then down — very pleasant this !

PEGASUS.

The weeping-willows wave in the wind ! The road up the side of the mountain winds like a snake past ruined walls and olive woods, touched by the rays of the evening sun. There is a picturesque town on the rocks above us, and peasants driving on the road here below ! There is poetry in these mountains ! Come hither, ye who can sing, and get up on my back. My poets there in the carriage sit idling. We push on in the still starlight evening, on past the Cyclops' wall, where the rank ivy hangs like curtains over the caverns that perhaps conceal a robber. Away, past the mouldering tomb where Cicero fell under the murderer's dagger. We approach his villa between high laurel hedges and shining citrons. To-night we will dream in Mola di Gaeta.

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

That, sure enough, was a devil of a road ! How we shall eat, how we shall drink, if the oats only be good and the water fresh ! May each of us find our manger.

THE THIRD DAY'S JOURNEY.

PEGASUS.

The beautiful Signora sat under the leafy roof of the orange-trees. One of the poets read Italian poems aloud with a clear sounding voice ; the leader of the choir leaned against the tall

citron-tree and listened, whilst he looked through the cypresses on the sea, where the sun's rays fell on the white sails of the ships. The second poet wandered in the fields, plucked red anemones, bound wreaths, took now and then a glittering orange, then two, and they flew like golden apples up into the pure air. There was joy in his heart, there was song on his lips ! he felt: "I am again in Italy !"

In the stable stood the horses, each with its head in a manger ; they also were well off. But where I stood, I, Pegasus, there was a little door in the wall, and the door was open. I stuck my head out, and looked over the tops of the citron-trees and the dark cypresses, at the white town in the isthmus of the sea, and I neighed, so that I think the poets must have known me by my neighing.

THE VETTURINO HORSES.

So, now we are going on again to Santa Agatha, there the fodder is good ; and then to Capua, that strong fortification with bad water ; but then we approach the end of the journey.

PEGASUS.

How blue the mountains are ; how blue the sea is ; and the sky has also its own brilliant blue. It is one color in three shades ; it is love spoken in three different languages. See how the stars glisten ; see how the city before us beams with light. It is Naples, that charming city, that lively city, Naples — Naples ! And then we were in Naples.

XIX.

MALIBRAN-GARCIA IS DEAD.

THE theatre St. Carlo was closed, and would be so all the time I could stay in Naples. That large, splendid house, with its bass reliefs, appeared to me like a tomb over the queen of song — her whom seven years before I had heard here for the first time. The queen of song, Malibran-Garcia, is dead ! I can so clearly remember the first evening I was here. They

performed the opera of "Norma," which was then new. I knew it not ; and I had never heard Malibran.

The house was filled ; my heart beat with expectation. The curtain drew up, the Druids' chorus sounded through the forest, and *Norma* entered in white clothes, with a wreath around her brow, as if she were the muse of song herself. There stood *Norma* — Malibran. She cut off the fresh oak-branch, and the song commenced — yes, it was the muse herself. I had never before heard such singing : it was as if the heart's deepest feelings were revealed in tones ; my breast expanded, I felt a momentary chill, such as one always feels when something divine is revealed to us.

She ceased, and a storm of applause filled the whole house ; but there was also a piercing whistle — only one, but it rose above through all ; the envious snake hissed the queen of song. A hundred hands were clinched at the indignity, a thousand voices had not power to deafen it. But I had only ear and eye for her. What singing, what playing ! and it was a handsome woman I saw. "*Eviva la divina!*" resounded from every place in that large, full house. Flowers fell around her in showers ; and the snake hissed between the flowers.

I heard Malibran afterward in "La Prova," and in "The Barber of Seville." What life, what humor ! all were carried away by it. There was an exultation, a real Neapolitan applause, such as we have no idea of in the North. Voices cross each other with the most enthusiastic exclamations ; a hundred voices join in, and sing the theme of the song when it is ended. In their transports they imagine they also can sing. All eyes brighten ; men spring up on the benches ; they applaud with hands and feet ; flowers, poems, rosettes, and even living pigeons fly from the pit and boxes ?

It was at the same season of the year as now that I heard Malibran in Naples. Everything had then the fragrance of newness ; a southern warmth and radiance lay over the whole — and now, how changed !

At that time there arose a volume of smoke every day from the crater of Vesuvius ; at night it became a mass of fire, which was reflected in the clear bay. Now, on the contrary,

there lay a thick mist around the crater — the giant slept within.

At that time I saw "the blue grotto," whose depth is shining water, whose walls vie in color with the corn-flower's leaf, and which no poet can describe, nor painter show us. It was now almost always closed by storm and surge.

Vesuvius, Capri's grotto, and Pompeii, the city of the dead, were to me the three wonders of Naples, and of these, the city of the dead alone greeted me unchanged; only in what belonged to the dead I again found what my memory valued and had sung to me of Naples. In the city of the dead I thought of the dead. I thought of Malibran-Garcia, the bird of song, in whose tones I had found the expression of all that my mind now felt for Italy's wonders and beauty. Italy and Malibran were, in my mind, related, like the words and melody of a cherished song; I could not separate them; and now she was dead — she, who in so much of what we admire, was so like Byron, found *her* death in that land which gave *him* life.

On one of the last evenings that I was in Naples, I crossed the Largo del Castello. The *façade* of the little theatre here was covered with paintings, which portrayed the most attractive scenes of the opera or farce that was to be performed within. I went to Teatro del Fondo, where the company from St. Carlo performed opera. This evening it was "Norma." Miss Kemble, whose name is praised in the newspapers, took the part of *Norma*.

Had England given a living one for the dead? Miss Kemble sang — the Neapolitans sat still, quite still. I think they mourned.

Malibran-Garcia is dead!

XX.

A PROSPECT FROM MY WINDOW IN NAPLES.

It is Piazza Florentina we see — a place just as broad as a common street with us in the North, and the length is in pro-

portion to the breadth. Opposite to this, and close by a narrow crooked street, extends the *façade* of a little church, over the open entrance to which the neighboring dames have hung all their clothes out to dry, from the mysteries which should not be seen, to the variegated gowns that should be seen. Two young priests reading their book of the Evangelists, walk up and down the entrance hall. Outside sits an old woman selling money. She is the poor man's money-changer; the open place is her office; the little table, whose leaf is a box with brass wires across, is her cash chest; and therein lie the small coins which she, for a percentage, sells for the larger ones. But the trade does not answer well. Close by her stands a fruit shop, variegated like a picture cut out of an A B C book, with oranges and lemons. The picture above the door, where Madonna quenches the thirst of souls in purgatory, is a very suitable sign. The whole place is paved with broad lava stones; the poor horses cannot keep their footing, and are therefore beaten amidst screams and shouts. Not less than sixteen shoemakers sit and sew there to the left; the two nearest the door have already lighted their candles; they pull the cap off that poor boy, and throw oranges at him; he seems to protest against their being applied externally. In all the houses, the ground-floors are without windows, but with broad, open shop doors. Outside one they are roasting coffee, outside another they are boiling a soup of chestnuts and bread, and the man has many customers. Fellows dressed in rags eat out of broken pots. In the highest stories of the houses each window has its balcony, or else it goes along the whole story, and has a flourishing garden, in which are large tubs, with orange and lemon-trees. The ripe fruit amongst the green leaves shines like the Hesperian fruit. An Englishman, in his dressing-gown, has his rocking-chair out there. Now the chair falls backward, and the Briton strikes the stars with his proud head. But far above the church and houses rises the rock of St. Elmo, with its fortress; the evening sun shines on the white walls, towers, and telegraph. Now the sun is down and the bells ring the *Ave Maria*. People stream into the church; the lamps within shine through the windows. The tavern keeper puts lights in his white paper lantern; the shoemakers have each

his lamp ; it is a complete illumination. The little old woman shuts up her money shop, and her boy lights her home with a candle in a paper bottle. There is song in the church, and there are noises in the streets ; they harmonize strangely together. But what is that ? There is a procession coming from the narrow street. White figures, each with a large candle in his hand ; four men likewise in long white frocks, with hoods over their heads, bear on their shoulders a bier with red drapery ; a young girl dressed like a bride, with a veil and wreath of white roses around her brow, lies on the bier. Every one takes his hat off for the dead, and the shoemakers kneel.

The procession is now in the church, and the same noise is heard in the streets as before.

That little square is a faithful picture of this large Naples ; yes, a very true one ; for the poet sat at his window, and drew every feature of what he saw below.

Toward midnight we will once more look out and see what passes. All is still in the square ; not a light is to be seen except that dim lamp before the image of Madonna in the entrance hall of the church. Now there are footsteps. Some one strikes his stick on the pavement. It is a merry lad ; he goes past, and sings of *La Figlia del regimento*, with all his heart, and with a fine voice "*viva la gioja !*" and he goes to find it ; his warm blood, and his glowing thoughts tell him where it is to be found. Still many instruments join in. The whole place is transformed into an orchestra ; a manly bass voice sings a bravura ! they bring a serenade to the beauteous one ! Hear how fine it is : "*Te voglio bene assai !*" Will the window not open ? Will she not step out into the balcony ? No, not she ! All is still in every house ; the musicians depart, and the square is again empty ! A shadow moves along the house ; some few notes sound from the guitar, but no song ! All is still within ; yet another touch of the guitar, and the street door opens quite gently. The young lover glides in ! "*Felicissima notte !*" "Good-night, and sleep well !" we say in the North, and it is a very good wish ! He who sleeps commits no sin. The Italians, on the contrary, say : "*Felicissima notte !*" and the southern sun glows in this "good-night !"

XXI.

A NEAPOLITAN CORRICOLO.

ONE must see it in its flight; one must see it packed with persons, above and below, before and behind. It is a little mass of human beings, who roll forward on two large carriage wheels drawn by a poor, jaded hack so hung round with plates and tassels, bells and pictures of saints, that it might well serve the purpose of a wandering sign for a broker's shop.

The cabriolet whirls past us, over the broad lava-stone paved street. What sort of company is that? What are they thinking of?

The driver with the large pea-jacket slung over his shoulder, and with half-naked brown arm, curses in his heart the steam carriage which, light as a swallow, shoots down the road to Portici, past green vineyards, shining villas, and rocking boats.

There sit two ladies close by his side; the one has a very large infant; she handles it like a package without value. Their thoughts are in the church: "St. Joseph clothes the naked," — they come from thence. Woolen and linen, frocks and jackets are given to St. Joseph, Madonna, and Bambino; the whole church was hung with good clothes; it was a fine sight! A complete shop! and next day the clothes are to be given out.

"I wonder who will get that splendid red frock with the large puffs and broad flounce?" See, that is worth having in one's thoughts.

On the seat, besides the coachman, the two ladies, and the infant, is a respectable man: he generally stands by the door of Museo Borbonico, and earns a trifle by taking care of the sticks and umbrellas for the many strangers who go there daily to see the splendid statues, paintings, and exhumed articles. He has just now got it into his head that most of the strangers in the galleries might be likened to auctioneers, who only go about and look, that they may have every piece written down in their catalogue. There's a thought!

Besides the coachman, the two ladies, the infant, and the respectable man, there is not room for more on the vehicle; but

yet there sits another, a young lad, with a face so brown and handsome, such a genuine Neapolitan one! — what could not one do in the North with his eyes! However, he does not sit well, and has therefore laid his arm on one of the Signora's shoulders; but Signora is somewhat old. He looks to one side, and thinks of the grotto of Posilippo, the ancient road which goes through the mountain, under gardens and villas, — a road where it would be eternal night if lamps did not burn within.

He lately passed through it; carriages whirled past him; a herd of goats, all with bells about their necks, bleated aloud — who could hear anything? And into the bargain there came an Englishman riding at full trot: who could help being perplexed? and such was the case with a poor girl. She sprang quite frightened into the arms of our young lad; she did not intend to do so; but what will one not do in a fright! The lamp shone right on her face, and that face was beautiful; so the lad kissed her, — he is now thinking of that kiss and that face; and that is the reason he looks so glad.

The coachman, the two Signoras, the infant, the respectable man, and the lad, — too many for one seat, yet there sits another on it, a stout monk; but how he sits the Lord only knows; and what he thinks — that I dare not say! He has a prodigiously large umbrella with him; he is goodness itself: he holds the infant whilst the lady loosens her neckerchief; but now positively no more can be accommodated, and therefore that half grown lad stands up before the party, whilst his little brother sits at his feet and dangles his thin legs against the horse's tail. The two boys belong to the theatre; that is to say, the children's theatre or puppet show, where they perform tragedies and ballets. The two boys speak in female voices; the one is to act the part of *Queen Dido* this evening and the other her sister *Anna*; and so they are thinking about it.

Behind the vehicle are two fellows; I think they each stand on a stick, for that little bit of board stuck out behind is occupied by an old fisherman who rides backward, and has his eyes and thoughts turned toward a sedan chair in which sits a lady, dressed out and quite stiff, with tinsel and rosettes on

her head. She is a midwife they are carrying across the street: yes, she certainly sits much more comfortably than he does.

One of the fellows beside him is a sort of — messenger — we will therefore not enter into his thoughts; the other is a genius of a pickpocket: his thoughts are just now fixed on that red handkerchief peeping out of a pedestrian's pocket. The fellow is vexed at his ride; it will cost him two small coins, and — that handkerchief.

See, now there cannot be any more, neither before nor behind, neither above nor below. I say below! — for there we have not yet looked, and there are a living turkey, and a man! Yes, in that swinging net under the vehicle are a turkey and a ragged fellow; his head and legs stick outside the net; he has only shirt and trousers on, but he is of a strong, healthy appearance. He is extremely well pleased — and *he* has nothing to think about!

See, that is a Neapolitan corricolo!

XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM ITALY.

I.

A GLANCE AT MYSELF.

It was on the 15th of March, 1841. Portmanteau and travelling-bag were packed, locked, and standing in the middle of the room: the porter came up the stairs as soon as they were ready, to take them away. I was about to leave Naples and Italy, and I was glad of it. How mankind changes!

When I left this land before, I was inwardly grieved and sorrowful; but then it was homeward, toward the North. Now, on the contrary, it was to Greece, and the East.

My readers will pardon my dwelling for a few moments on my own person, but it will only be whilst the porter bears my luggage down the stairs.

I have previously given sketches of Italy, which, I am told,

almost breathe of this land's sunlight and beauty. Now, on the contrary, many of these pictures are dashed with strong shadows ; but they are as I saw Italy at the time ; the odor of freshness and newness was gone. The winter was unusually severe, and I myself was both bodily and mentally ill. Here in Naples, but a few days ago, fever raged in my blood. I was, perhaps, near death. I believe the grim tyrant looked through the door at me, but it was not yet time ; he went away, and the goddess of health stood where he had stood. The spring came just as suddenly ; the snow on the mountains around wasted away, and the sea was clear and blue.

A new journey — perhaps a new life — was to begin. This last hour was transition's link.

II.

LEONIDAS.

The French war-steamer *Leonidas*, Captain Lorin commander, lay in the harbor of Naples. My friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. H. P. Holst,¹ accompanied me to the vessel. Everything on board appeared foreign to me. I myself was foreign to them all. A sick Turk lay on some mats, which they had spread out on the coal-sacks ; close by him sat a figure in a wadded green caftan and a white turban, who, during the last few days, had attracted the public attention in Naples by his oriental dress ; he was, as I afterwards heard, a Persian from Herat. One passenger after another came on board : Americans and Italian monks, French ladies and gentlemen, people from all parts of the world, but none from the North, or from its brother land, Germany.

The signal pipe sounded to clear the vessel. Holst bade me farewell ! It was as if I were to hear a Danish voice for the last time, as if my native land and all my dear friends spoke this "farewell !" Now for the first time it appeared to me that I was going into the wide world.

I stood by the bulwark of the vessel ; my eye followed the

¹ Mr. Holst is a Danish poet of some celebrity. — *Trans.*

boat, which directed its course with my friend toward the land. Hats were mutually waved. He called out "farewell" once more from the shore.

The anchor was weighed; everything was clear on board, and yet we lay still. All the passports were forgotten, and an officer was obliged to go on shore for them. We lay waiting for half an hour.

Whilst we are waiting, I will make my readers acquainted with the arrangements and conveniences of a French war-steamer, as far as I can recollect them. The deck itself formed a little street; above the *nedder*, and hanging over the water, was a small, pretty house for the captain, in which was a saloon. Paintings and sailing charts hung on the walls; long curtains fluttered at the open windows, and between these stood divans, statues, and a piano-forte. It was not only comfortable, but elegant. Two other wooden houses, each with its cabins for the rest of the officers, adjoined that of the captain's. On the little open space without stood the helmsman at the wheel. An hour-glass and a large handsome clock were close by him; the cabin-boy struck the hours and quarters on a large metal bell, which could be heard over the whole ship.

Before the wheel was a flight of stairs covered with carpet, with a cast iron balustrade, leading down into the chief cabin, where the ladies had their own pretty saloon and separate state rooms; the gentlemen had each his own room; and there was a large splendid saloon, used also as a dining-room. Handsome mirrors shone on the bright, polished, inlaid walls; polished marble columns supported the roof, and there were a piano, a library, engravings, and newspapers.

The machinery occupied the middle part of the vessel; above this, on the deck, were erected wooden houses, resembling the officers'; a few steps led up to each door, and here the steward, steersman, cook, and purveyor had each his berth. Here was a larder, a wine-cellar, and the Lord knows what else; behind these houses was a sort of balcony: it extended from both sides of the ship over the water, which we could see through the open railings; and here it was, during the voyage, that they washed potatoes, clothes, and vessels of all

kinds. They were, as one may say, the two back-yards of the ship.

The galley stood in the middle of the deck. It was a complete house of cast-iron, and quite filled with pots, kettles, saucepans, and all sorts of kitchen utensils. Here was roasting, boiling, and frying!

Close by this, a flight of stairs led down into the second cabin, which consisted of a fine large eating-room, which was also a sleeping chamber. In the side rooms there was accommodation for from four to eight persons. The stairs leading down into the third cabin were in the forepart of the vessel. They were somewhat steep; but when we once got down them, we found a light, comfortable room. The divans ranged along the walls served as sleeping places.

The fourth place was on deck, and it was incredibly cheap. For one rix-dollar, Danish (about half a crown English), a man may be accommodated here, and be carried several hundred miles. In the East, even the better class of Turks choose this department of the vessel.

Here in the North we cannot form any idea of the comfort and cheapness of these Mediterranean steam-vessels. The Americans on board, as I afterwards learned, knew how to value the treatment they received; but not as I did. They spoke of the swiftness of their vessels, and the great luxury on board. "In twelve days," said they, "we have gone from America to Europe."

It was fine weather, and there was gayety on board. A theatre was constructed in the large cabin, and comedies were performed three evenings during the passage over the ocean. They were vaudevilles by Scribe, and some of the officers played the ladies' parts. The orchestra consisted of eight persons; the audience partook of ices and punch; the performers were applauded, and called out; and all this on the wide ocean!

Grateful was I that the French steamer could offer such recreations.

After waiting a long time, the officer who had been sent for the passports returned. The steam whistled no longer out of the blow-pipe; the command was given, and we shot our way

out of Naples harbor, which, refracting the sun's rays, was as if filled with floating lemon and orange peel.

We were not two miles from land when the vessel stopped. Something was broken in the machinery, but we had a smithy on board. It was soon in order, and again we were on our way.

Addio Napoli ! a rivederci !

XXIII.

THE STEAMER'S PASSAGE.

A POET sings, because, like the bird, he cannot help it : something swells in his breast, and in his thoughts. The song will out : it spreads like the light, it rises like the waves. But very often Nature places a leaf of her great music-book before him, and it is a challenge to sing — and then he sings from her notes.

Naples and the whole coast lay like a large piece of music before me — a song without words.

“It is sweet to fly over the sea !”

Naples, thou white, sunlit city ! The swarms of beings with song and shout flow like streaming lava through thy streets ; we hear the sounds ; town after town winds like a serpent about the bay ; Naples is this serpent's head, and St. Elmo the crown it bears.

“It is sweet to fly over the sea !”

Heavy clouds envelop the top of Vesuvius ; they hang as far down as the hermit's cell, but fire burns within the mountain ; it burns far under the sea, as it burns in the middle of our ship, and in my heart ; everything is a volcano ! See, the steam carriage darts along the road by the gulf, like a fiery rocket. There, between the orange groves, lies Sorrento : the pine by the sea shadows Tasso's house. The rocks stand out in the sea like petrified clouds. The mountain goat springs about the naked promontory. Capri, I greet thee, thou adventurous island ! I remember thy palm-trees under the wild rocks ; I remember thy strange azure-blue

grotto, where the sea-foam shines like roses, where the stones have colors like a winter sky in the North: the sea is a fire. The ass walks over a mosaic floor on the top of the rock, the last remains of Tiberius's magnificent saloons. The hermit kneels heré in silent solitude. Capri, isle of reminiscences, we rush past thee. The sun goes down, and night advances with her glittering host! The waves break; each wave's top is like glowing embers; the water in our wake sheds light, and the sky gives light!

“It is sweet to fly over the sea!”

Now it is night! The ship-boy calls. “Awake! awake! Stromboli glows! Come and see!” Wrapped up in cloaks, we stand by the gunwale; we look in the dark over the sea which shines with phosphoric lustre; red, green, and blue rockets rise in the horizon; they now pour forth like flames — that is Stromboli, the burning island that arose from the depths of the sea. It is a child of Etna; she came with her sisters from the sea's depths out of her mother-country. The oriental tales say, that on Sindbad's voyage the sailors disembarked on the back of a fish, which they mistook for a sand-bank; they made a fire on it, and the fish dived again into the sea. Each of the Lipari islands was also a fish of the abyss; men erect their dwellings, and live on its back, — and before they know it, it dives down with them.

We approached it nearer and nearer! The stars glisten, the water is afire!

“It is sweet to fly over the sea!”

XXIV.

SICILY.

A COAST PANORAMA.

A FEW summers ago I made the so-called Götha-Canal voyage through Sweden. Out of one part of this we issue into the Baltic, pass a number of sunken rocks, and through an archipelago of islands, some of which are so large that they afford pasture for whole droves of cattle, or bear a small fir

wood ; others are but naked stones, against which the waves break. We took a pilot at these islands, and all the passengers had to divide themselves, so that there were about equal numbers on each side of the vessel. Large blocks of wood hung over the gunwale to resist a probable shock against the rocks, and the steamer had now to pass a whirlpool. A momentary silence and attention reigned on deck. The water spouted up before the cutwater ; it was as if an unseen hand seized the ship and swung it about. The rocks lay behind us ; we had passed over the whirlpool. I have not read in any geography of such an eddy under the Swedish coast ; but on the contrary, the whirlpools of Sicily were well known to me. Scylla and Charybdis are far-famed names.

Our ship glided away over the eddying Charybdis ; we had no foreboding of it. Where is that wild maelstrom ? They pointed to the sea close by where we sailed ; but there was no particular motion of the waves to be seen. Where is Scylla ? “ Yes, she still lives.” They pointed to a little jutting rock with a dark, ruinous tower, on the wild coast of Calabria. There was a heavy surf here, though the sea was tolerably calm. Blackish-gray rocks jutted forth, against which the waves dashed with angry roar. It was Scylla’s howling dog we saw. I think they may be able to hear it in a storm from the sandy isthmus of Messina. We approached it ; toward the northwest lay the Lipari islands, bounding the horizon.

Sicily, thou mighty tripod in the deep, clear, air-covered sea, we greet thee ! Thou vine-leaf-wreathed land, where gods have lived, where heroes have fought, by whose coasts the fairy Morgana still builds her airy castles, we greet thee !

We glided past the light-house, situated on the extreme edge of a shoal of sand, where there is a picturesque fishing village joining the suburbs of Messina ; it was as if we saw a fleet sailing here : a number of ships were cruising about ; fishermen hauled in their nets and their boats ; children were playing on the beach. Calabria’s rocky coast had a strange green and red-brown appearance, quite different from the rocks in the north of Italy and Switzerland ; they appeared to be moss-grown lava blocks ; the Sicilian rocks resembled petrified

gigantic bubbles. It looked as if the island had boiled up from the deep, and been suddenly transformed into stone. Heavy clouds rested on the mountain, as if they were the vapors of this ebullition. Etna was not to be seen.

Behind us lay the bay and Messina itself with its yellow-gray palaces and flat roofs. Foreign flags waved in the secure harbor, but I could not discover the Danish flag. An ecclesiastic from Rome, who stood by the gunwale, pointed toward the town, and told us with great importance about a letter from the mother of Christ, a genuine letter, which was found in the cathedral church; it was written by her own hand to the inhabitants of Messina. He grew eloquent at the remembrance of their celebrated religious feast, at the splendor of the church, and the magnificent pageant. A sister of his had once represented Christ's mother; a machine on wheels, it might be called a large house, filled with men and women, old and young, dressed as angels, prophets, and saints, and at the top the prettiest female in Messina representing the Virgin Mary, was drawn through the streets by priests and the whole brotherhood!

"It is glorious in Messina!" he exclaimed, "*Messina nobilis, fidelissima!*"

"There are beautiful women!" said a young Frenchman; "there are Scylla and Charybdis; they no longer swim on the water, but sit under the vine leaves, and with their dark, glowing eyes, beautiful limbs, and enchanting smile, enchain us!"

On Calabria's side lay Reggio, which a few weeks previously had suffered terribly from an earthquake.¹ Here under the coast a number of vessels had stranded; now everything lay in a warm, smiling sunlight; yet the smile of the coast here has in it something like witchcraft. My thoughts were on the millions whose hearts have beat with the fear of death and longing for life, under these coasts; the millions who have sailed here, from the time Ulysses steered past the cavern of

¹ The cathedral, town hall, and several public buildings were thrown down; in Naples I saw traces of the earthquake. Many of the houses were rent from top to bottom; in whose streets stood houses propped up with large beams; even in Rome there were traces of the shock; the Tiber overflowed its banks and inundated the nearest streets.

Polyphemus, until now that our arrowy steamer glided over this watery mirror, where Fata Morgana shows her airy palace ; but no colonnades of rays, no fantastic cupola and Gothic towers arose on the blue waters. Yet the coast itself was a Fata Morgana for the eye and thought.

Whole towns and beautiful marble images slumber here in the deep grave of ashes and lava ; but above them grow new gardens and villas, and dark rocks stand threatening, like storm-clouds in the air.

“All the valleys there,” said the young Frenchman, “are pretty arbors, and in each sits — not Amor, but those who are better than he : the most charming women, warm as Etna, and as light as the fairy Morgana ; yet they do not disappear as she did when one would seize them.”

The nearest coast of Sicily appeared to me more wild than attractive. Val di Demona is the name of this district, and it is very appropriate. Taormina with its marble quarry is on the cliff above, from whence roars a water-fall. This was the merry city of the bacchanals, where Pancratius, a disciple of the Apostle Paul, threw the statue of the god of wine into the sea.

From the magnificent ruin, the theatre of the ancients, where once a whole people applauded at the performance of Aristophanes and Plautus, the solitary herdsman now looks out over the sea and contemplates the smoky column from our ship — our steaming, flying Etna.

“But where is Sicily’s Etna?” I asked. “Shall we see it?”

“There it stands,” was the reply. But I only saw heavy clouds above the rocky coast. I raised my head still more, looked almost upward, and there, above the clouds in the clear air stood the top of Etna, covered with snow ; yet round about the edge of the crater it was melted in long rifts. What greatness ! Vesuvius is but a sand hill compared to this giant — Sicily’s pride and benefactor. It is an amphitheatre for the high gods themselves ! Every step forms a zone : the lowest shows us vineyards and gardens ; the second is a woody region, with its centenarian trees ; the third has but ice and snow ; the fourth smoke and flame. It always smokes, always spouts ; but this spouting and smoking is called repose, if the lava-

stream does not flow for miles around, and throw down towns, or devastate vineyards and dales.

We glided through the Bay of Catania ; the waves rolled soft and lightly around. The sun shone clear ; but, as far as the eye could penetrate, Etna was covered with snow ; *there* was still a northern winter. At its foot, on the contrary, was a southern summer with fresh flowers, with ripe fruit, with palms and Indian figs.

After dinner, when we again came on deck, the sun was near going down ; the sea shone like purple and gold ; the air had such a brilliancy as I have never before seen. The coasts had such a tone, so smiling, so rich in color, that the whole wore the appearance of the finest Asiatic landscape. Syracuse lay dreaming, but indescribably beautiful.

“Santa Lucia was born there !” said our Roman ecclesiastic.

“Yes, and Archimedes too,” added I. “It is Agathocles’ city. And there is Arethusa’s fountain !”

“Santa Lucia was God’s daughter !” answered the ecclesiastic, and sighed.

What a sunset ! what a sight ! only to be bestowed by that hand which paints the beautiful rainbow on the light, hovering clouds.

The sound of a bell was heard from the coast ; its clang was so melancholy, it was like the last tones of a dying swan as it bends its head, and descends on its large, extended wings, from the air into the calm, the deep blue sea.

XXV.

MALTA.

It was three o’clock in the morning : I heard the anchor fall, and knew that we lay in the harbor of Malta. I threw my cloak around me, and sprang upon deck.

The first thing I saw was the waning moon ; its horns were so thin and bent, and yet they shone like the full moon in the North ; or, perhaps, it was the innumerable stars which caused

this brightness in the air. Such a radiant firmament I had never before seen, — neither under the clear sky of Italy, nor even in our northern winter nights. Venus seemed to be a sun, immensely distant, so that it could only show itself as a point — but it was a sun's point. Her rays played on the water's surface in rivalry with the moon's. The stars in the North are but shining glass ; here they are real stones. My hands were clasped involuntarily, my thoughts were with God in contemplation of his magnificence. There was a stillness round about ; not the splash of an oar was heard in the water, not a bell sounded ; all was still as in a deserted church.

I looked around, and behind me stood a low, yellow, rocky wall, whose highest point was formed into an obelisk that raised its head toward the stars. Opposite to me and to the sides shone large, strange, whitish-yellow palaces, which reminded me of "The Arabian Nights." But between these buildings and me lay one large ship close by the other, still and dreaming. My eye was bewildered amongst masts. We lay in La Valetta's Bay : where we had come in I could not discover.

This, then, was the island which Homer has sung of, and of which the Phœnicians had possessed themselves ; Calypso's Isle, where Ulysses passed years of his life ; the Greeks' and Carthaginians' *Melita*. The island has seen Vandals, Goths, and Arabians as conquerors. Count Roger's Malta, the order of St. John's far-famed island, is now England's station in the Mediterranean.

What recollections does not this island call forth ! Yet the starry firmament was to me at that moment a majestic scene. La Valetta, and all these proud vessels here under the strongest fortification in the world, were but as the frame to the picture. The frame was splendid, — one of the most splendid I have seen ! But that I forget the frame for the picture is, however, pardonable and just.

I retired again to rest, and, literally speaking, with "heaven only in my own thoughts."

When I once more ascended the deck the debarkation took place. Everything on board and around the vessel was life and motion. The whole bay was as if covered with boats.

Close to us lay two large war-ships with double rows of guns, the one above the other. Città Nuova, Vittoriosa, La Valetta, appeared like one large city. The fortifications cut in the rock melted together with the buildings themselves. The arsenal, a long Moorish building, and most of the palace-like houses, all seemed to be formed in the rock itself, as they are built of its yellow-stone, and thus seem, as it were, a part of it.

Ships came and went ; the cannon saluted the fortress, and were again answered. Boats with the quarantine flag rowed quickly past the large vessels. A number of yawls, forming complete shops, lay still under the side of our vessel ; some with fruit. To each species a particular compartment is devoted. Citrons by themselves, oranges likewise, and large pumpkins formed the border. There were also figs, dates, raisins, and almonds ; the whole formed a variegated spectacle. Other boats brought roots and vegetables, and others again had shirts, straw hats, and scarfs ; it was a whole swimming market. There were some wretched little boats which seemed as though every moment they would sink ; they were rowed by half-naked boys who came to beg. There was a continual movement amongst the passengers who came from or went to the steam-vessels, of which no less than seven lay there. Turks, Bedouins, monks, and Maltese women rowed past.

Below the steps out of our vessel lay more than a dozen boats with screaming watermen, who regarded us as good prey. A young Russian officer, with whom I had travelled in company hither from Naples, proposed to me that we should go on shore, and see the curiosities of the place together. He previously agreed to be cashier on our excursion, and we set off.

Several guides, all Moors, flocked around us at the landing-place to be our conductors. We chose one who was only to take us to the Hôtel de Méditerranée : one rag scarcely covered the other, but he bore them as proudly as a prince his purple ; a pair of jet black eyes shone from his dark face.

A draw-bridge leads to the gate of La Valetta ; the walls and ditches are hewn out of the rocks, and the ditches themselves afford a sight of the richest fruit-gardens. Here was a

wilderness of orange-trees, broad-leafed palms, pepper-trees, and lotus.

Within the gates of the town begins a street with fruit shops. Fruits of every kind that the South produces meet the eye: a sight so rich and variegated is never seen in the North. There was a movement, and a crowd like that in Toledo Street at Naples: Maltese women completely in black, and with a veil held so tight about the head, that one could only see the eyes and nose; English soldiers in their red uniforms, ragged porters, and smart sailors, all in busy movement. Handsome carriages on two wheels, and with only one horse, passed by: the Moorish coachmen ran by the side.

We soon came into larger streets; all the houses had a palace-like appearance, and a peculiar character, on account of their number of green-painted jutting windows. All the principal streets are broad and airy, partly Macadamized, and partly paved with lava, and all so clean — I might almost say they looked as though they had been swept and cleansed for a festival.

The hotel we stopped at was as *comfortable* and splendid as if it had been brought hither from Queen Victoria's royal city.

I was sitting with a French newspaper in my hand, when I heard a noise without. My Russian travelling companion had offered our Moor but a few halfpence for his trouble, and the fellow would not accept so little. I saw how small the sum was, and found that it ought to be greater: the Russian said no, and opened the door. The Moor laid the money on the step, put his foot on it, and with a look which, on the stage, would have had its effect, expressed his pride and anger. I would fain have given the man more money, but the Russian placed himself between us, gave the servants a wink, and they turned the dissatisfied man out of doors. And so that incident was over.

I, however, went out soon after into the street, where I expected to find the Moor, and there he stood, surrounded by a flock of ragged fellows. The money which the servant had laid outside the door, lay there still in the same place. I tendered him about three times more than had been offered him, giving him to understand that it was from myself.

His eyes rolled in his head. He pointed once more to the few coins the other had offered him, showed me his rags, and held my arm back. He would not accept anything ; shook his clinched fist toward the house, and went away proud as a mortified noble. This first scene in Malta put me out of humor.

We next went to the cathedral, which is consecrated to St. John. It is just as peculiar as tasteful : all the pillars are decorated with arabesque sculpture, representing scroll-work and hovering angels. The walls themselves have a richly gilded foliage, and *al fresco* paintings by the Calabrian Matteo ; a very magnificent high altar is there, and rich monuments over the grand masters. The highly polished floor is inlaid with the arms of knights. The organ pealed, the censer was swung, and the kneeling Maltese dames cast a look from the heavenly to the earthly travellers. They perhaps had a foreboding that *one* would celebrate them in song.

The Governor's palace, once the Grand Master's, lies not far from hence. It is a building which is just as dingy without as it is diversified and splendid within. One can, from the paintings here, learn and comprehend the historical exploits of the Maltese knights at Rhodes, though we may find splendid paintings, and rich carpets, and hangings in most of the palaces of Europe ; yet what we cannot find in them, but only in the Governor's palace at Malta, is the arsenal. All the pillars here are slender, high, and quite hidden by lances, axes, and swords, grouped in the most picturesque manner, as if they formed a part of the pillar itself, — as if they were artificially cut out, the one quite different from the other, — but all in the same proportion, which produces a harmony in that endless range of pillars. The armor which the knights of Malta wore stands in ranks along the wall, and the walls themselves are covered with their portraits, shields, and arms. Above the rest is seen the Grand Master's portrait, painted by Caravaggio ; a radiant sun beams above it, and round about are rosettes of pistols, arabesques of muskets, sabres, and arrows. The red flowers at the feast of Rosalie could not be more boldly woven into festoons than these arms are.

Ascending most convenient and easy stairs, which a half-

year's old child might crawl up, we come out on to the flat roof of the building, from whence we have a prospect of the city, the island, and the wide sea. It lay quite calm, of a shining blue, and in the distance shone snow-covered Etna, like a pyramid of Carrara marble. The burning heat of the sun was softened by the fresh sea-breeze. I turned toward the coast of Africa ; Malta now became like another north to me ; I felt a desire like the bird of passage in harvest. My thoughts flew to the land of lions ; they followed the caravan over the sandy deserts ; they flew to the woods of the blacks ; they rested on the gold-producing streams, and dreamt with Egypt's kings in the cloud-wreathed pyramids. Shall I ever go there ?

What a wide circuit ! The whole of Malta appears like a wall in the sea ; scarcely anything green meets the eye, which, for the most part, meets the yellow earth that is cut through both right and left with walled inclosures and building on building. We see in a moment that this spot is the most densely populated on the whole earth.

We rolled out of the gate in one of the light, elegant, two-wheeled carriages, with one horse, and the driver running by the side. Our destined excursion was to Citta Vecchia.

Everything outside the fortifications presented the picture of an African land. We did not see a tree, nothing green, except the low, sprouting corn and the abundant, large Indian figs, which appeared as though they streamed forth from the earth and the old walls. It was in the heat of a burning sun. The way lay along the aqueduct made by the knights of Malta ; it is so low that in many places we could easily spring over it, and it appeared like the work of a child in comparison with the aqueduct near Rome. The roads are excellent. We passed some wind-mills, the peculiar airy building of which attracted my attention. The slightest wind must be able to set them in motion ; they have from twelve to twenty wings, so that they form a whole rosette. The buildings themselves are entirely of stone, neat and tasteful ; a spiral stone staircase leads up to the machinery. All the wind-mills I afterward saw on the Greek islands and the Dardanelles had quite

the same form ; but Malta presented the first of the kind to my observation.

Outside Citta Vecchia we saw over the whole island ; it lay under shadow, with a yellow, shining surface like the sun itself ; low walls running crosswise formed inclosures that extended entirely over the land, giving it the appearance of a map on which the minutest boundary is indicated.

Citta Vecchia, the bishop's see, and once the capital of the island, is not an inconsiderable town. The church, which is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is quite in the same style as the Italian churches, airy and diversified with colors : but the traveller who comes from Italy is so surfeited with seeing churches, that even a church like this produces no effect. We also saw the catacombs here, which are just like those under Rome ; they are narrow, inconvenient passages, of which, having seen ten yards, one has a perfect conception of the appearance of the next ten. In the vault under St. Paul's Church is a cavern of small extent ; in the centre stands a marble statue of the Apostle, who is said to have lived here after he was stranded in a storm on the coast of Malta. But neither the cavern, catacombs, nor church made any sort of impression on me. I was glutted with the sight of such things. It was with me as it is with many travellers : if we are in a place where there is one thing or another to be seen, then we make it a duty to see it, because it is mentioned in books, and because it is spoken of ; but it very often happens that the thing after all is not worth the trouble we take to see it. What interested me in this city was the manners of the people ; the half-veiled peasant girls, whose eyes gleamed like lightning behind the veil ; the crowd of ragged beggars, and the many foreign sailors who had hired horses and were galloping about in their glazed hats, on which the ship's name was placed in gilt letters, shining in the sun. We did not hear a single Italian word ; the lower classes could not understand us at all ; they spoke a sort of Arabic.

On the way home, we passed a splendid villa, whose shady garden displayed itself like an odorous bouquet in the midst of this burning desert ; tall pepper-trees and palms, with fan-shaped leaves, rose high above the wall. A number of armed

Turks walked about on the flat, oriental roof. We were told that the Prince Emir Beschir, who had fled hither, lived here, and therefore no one was permitted to see the garden. Numerous black slaves sauntered about in the yard, and a fine giraffe stood by the wall and ate the green leaves. The whole was such an Asiatic picture, that, even without help of the flaming sun, it could not but burn itself into the memory.

Not far from the quarantine house, which looks large and imposing, is the English cemetery. It is almost filled with monuments, all cut out of Malta stone; not one, however, was of any striking beauty. None of the inscriptions impressed me by their peculiarity; no great or well known name did I find here; but there were beautiful flowers, large and scented; and it was warmer here than in the North on the finest summer day, notwithstanding it was on the seventeenth of March.

Toward evening we returned to our steam-vessel. The view over the harbor, with the life there, was a scene I shall never forget.

When the sun went down, the evening gun was heard, and all the flags on our vessel were lowered; it was but a few minutes, and night lay over us without twilight; but night as it comes on in the South, clear and transparent with glittering stars, — stars which say, “We are suns; can you doubt it?”

The crowd in the streets disappeared; a soft music was heard, but it soon broke forth in powerful tones from the two war-ships that lay nearest to us. “God save the Queen” was played and sung, as I have never before heard it; but the situation in which we were contributed much to the effect.

Lively music now sounded. There was a ball on board one of the ships. The stars themselves seemed to dance on the water’s surface. The boats rocked; it was late in the evening before I could tear myself away from this scene.

I was awakened early in the morning by the cleansing of the deck, after they had taken coal on board. When I came upon deck, it shone in all its freshness, and they made ready for sailing.

There was a shouting and screaming round about us; the floating shops with their traders surrounded us. Naked boys begged; passengers came on board; our Persian sat on the

coal sacks near the chimney ; a Bedouin wrapped up in his white burnoose, and with pistols and knife in his belt, lay with his back against him ; a few Maltese women, in their black veils, had grouped themselves near the machinery, and Greeks in different dresses and with the red fez on their heads, leaned against the gunwale.

Two sailors with halberds stood guard by the steps into the gangway, and kept order whilst packages, chests, and boxes were piled up. The boatswain's whistle sounded ; the steam whizzed and hissed out of the tube and about the paddle wheels ; the cannon sounded, the flags waved, and we glided out of Malta's road at a rapid rate, into the open Mediterranean, which lay as blue and still as a velvet carpet spread over the earth ; the sea was like bluish ether — a fixed starless sky beneath us ; it extended in the transparent air, further than I have ever seen it ; neither dark nor light stripe bounded the horizon ; there was a clearness, an infinity which cannot be painted, nor described, except in the eternal depth of thought.

GREECE.

I.

A FEW DAYS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE boundless sea lay in a dead calm ; we felt not the least motion in the vessel ; we could run about where we liked, up and down, just as if we were on terra firma ; it was only by looking at the water in the wake of the vessel that we saw the speed of the ship which left Malta's yellow rocks further and further behind.

We had seven young Spanish monks on board. They knew a little Italian, were all missionaries, and were now going to India. The youngest of them was very handsome, but pale and melancholy. He told me that his parents still lived, and that he had not seen his mother, who was so dear to him, since his sixteenth year. He sighed and exclaimed : " Now I shall not see her before we meet in heaven ! "

It was with a heavy, bleeding heart that he left Europe ; but he acknowledged that he must do so ; it was his calling, and he was in God's service. He and the other brothers belonged to the order of the Theresian monks, founded by St. Theresa.

Of those on board, I, for the most part, was the one who seemed to be furthest from home — I came from the North.

" From Denmark ! " repeated our Roman ecclesiastic, who was going to Jerusalem. " Denmark ! You are then an American ? "

I explained to him that Denmark lay very far from America ; but he shook his head like the lady in " The Danes in Paris," and said like her, " Not so very far ! not so very far ! "

We had an ambassador from the Pope on board, who was going to Lebanon ; he was the only one of the Italians who knew a little about Denmark. He knew Fru von Gothen,

and had been at her soirées in Rome ; he knew that there was a Thorwaldsen, and that there had been a Tycho Brahe. I have since made this discovery, that Tycho Brahe is the one amongst the Danes through whom Denmark is most known abroad ; Tycho is our most famed countryman — and him we exiled ! Denmark is great as a mother, but she is often no good mother toward her best children.

Now, in the middle of the day, we could still see Malta ; but of Sicily we only saw snow-clad Etna ; yet large and distinct, it shone as if it were a pyramid of white sunlit marble. There was not the least swell in the sea ; it was like gliding through the air. An enormous dolphin, larger than any horse, rolled several times quite close to the ship ; the sun shone on its wet, glistening back. Melodies from “*La Dame Blanche*” sounded from the piano in the cabin to us on deck, and the merry sailor boys hung in the shrouds and sang : “*Quel plaisir d'être matelot !*”

The whistle sounded ; the sailors went through their maneuvers. The dinner-bell rang. While we were drinking our coffee, the sun went down large and red, and the sea shone like fire.

The sun was set ; the stars broke forth with a brilliancy such as I cannot express ! What a firmament ! what radiance ! Venus shone as if she were the moon herself ; her rays cast a long stripe over the sea, which moved in a gentle swell, as if the sea breathed softly. Low in the horizon, over the coast of Africa, stood a star shining red like fire ! Under this star the Bedouin was at this moment speeding on his wild horse ; under this star the caravan was passing through the glowing sand.

“*How delightful to sit under the tent with Africa's daughter !*” The stars shot flames through the blood ! I sat by the gunwale, and looked over the sea's surface ! Phosphoric gleams shot through the water ! It was as if beings walked with torches at the bottom of the ocean, and these suddenly shone through the water ; they appeared and vanished, as if these flames were the variably visible respiration of the ocean.

I was in my hammock by nine o'clock, and at once fell asleep, whilst the ship continued its unchanging course onward.

When I again stood upon deck early in the morning, they were cleaning it ; all hands were in motion, and the deck soon shone white and clean, so that it was a pleasure to look at it. Where the anchors and cables lay, the sailors had their washing-place, and it was quite original. They washed their trousers there, and spread them out on deck ; then poured sea-water over them, and swept or rather scrubbed them with a common birch-broom which was somewhat worn, and with a piece of soap between the sticks.

Two brisk young cabin-boys, quite little fellows, but as lively as squirrels, and full of mischief, killed poultry, and before each slaughter they made a humorous speech to the hens, which always ended with a "Voilà !" and then the knife was drawn across their throat.

We perceived some movement in the sea : but as the sun rose higher, it became calm as the day before ; no river-sailing could be likened to this in stillness ; here and there, but at a distance, some dark-blue spots on the extended sunlit surface of the sea showed that a breeze curled the watery mirror. Malta was no longer visible ; but Etna stood clear and distinct in the horizon. Toward the northeast we discerned the white sails of a ship ; it was the first vessel we had seen since we left Malta.

The sailors had their breakfast in the stern of the vessel, and each got his ration of wine, bread, and onions. They were all as merry as could be ; they had their man of wit, and one on whom they played their jests.

The Persian in the green caftan, and with a white shawl turban, sat ever alone and played with his ear-rings, or his sabre. No one spoke to him, and he spoke to no one : but now and then a smile played around his mouth, as if pleasant remembrances passed through his mind ; or perhaps he thought of his arrival at home, and of all he had to tell of land and sea. I passed him, and he seized my arm, said some words in Persian, which I did not understand ; but he laughed, nodded, and pointed to the side of the deck. He returned my friendly morning greeting, by drawing my attention to a little incident on our passage over the sea. A little bird had alighted on the shrouds, quite tired, and had languidly flut-

tered down to the deck. It was so exhausted that it could no longer lift its wings. It had soon a number of spectators ; and I was quite angry with the priest from Rome, because he would have it roasted directly, for, he said, "it must taste so good."

"Our little winged pilgrim shall not be eaten!" said I. One of the lieutenants took it under his protection, put it up on the sail that was spread like a tent over the quarter-deck, gave it a plate with bread crumbs and water, and the bird was our guest for the whole day and night too. Next day it flew away from the ship, and twittered in its flight, as if it would say, "Thank you for good treatment."

It was a great event for us all, yet we soon sought our several occupations again : one at the piano, another over a book ; some played cards, and others promenaded up and down. The Bedouin sat on the coal sacks, silent as a ghost ; the eyes sparkled in that brown face, under the white burnoose, and his naked, dark-brown legs stuck out ; the Persian played with his large sabre, clapped his pistols, or turned the silver rings in his dark-brown ears ; the Captain copied a picture by Marstand out of my album : "Only a Fiddler." It now hangs in the Captain's cabin, and "the fiddler" sails yearly between Marseilles and Constantinople, in the proud ship *Leonidas*. I myself read German with one of the French officers ; he translated Schiller's "Die Theilung der Erde."

The time went on delightfully ; joy and mirth reigned at the dinner-table. The sunsets were extremely beautiful. The stars streamed forth so clear and bright ! It was not possible to perceive the course of the ship but by fixing the eye on the shrouds and the stars ; it was as if the starry heavens turned round, and the ship stood still.

There was something so elevated, so poetic on these evenings on the quiet, boundless sea, that I want expression for it. This quiet 'around reflected itself in my soul. My northern home has granted me but a few minutes in my life so delightful as I enjoyed here for whole hours.

We still discerned Etna, like a white pyramid, in the northwest ; all else around was the unlimited sea ; but at midnight a white spot showed itself in the northeast ; it could not be a ship, it was too broad for that, but possibly a cloud. I thought

it was the Greek coast, and asked the Captain about it. He shook his head and said that we should first see Greece the next day, but that it certainly lay in the direction where I thought I had seen land. Neither he nor any of the passengers could see anything.

After dinner, shortly before sunset, when I sought for the same point as before, it shone just as clear as Etna now! No, it could not be a cloud, it had not changed its form, it yet lay in the same direction as it did three hours ago.

The Captain took his best telescope and cried, "Land!" It was the coast of Greece! it was a mountain's top near Navarino, covered with snow, and it shone in the clear air. I had discovered Greece the first of them all.

"I have never before heard," said the Captain, "that any one could see both Etna and the coast of Greece at the same time, with the naked eye! It is remarkable!"

When I afterward related this at Athens, a learned man there said that, in a critique upon an English work, which he had lately read, the same remark was made, but the critic very strongly doubted it.

Yet it is the case: I have seen it myself. Snow on Etna and snow on the Greek mountains make it possible, in clear sunshine, to see land both in the east and west.

Greece! I saw then before me this great father-land of spirits! Under yonder mountain lay the beautiful Arcadian vales! A thousand thoughts, one different from the other, flew toward that shining mountain, like a flock of migratory birds! but the sun sank, and my thoughts retired from the reminiscences of earth to the majesty of heaven.

Next morning I was up before the sun; it was on the twentieth of March. The sun rose so blood-red, and so singularly oval as I have never before seen it; the day streamed forth over the calm, silent sea, and before us, to the right, lay, clear and distinct, but far, far distant, the coast of Morea. It was ancient Lacedemon we saw.

A steep rock descended perpendicularly into the sea, and on land rose snow-covered, picturesque mountains! O, how my heart exulted!

— I see shining air! I see waves like fleece!

And the mountam coast yonder 's the land of Greece.

II.

PANORAMA OF SOUTH MOREA AND THE CYCLADES.

WE approached Morea: the mulberry land, as its name imports, and which it has received from its appearance, which is like that of a mulberry leaf. There streams forth Eurotas, there lies ancient Sparta, and there is Agamemnon's grave! These rocky contours, with the same sunlight and long shadows as we now see them, were seen by the Phœnicians and Pelasgians; the billows rolled here at that time, the same as now. The whole scene is unchanged. We sailed close in, under Cape Matapan's rocky wall; the whole coast seemed naked, and without vegetation; heavy billows broke against the rocks, where there was no mountain goat climbing, no shepherd or hunter to be seen. Yet even in this naked wilderness, each spot had an interest far greater than that we often feel for the richest landscape, for it was Greece we saw. The warm violet that we preserve in our psalm book, is of greater worth to us than the fresh, scented rose; remembrance gives colors and odor, such as we do not find in the living flower.

We passed the extreme point of the Mainot's land — the Mainots,¹ that Spartan race, which as yet has never been subdued, a people, brave and courageous, rude and wild, but hospitable as in the times of Lycurgus.

After some hours' sailing, there lay on our right side the island of Cerigo.

"Cythera!" cried our lively Frenchman; "it was from these cliffs that Venus flew in her car, drawn by doves! I have a suspicion that some of her race are here still! Here are the genuine Grecian marble, the real Grecian roses — and both pass into flesh and blood! Let us cast anchor, and pay homage to the goddess, who has yet an altar in every one's breast!"

Our steamer flew past. The sea was rough, and it blew from the mountain. Morea stretched its naked Cape Malio

¹ The name Mainot is derived from the Greek word *Mavia*, rage, and signifies the wildness with which they attack their enemies.

out into the foaming breakers. How wild and solitary was this scene! and yet here was a human dwelling, a hermit's cave, quite shut out from the world, surrounded by screaming sea-fowl, and close by the roaring sea. It was impossible, even with the assistance of a glass, to discover a pathway among the rocks that could conduct persons down to the hermit.

The dwelling was low and small; it had a hole for a door and window; close by it was seen a man moving about; it was the hermit on Cape Malio, the first human being we saw on the coast of Greece! Who was he? What had driven him out into this wild solitude? No one answered our question. He and his cabin had been seen there for many years. Ships with their little world of beings glide past; he looks on them as on visions; he regards them as he regards the white sea gulls. He reads his morning and evening prayer, when the sea is calm, and when it sings its mighty chorus in the storm.

We receded farther and farther from him. Toward northwest the Belle Poule, a gigantic helmet-shaped rock, lifts its head from the foaming waves: the evening sun colored it with its red rays. I regarded it as the advanced guard of the Cyclades; but it was not before it was late in the evening that we approached them.

By the dawn of day I was on deck again. Some sailing vessels cruised close past us, looking like gigantic sea-birds that would strike our shrouds with their white wings.

Naked stone masses towered aloft from the water: it was the island of Melos which is excavated by fire and water: it was Siphanto, Serpho and Thermia: we sailed as in a canal between the last two. Under the stones are magnet mines, and above them scented roses; but the traveller sees none of these: the coast is bare and wild.

The sun rose behind the island of Mycone's mountains; it shone on Paros and Anti-Paros; but no marble rock shone there. The gray cliff lay dead and heavy in the water; there was nothing to give us sign of its grand stalactite grotto with its marvels. We saw the rocks of Naxos where Ariadne wept; where the Menades, with loose, hanging hair over their beautiful shoulders, danced in the clear starlit night, and sang their

hymns to Bacchus ; but high rocks concealed the fruitful vine-covered dales from our sight ; Dia, Zeus's holy mountain, pointed sternly toward that heaven from whence mankind has chased the old gods.

In our school-days we called the classics "dry ;" the classic islands appear still more dry ! yet it is with the most of them as it is with those authors : we have only to penetrate them, and then we see the vine-rows sling their juicy branches over the sunlit vale ; we then see the monuments of olden time like great imaginings in a poet's work ; beautiful women greet us, — and the greeting of beauty is like the melodies of our dearest songs.

The vessel steered toward a very small island, where there stood a slender, white light-house ; and as we passed it, the harbor of Syra lay before us. Bent like a horse-shoe around the bay, there lay a town with shining white houses, as if it were a camp of tents on the gray mountain side. It was a little life-like Naples ; the bishop's palace here, on the top of the mountain, reminded us of St. Elmo. I had pictured to myself the Greek towns as but ruins and clay huts ; but the town of Syra was quite inviting and picturesque.

A whole flock of Greek boats rowed out to us, and lay in shelter under the side of our vessel, although they every moment struck against each other, as the sea ran strong. I let my luggage glide down into one of the nearest, and then sprang into it myself ; a farewell sounded to me from the friends I had made on board the steamer, and whom I should probably never see again in this world — and I became sorrowful.

The rowers set the oars in motion toward land, but we were far out. The waves rocked our boat as if it had been an orange peel ; it had almost upset in the heavy swell ; the waves dashed over us ; at length we came into the harbor where ship lay beside ship, and one boat close by the other.

The whole quay was filled with Greeks, in tight jackets, white trousers, and the red cap on their heads ; there was such a shouting and screaming ! An old fellow stretched his hand out to me — and I stood on Greek land. Gratitude toward God, joy at being here, and yet a certain feeling of desolation, took possession of me at this moment.

At the office of the French steamer I learned that it would be seven days before the Austrian steam-packet would arrive ; the Greek line was broken up, but there was one conveyance for me the same day if I could be contented to commence my arrival at Piræus with a few days' quarantine. The French war-steamer *Lycurgus*, which had come from Alexandria, where the plague just then raged, had lain for several weeks at Syra with the quarantine flag on board ; it was to sail that evening for Piræus and end its quarantine there in three days. I took a boat immediately, and set out on the troubled sea toward the *Lycurgus*, where the green flag waved. My luggage was thrown into an empty boat which hung by a rope near the gangway ; the sailors hauled it up ; my things were on board, and I could now begin my wanderings about the town.

Close to the quay lay an open wooden shop with a clay floor, and rough beams supporting a ceiling, which, however, only extended over half the room ; the other half had only the roof for covering. This was a café, in which Greeks and strangers sat round about little wooden tables. The coffee-pot stood over the fire ; a fine Greek boy stirred it with a stick ; he turned it with both hands, so that the coffee might be of an equal thickness, and poured it out boiling into the cups.¹ Two Russian sailors danced to a horrible violin, played by an old Greek.

I went further into the town ; the streets were extremely small, and in the principal one which winds round the bay, was shop after shop, each like an inverted chest. Here they sold clothes, fez, morocco shoes, fruits, and edibles of all kinds.

Before the hotel "della Grecia" sat Greeks and others in oriental costume, smoking long pipes in the parti-colored wooden balconies. I only met one Frank, and he was a Russian, who at once asked me what I was doing in that cursed land amongst these men.

¹ The coffee in Greece and the East is excellent, nay, so superb that the traveller who comes from that land, will not soon accommodate his taste to that which is prepared in the usual European method. They drink the sediment with it, but the coffee is quite smooth, and there are no coffee-grounds ; it is ground to a powder, quite like chocolate.

"They are all scoundrels," said he ; " as well as those writers and Lamartines who describe these countries so that one feels a desire to visit them. I wish I had one of the fellows here ; I would break his bones ! I come from Constantinople ; I have made the tour by land along the coast, and have been plundered by the Albanians ; they have taken every farthing from me ; they have killed my servants, and I lie here money-bound, waiting for a letter of credit ! It is a vile, abject land, and bad people ! What the deuce did you come here into the East for ? "

This was very pleasant ! However, I hied me away to the nearest barber, and sat up on the wooden bench against the wall, amongst the other Greeks. A leather strap which was made fast to the wall was fastened round my neck ; the sharp razor flew as light as a feather over the whole face, which was afterwards sprinkled with eau de Cologne.

The barber asked me if I was an Englishman ; and when I said I was Danish, he pressed me to his heart and shouted : "*Bravi Americani !*" I assured him that I was not an American, but a Dane ; he nodded quite pleased, laid his hand on his heart, and said, as far as I could make out, how dear the Americans were to all Greeks, from the time of their struggle for liberty, when the American ships brought them provisions.

I strolled through the streets, which were thronged with men, but not a single Greek woman did I see. The windows in all the houses were covered with long curtains, or Venetian blinds inside. I soon reached the more empty streets, which lay higher up on the side of the mountain. Before most of the houses here was a sort of entrance-hall with a large arbor of a single vine. Flower-pots stood on the walls, and on the flat roofs of the houses ; the street before some of the buildings was paved in mosaic ; the stones formed stars and scroll work. I went into the principal church, which, in comparison with those I had seen in Italy, was small and insignificant, but, compared with the churches in Greece, was of a respectable size.

The walls around the altar-stone were bright with gilding and holy pictures. A few little boys were playing there. My mind and thoughts were disposed to devotion. God was the

only One I knew here. I could have bent my knee, and submitted myself to his holy will, and in my thoughts I did so.

In the highest part of the town, the buildings were not completed. The street appeared to go through a stone quarry: there lay blocks and fragments of rocks, where the houses were being built; but the view over the town and harbor to the little island with its white and slender light-house was splendid. On the opposite side of the bay lay the quarantine station. I saw the islands of Tenos, Delos, Naxos, and the top of Andros. As I fixed my eye on these islands, a steam-vessel passed by. I knew the flag! it was the *Leonidas*; it disappeared under the coast of Delos. "Farewell! farewell!" shouted I; but no one heard me; the ship was gone — I saw but the smoke, which still lay like a cloud between the islands.

Toward evening I went on board the *Lycurgus*. The sea was running high; two merry Greeks rowed, and at every stroke of the oar the waves lifted the boat so that we were nearly upset, yet they shouted joyfully. Strange faces met me on board. We weighed anchor at sunset, and the vessel steered northeast of Syra, where we came into low water. It was a beautiful starlight night. I had not, as yet, made acquaintance with any one. I sat on the gun-carriage, and looked at the sky above and around; a foreigner in oriental costume sat with his back toward me. I looked at him and he looked again at me, nodded in a friendly manner, and put his hand up to his turban. It was the Persian with whom I had sailed from Naples! We two were the only old companions from the *Leonidas*; he appeared to be glad at our meeting, as I also was. He was going to Athens, and from thence home. He offered me some fruit, and I offered him some again; but neither of us could understand each other by words. I pointed toward the beautiful starry firmament, and he touched his turban. I thought that I must say something, if only a quotation from a language that was similar to his own; and what more of this did I know than the first line of Genesis in Hebrew: one helps one's self as well as one can. I pointed to the stars and said, —

"Bereschit Barah Elohim Et Haschamaim Veet Ha-aretz!"

And he smiled, nodded, and in return gave me all he knew of a language that he thought was mine: —

“Yes, sir! verily! verily!”

This was the whole of our conversation. Neither of us knew more; but we were good friends.

III.

THE BAY OF PIRÆUS.

EARLY in the morning I heard the men casting anchor. I went upon deck; we lay in the Bay of Piræus. It looked like a small lake. The island of Ægina, over whose mountains the still higher mountains of Morea rose boldly one above the other, looked somewhat insignificant. Two floating casks are used for landmarks, and in the evening each bears a lantern. I counted about one hundred houses in Piræus; behind these, and behind a stony yellow soil and gray-green olive-trees, rose Lycabettus and the Acropolis, which is in a lower situation; the mountains Hymettus and Pentelicon closed the landscape, which has a hard, stony appearance, — “that stony Attica,” said the old writers.

To the left lay a little peninsula, with some bushes, a wind-mill, and the new quarantine building; to the right extended a bare, stony plain to the heights of Parnassus, whose partly undulating, and partly broken lines had a very picturesque effect.

In this bay, where Themistocles had sixty galleys launched annually, there now lay but a few small Greek vessels and a boat; but there was a number of large English, French, and Austrian vessels, as well as two steam-vessels, besides ours. Smart Greeks rowed past us; and during the day came a boat with Danes, who wished me welcome! There was much to hear, and much to answer! Danish tongues expressed their love for Denmark, and enthusiasm for Greece; but we could only speak at a distance, for our ship lay under quarantine, and could not be released before the third day.

The day went swiftly on, and in the evening a scene began which I cannot describe. The mountains Hymettus and Pentelicon, which by daylight had a grayish appearance, became

red at sunset, as if they were formed of all the roses in Greece. The whole valley had a pale red tinge, yet not as if we saw the valley through a rose-colored veil ; no, it was no airy mist ; every object was so clear, so strangely high, and yet the eye felt that it was miles distant. Ægina and the mountains on Morea had more of a lilac color ; the one range of mountains which rose behind the other gradually changed its tone from the pale red to the dark blue. The sun went down, the evening gun sounded, and the flags were lowered. What solitude ! not a tree, not a bush to be seen ! what stillness amongst these mountains, what quiet over this extended plain, and what transparency in this atmosphere ! Jupiter already glitters high above ; the Great Bear appeared still further off, but, as I continued to gaze, it approached nearer with the night ; the stars swarmed forth more and more as if that vast space would be filled with globes, as if that blue ground must be shut out by one radiant light. The stars shone through the air, they shone in the water with the blue tinge of diamonds. The sailors' song sounded from Piræus ; a fire was lighted on the beach ; people came with lights in their hands out of doors : sometimes we heard the splashing of an oar in the water as a boat passed, or else all was still ; even the sea-gulls which had screamed around us had gone to roost.

What a holy temple with monuments, graves, and great reminiscences ! The evening's silence was the most touching mass for the dead.

IV.

ARRIVAL AT ATHENS.

IT was our third morning at Piræus, and our hour of freedom struck. I believe there lay above a dozen Greek boats about our vessel. I sprang into the first at hand, and we rowed briskly toward land, where there were a number of cabriolets, old chariots, and open carriages ; they all appeared to have served their time, perhaps in Italy ; and now in their old age had wandered into Greece to serve anew.

Only a few years since a morass extended between Piræus

and Athens, around which camels journeyed, laden with goods ; now there is an excellent high-road, and a very good khan or inn ; we travel this road, which is about four or five English miles in length, for a mere nothing. All our luggage was crammed into an old carriage, which was quite filled with portmanteaus and travelling bags that peeped out of the windows ; the travellers themselves were in three large carriages. Behind the one in which I sat there was a fine, smartly dressed Greek, who was a messenger from the " Hôtel de Munich " in Athens. He was so richly clothed, that if he had been at a masquerade in the North he might well have passed for an oriental prince.

We rolled rejoicing out of Piræus. Sailors, in their glazed hats, sat outside coffee-houses, which really appeared to me like large rooms of planks. They gave us a " hurra " emptying their wine-glasses. The way passed over the remains of the antique walls, which once consisted of a species of yellow travertine, and which still form the basis of the rocks here. We went at a gallop ; there was a terrible dust, but then it was classic dust.

We soon reached the olive grove — Minerva's sacred olive grove ! A wooden shop was erected on each side of the road. Citrons and oranges were exhibited, whose temptation was heightened by a row of bottles in which were wine and liquors. Whilst our horses baited, there came beggars with large pewter cups ; we gave something to all, for they were Greeks.

We pass at this day, as in the best days of Athens, from Piræus through the large olive grove. Before us lay the Acropolis, which I had so often seen in pictures ; but now it was before me in reality ! The steep Lycabettus, with its shining white hermitage, stood distinctly forth, and I saw Athens ! A few paces from the city, close by the road to the right, stands the Temple of Theseus, so large and perfect, with its fine marble columns which have become a yellow-brown by time.

I could not rightly bring myself to think that I was in Greece, and that I was entering Minerva's city. Hermes Street, the largest in Athens, is also the first which is entered by the traveller coming from Piræus ; but it commences with a row of houses which a European must pronounce most miser-

able and poor. By degrees, however, better and larger ones with two stories, as in the town on Syra, present themselves ; nevertheless, there was something, within me at least, that whispered ; “ Here is the capital of Greece ! ”

The Acropolis stood like a gigantic throne high above all the small houses, and in the middle of the street through which we drove stood a palm-tree, higher than I had ever before seen one ; a small barricade of rough planks surrounded the stem, otherwise it would soon be destroyed by the Greeks, who stand up in the old vehicles and drive past as if they were running a race. Of all things around us this palm-tree drew our attention most. I afterward learned that when the street was paved, the palm-tree was to have been cut down because it stood in the middle of the road, but our countryman, Professor Ross from Holstein, begged that it might be spared ; and it was permitted to stand. I therefore christen it “ Ross’s palm ” — and from this time all travellers and writers of travels will be pleased to call it by its proper name ! We further charge all Greeks to remember that their land forms the bridge from Europe to the East : and accordingly that they ought to cherish all oriental ornaments that intimate this fact ; and this palm-tree is a brilliant ornament, for we find but two or three remaining in Athens.

We stopped at the “ Hôtel de Munich ” ; the landlord is a Greek, the landlady German ; “ die schöne Wienerinn,” she is called. They gave me the best room, and it was just such a one as we find in every little German town in a third-rate inn. I had now a home — a home in Athens.

I will endeavor to convey the first impression the city made on me, and relate how I passed the first day there.

The terrible description they had given me in Naples, of Greece, and particularly of Athens, I found was absurdly extravagant, for although I really believe that six or seven years ago everything here was in the most wretched state, yet we must remember what one year alone is able to effect for a land like Greece, which is in a state of development more rapid than that of any other land in Europe. It is as if we should compare the perceptible advance, in an intellectual sense, of the child, with the less striking progress in the grown man ; seven

months are to the child what seven years are to the man. Athens appeared to me as large as a Danish provincial town, — for instance, Elsinore, — and looked like a town that had been built up in the greatest haste for a market, which was now in full activity. What are called bazaars here, are common crooked streets, with wooden houses on both sides; wooden houses such as we see at a Danish fair, and dressed out with scarfs, variegated stockings, whole suits of clothes, and morocco shoes; a little clumsy but motley to look upon! Here is meat of all kinds; here is fruit; here hang fez or caps; here they sell old and new books. The cab-driver buys himself one, and what is it? Homer's "Iliad," printed in Athens in 1839. I read the title myself.

Athens has a few Greek, or rather Turkish coffee-houses, and a new Italian one, so large and handsomely furnished, that it would look well in Hamburg or Berlin. The much frequented Café Greco in Rome is but a sand-hole under the stairs compared to this. I saw in this hotel young Greeks all in the national dress, but so tightly laced that they must have been blue and green about the ribs, with eye-glass, and *glacé* gloves, smoking their cigars, and playing billards. They were real Greek dandies; they only required to change their costume to be loungers in any other European city. At the corner of the street stood Maltese porters. There was a whole row of them in the sun, like the street porters in Copenhagen.

Athens is a place which seems to grow during the few days the stranger stays there. The King's new palace rises between the city and Hymettus; it is a marble building, for which every stone is hewed and shaped on the Pentelicon hard by; the entrance hall is already covered with portraits of Greek heroes of the period of the war for freedom. The University was yet building, and a Dane is the architect.¹ A few churches and private dwellings for the ministers and merchants grow hour by hour; and who are the many workmen? They are almost all Greeks, as I was told. They are peasants, soldiers, and robbers, who have seized the hammer, the saw, and the brick. They have looked a little at the foreign workmen, and have become bricklayers, smiths, and carpenters at once. The Greeks are truly an intelligent, clever people!

¹ The Danish architect, Christian Hansen.

The first impression Athens made on me far surpassed what I had been led to expect from the representations they had awakened in me at Naples. I said so; and Ross told me about a Greek who had been in Athens a few days before — a Greek from Chios, Homer's native isle, who, according to his station in life and associates, might be called well-bred; but he had never before seen a large town, and accordingly he was quite astonished at the greatness and the luxury he found in the capital of Greece. Every moment he expressed his astonishment at what he saw; and when one who had seen him there for a fortnight said that now, certainly, he must know every part of Athens by heart, he exclaimed: "By heart! one can never know such a town! Here is always something to see and hear. What a number of places of amusement! How many comforts and conveniences. Here are carriages to drive in. Here is delightful music every day before the King's palace. Here are coffee-houses with newspapers, theatres where they perform plays and operas. It is a wonderful city!"

The modern greatness and luxury of Athens overwhelmed *him*. I found it very tolerable here, compared to what I had anticipated. Thus we judge differently, according as our habits and customs have been different.

I had imagined that I should find myself so strange in Greece — so far away from home; and here, on the contrary, I was quite at home; Danes and Germans were so friendly toward me. I was invited, the first day, to a perfectly Danish house, to the Queen's private chaplain's, the Rev. Mr. Lüth, from Holstein, who is married to a Danish lady from Fredensborg, and whose younger sister was with her. Our countrymen assembled here. I met our Danish Consul Travers, a Dutchman, who spoke very good Danish. The champagne corks flew! My first night in Athens ended with a visit to the theatre.

The theatre is situated at a short distance from the city. It has four tiers of boxes, prettily decorated; but the prettiest sight was the audience in the boxes and pit in their Greek costume. There were several handsome Greek women; but I was told that they were all from the islands, for there are

not many in Athens itself. An Italian company performed ; the prima donna had just before been condemned by the audience. I heard another prima donna, who was a very poor singer. The performance itself was quite a medley. We heard the overture to "Norma," and "The Bronze Horse ;" one act of "The Barber of Seville," and one act of "La Gazza Ladra." There was a ballet to conclude with.

From the pit we retired into a sort of green-room, where we got refreshments ; but there was not the least decoration in this apartment. We saw above, and on all sides, only the roughly joined planks. The long counter was, also, of planed boards, at which some few Greeks served coffee, punch, and orgeat.

The theatre, as I have said, is a little way out of the city. It had, therefore, a strange effect, to issue out of this building in the middle of the night, from a performance of "The Barber of Seville," and "La Gazza Ladra," and then find one's self under an oriental firmament, where the stars shone so brightly that we could make out to see the extent of the vast plain encircled by high mountains. It was still and lonely here. One could imagine one's self transported by a powerful magician to the barren desert. The magnificent decorations of nature mocked the painted scenery ; the solitude revealed a drama that showed how frivolous was everything within the place from whence we had come. In the humiliating contrast I felt the classic greatness of Greece.

A single marble column stood on our way amid gravel and heath-plants : no one knew what temple it had adorned. The people say that it is the pillar to which Christ was bound when his executioners scourged him ; and they believe that the Turks have thrown it into the sea, but that it returns here every night. The white pillar stood in the solitude, and pointed in the starlight night toward heaven.

V.

THE ACROPOLIS.

THIS isolated rock, with fine marble ruins, is the heart of ancient Athens ; its reminiscences extend to a fabulous age. When Aaron's almond rod flourished, the laurel-tree of Athens shot forth young twigs, and Neptune's salt-spring welled forth from the rock.¹

At the end of the broad street *Æolus*, there is an extensive place, necessarily uneven, from its torn down clay huts and ruined walls. The Tower of the Winds rises, half dug out of the earth and grass, where the dervishes lived in the time of the Turks. Two tall cypresses point mournfully toward heaven. A Turkish bathing-house, with many cupolas, a solitary palm, and a splashing fountain, are the most picturesque objects around.

I wandered over the place. By the fountain stood a pretty Greek girl, with her pitcher on her shoulder. It was a little picture, but a much greater one lay before me. A green hill, behind which was a chalk cliff, rose above the irregularly built houses, where a flock of sheep grazed in company with five or six young camels. The latter stretched out their long necks, and proudly extended their nostrils as they threw up their heads. The ruins of a devastated fortification extended over this plain. The path wound along by it over stones and gravel, past deep, uninclosed wells, the one close by the other. I followed this path, and the houses and city soon lay behind me.

Every spot here is historical: at every step we tread on holy ground. That mighty rock to the left, which seems to have been torn from the Acropolis by some convulsion of nature, is the place where the Apostle Paul preached to the Athenians. A solitary shepherd now sat there with his two

¹ Fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, Cecrops brought a colony from Sais to Greece, and erected the Castle of Cecropia on the rock. The graves of Cecrops and Erectheus have been discovered. In the time of Pericles, the present Parthenon was erected by Phidias, and the architects Iktinos and Kallicratides.

dogs, and looked over the extensive plain where the olive groves grow. But I only regarded this picture slightly, and let my eye glide over the foundation of the rock with its hewn steps, — the place where Solon and Plato have spoken. The Acropolis was the chief aim of my walk ; the Acropolis had all my thoughts ; the extended sea and the picturesque mountains of Morea alone arrested my attention for a few moments.

I entered the walls of the fortification erected in the Turks' time, through an open gate, whose old iron-covered door hung on one hinge ; some tombstones of marble with inscriptions on them served as a cornice to the gate. Just beneath, there still lies the so-called Herod's Theatre, with its lofty arches of large, square-hewn stones forming a semicircle.

I had now to pass through a little court-yard, formed of the ruined fortifications ; a string hung on the miserable gate ; the wooden latch sprang up, and I stood in a somewhat larger yard, where they had erected a little guard-house of the broken marble pillars, despoiled bass-reliefs, and broken bricks. Greek soldiers half-dressed, some with the coarse military frock thrown loosely over their shoulders, lay in different groups smoking their paper cigars ; one played the mandolin and sang a Greek song.

A few paces further, and the road passes between heaped up marble blocks and overthrown columns ; the unwinged Goddess of Victory's temple, the mighty Propylea, and a ruinous Gothic tower, from the Middle Ages, stand before us.

This ascent is, and always has been, the only one leading to the Acropolis ; from all other sides the rocks rise steep, and strong walls on the top make it still more inaccessible.

Under the Turkish dominion, the colonnades of Propylea were walled up, and formed a part of the battery. The fluted marble columns now stand detached, and broken marble figures, dug out of the gravel, are placed up in rows on the snow-white floor. The wind blew strong up here ; it whistled through the large pillars, which cast deep shadows in the sunshine.

I passed through the Propylea, and then stood on a place so disordered, so devastated, that I have never before seen

the like. It was as if an earthquake had shaken the gigantic columns and cornices together ; here was no longer a road or path. I made my way over the ruins of clay cabins, dating from the time of the Turks, where grass and acanthus shot richly forth. Here and there were seen demolished cisterns, and wooden sheds in which they had piled up vases, bass-reliefs, and plaster casts ; here lay human bones, and rusty, broken bomb-shells from the Venetians' time. Some few horses were grazing ; and in what looks like a gravel-pit, to the left, stood Erectheus' Temple with its caryatides. A ruinous stone column fills the place of the caryatide which Elgin stole for the British Museum. The skeleton of an ass lay before the excavated marble steps. A little to the right stands the Parthenon, the most magnificent ruin on the Acropolis, wonderful still in its greatness and majesty. It is the temple of temples ; but every column is barbarously shivered, every bass relief in the frontispiece and frieze is disfigured ; and yet it is surprising how much of it is still standing. During the siege by the Venetians a great part of it was blown into the air by the springing of the powder-magazine. In the struggle for liberty the Parthenon was the target for the bombs and balls ; and yet these remains have still a greatness which one can only conceive by standing between the splendid columns that support gigantic blocks of marble as if they were but light beams. A ruinous mosque stands athwart the interior of the temple : it now serves as a shed for the marble figures of gods and emperors ! On the side which looks toward the sea time has given the pillars a reddish-yellow tinge ; but most of the others are as white as if they had been hewn out of the marble quarry of Paros a year ago.

When I entered, the whole temple lay in the broadest sunlight ; and as a background there rose, on the other side of the valley, the mountain Hymettus, over whose yellow-gray stone mass, without a trace of vegetation, a dark cloud cast its heavy shadow. Eternal God ! would that all mankind could see this greatness and glory ! Our thoughts become magnified in the midst of greatness ! Every little feeling was dead in my breast ; I was filled with joy, peace, and happiness ; and I bent my knee in this immense solitude.

A few paces from me, between the shivered marble blocks, where the wild thistle shot forth, lay many human bones ; they had cast a skull on one white marble block ; it made a strangely powerful impression on me. The tears streamed from my eyes.

The storm roared between the columns ; dark birds of prey flew over the valley of Hymettus. Directly under the rock lay Athens extended, looking almost a city indeed, with its white houses and red roofs. Snow had fallen on the mountains of Pentelicon and Parnassus. What a view around ; yet it was most beautiful toward the sea, which shone so vast and extended, so deeply blue, as it bore the white sails along. The air was so transparent, that I thought I could see over the whole Peloponnesus. I saw the distant mountain tops around Sparta ; and toward the hill where Corinth stands, the road appeared very short, yet it is several days' journey by land. I saw the white walls of the fortification at Acro-Corinth with the naked eye, — even the angles they made, and the strong shadows they cast.

When I descended I met my travelling companion, the Persian from Herat ; he nodded familiarly, gave me his hand, and pointed over the sea. This was our leave-taking.

During my stay in Athens, I visited daily the Acropolis, whether it were sunshine or rain ! I celebrated my birthday by a visit here ; here I read my letters from home. The Acropolis was the last place I visited at Athens when I was about to leave ; my thoughts dwell longest on the Acropolis when they visit Greece. It was as if nature and art reposed on my breast in this place ; here I felt no want, except that all my dear friends could not participate with me in this spectacle.

A sunset, seen from this place, is one of the most sublime sights I know. I have seen such a one. I sat on the steps of the Parthenon ; everything was void and dead toward Hymettus ; black birds flew over the valley where a single white column stands. An ass brayed down there, and it sounded like the screams of a jackal ; the sun sank behind the Bay of Salamis, and the mountains shone with the most powerful colors. Ægina was as blue as the freshest violets. The same colors, the same forms of the mountains, were seen

by Plato, Socrates, and the great men of that world from the same spot as that from which I myself saw them. It was the same earth they had trodden. I felt, for a moment, that I was living in those times. The sun went down, and the glittering stars streamed forth over the dilapidated temples. I felt that God's work is eternal, man's perishable ; but I drank life's poetry from both, which (if God allows it to flourish and expand) shall refresh the heart of man.

VI.

A RAINY DAY IN ATHENS.

THICK, heavy clouds hung over the mountain of Hymettus ; the weather was gray and cold ; the unpaved street was covered with a yellow mud, caused by the rain during the night ; the thin walls in the houses ran down with water.

The most important postman in the country — a Greek, who travels with money and letters overland to Patras — went by in his heavy, wet, swollen cloak. He drew the burdened horse along ; loaded pistols hung over its neck : it dragged its legs after it. The postman stopped at the apothecary's, and they rubbed the poor animal's lame legs with salve.

The rain fell in large drops, and soon after came down in a heavy shower. Three different flocks of sheep stood in the narrow space before the church. They huddled closer and closer together. The shepherds leaned on their long staves in the midst of the rain, closely wrapped up in thick brown mantles, with their clumsy hats pulled down over their heads ; they looked more like Greenlanders than we imagine Greeks to be. They stood bare-legged in the yellow mud. The rain poured down throughout the day, and was not until evening that it began to abate ; the wind tore the clouds asunder, and drove them away like mists.

I ventured out. I saw a few black families, who had been slaves under the Turks, creep out of their low clay houses. The woman's whole dress consisted of a sort of loose gown and a dirty petticoat. She lay and baled water out over the

threshold, whilst the little black children — one had only a red woolen shirt on — danced in the mud

The whole extent from this, the last house in the street, and out to the Pentelicon and the mountains of Parnassus, appeared wild, and without road or path. A man in a sheepskin jacket, with a pipe in his mouth, rode over the heath; the wife and a grown daughter ran behind; the woman had a little child in a bag on her back; under one arm she had an iron pot, and under the other an empty pig-skin, in which there had been wine. The daughter carried a large bundle. They talked aloud and joyously. The man turned gravely round and nodded, then rode on quicker, and the wife and daughter held on by the horse's tail, that they might keep up with him. Everything there was as it should be: all found themselves in their right place, according to their habits.

What a picture! Those naked mountains where the cloud lies thick and heavy, as if it would stream down in torrents on the valley, and the valley itself without cabins, without the shepherd's torch, only with its pale gray thyme, and this wandering family! Is this Greece? Why do the misdeeds of the parents rest on the children through a hundred generations?

Along the broad beaten road where, ages since, young spirited Athenians exultingly betook themselves to Plato's academy, the poor, half-tired peasant now rides through the tall heather; the ass knows the way it has to go. The place which Plato has made sacred, the place from which the mind's light streamed over the rest of Europe, now discloses but a large clump of stunted olive-trees. The sand hill close by is Colonos, to which the immortal name of *Ædipus* is joined forever.

I took my way thither over the wet heath. A gutter, which is only a little above the surface of the earth in some places, and then has a sort of stone covering, is now the aqueduct from the mountains to Athens. One only observes it where it is half destroyed, as the shepherds and herdsmen, in order to procure water for their cattle, have taken away several of the covering stones, and thrown them aside. The loosened earth falls down into the water after the shower, and pollutes it.

I stood on Colonos. A walled grave, in the form of a large

coffin, is found up here. They buried here, a short time ago, a man to whom science owes much, — namely, the German K. O. Müller. His ashes rest in that land where he felt himself happiest; the soil he loved received his dust. Young and contented, in the midst of his congenial labors, with no expectations of him yet disappointed, he found death! What could be happier?

I leaned against the wet tomb, and wished for what I have always wished — a short and brilliant life! And the wind blew sharp and cold from the mountains; watery clouds drove past me; but even amid this northern aspect, nothing led my thoughts toward the North. A greatness lay in the whole landscape which not even Switzerland possesses; there the mountains oppress; here the valleys are as large as the mountains. Greece in her sorrow is too majestic for us to weep over; we are elevated by it.

VII.

THE RHAPSODISTS.

THE Greeks have a species of itinerant musicians — rhapsodists — mostly old blind men, each a true Homer in his exterior; yet there are also young lads who, from inclination, possessing musical talents, have chosen this way of life. They know an incredible number of songs, which they sing by the watch-fires on the mountains, or by the hearth of the rich Greek, and even execute whole pieces of music on the mandolin. I have heard their songs and melodies to the national dances.

I had determined to make an excursion to Delphi at the close of March, and to pass the second of April, my birthday, on Parnassus, — the real Parnassus; but the gods willed it otherwise. The valleys near Delphi were covered with snow, the rivers had overflowed their banks, and it was raw and cold. I was obliged to stay in Athens; but yet the Muses favored me. I had both song and music that day, and both the most peculiar I had heard in Greece.

When I returned from the Acropolis, where I had passed the morning alone, I found a letter on my table with an invitation from Ross, stating that, as I could not pass that day on Parnassus, Parnassus had come to pass the day with me! More than this what mortal or immortal poet could expect or demand? There were just then in Athens two itinerant rhapsodists, — young Greeks from Smyrna, — and they were to sing for me the best national songs; but we must hear them in the room, for the rain and storm continued without. The clouds had stretched their wet strings down to the earth, and the storm seized them. A mightier harp than this the gods could not attune; and I was egotistical enough to attribute the whole to my birthday, which was celebrated by Glaukopis Athene. I went to Ross. The rhapsodists took their places; they laid the left leg upon the right, and in this position they sat throughout: the one had his Venetian mandolin on his lap, the other played the violin, an instrument which has only come into use of late among these itinerant singers. They were both dressed in a blue Greek dress, and had a red fez on their head. They had both of them fine, animated faces, dark eyes, and beautifully penciled eyebrows.

I believe the circumstance was accidental, but it was very peculiar. The order in which the songs were sung formed an entire modern Greek history.

They began with a Greek song of complaint, composed by the people when they were still under the Turkish yoke. They sang about their herds and their daughters, that had been taken away. It did not sound as when two sing one and the same song. No, their voices crossed each other singularly; each one had his loss, his grief, but yet it was the same story, the same suffering which was expressed. It was executed half gently, half complainingly, as if fear tied their tongues; but at times the grief swelled to a wild scream; it was as if a whole people wept; it had something tremulous and heart-rending in it, like the song of the Israelites by the waters of Babylon.

Now followed a song by Rhiga, the Beranger of Greece; and they sang with much spirit the strophe, —

“Sparta, Sparta canst thou sleep?
Awake thee from thy deep death-sleep!”

Next they gave us a war-song which, in its melody, had a strange resemblance to the “Marseillaise,” and yet this, as I was told, was original Greek. It alluded to the struggle of the Greeks for freedom. The rhapsodists then sang the song which the people had sung on King Otho’s entrance into Nauplia. I felt myself deeply moved; a people’s history written in musical notes goes deeper into the heart than that which is written with letters.

The younger rhapsodist suddenly seized the chords and played a *pot-pourri* from “Fra Diavolo,” “Robert le Diable,” and several French operas on the violin. It was horrible! It appeared to me like a vision which intimated how all these national tunes would cease, and how strange songs would force their way in amongst the people. Even now, the Greeks more willingly listen to the melodies of Auber than to their own national songs.

They sang a Turkish song to conclude with. I have never heard anything more horrible. I thought at first that it was a parody, but Ross assured me that such was not the case; and I was afterward convinced of the truth of his assertion, both in Smyrna and Constantinople. One voice began quite softly, uttering words incomprehensible even to those who know the Turkish language. The voice sounded as if the singer mumbled something in a dream. I fancied I heard an intoxicated opium-eater groaning in a troubled sleep; the whole accompaniment consisted of a thrumming on one and the same string, and always the same note. There was something so terribly despairing in this song; and the burden sounded as if the singer had awoke and screamed — as if he were about to be murdered.

When the rhapsodists left us, they each seized our hands, kissed them, and then laid them on their foreheads according to Greek custom. I was quite moved with what I had heard.

In the forenoon, Greek songs; in the evening, a national dance; it was a real festal day. The Queen’s chaplain, Lüth, procured me this latter diversion. The dance was one of the popular kind. His two Greek man-servants, an old

coffee-house keeper, and two young workmen from the city performed the dances. The rhapsodists made the violin and mandolin resound ; and now and then one of them sang a short sentence, conveying a sentiment or a challenge to mirth, such as : “ Enjoy yourselves ! ” “ Life is short ! ” “ Love is sorrow ! ” “ Love is delight ! ” “ Dance, ye youths ! ”

The whole row moved with grace over the floor. The one who was at the head stepped forward as a sort of dancing-chorus-leader ; the others regarded his steps and positions, which they imitated. The nursery-maid in the house, a Greek girl from Zea, who was very pretty, had put on her best dress ; the turban, in particular, suited well with her dark hair and beautiful forehead. She now began a dance, peculiar to her country, with two of the men. Nothing more charming could be wished for, and yet they were, as I have said, all of the common class of the people. She did not hold the men by the hands, but by their belts ; they touched the upper part of her arm ; and at first they moved slowly forward, then back again ; all her motions intimated peace ; those of the men, on the contrary, signified life and passion ; she appeared to wind herself from them — they held her fast. Their looks and mien expressed strong feelings, but only one was favored.

After they had sung and danced for us, some of our party danced a Tyrolese dance for them, which seemed to entertain them, for they imitated the positions of the dancers during the dance. One of the rhapsodists who, as they said, had some poetic talents, begged the favor to hear a song from the North, “ an hyperborean song,” as he expressed himself.

I then sang him the song about the Danish peasant who begged that he might bear the body of King Frederick to its last resting-place.¹ And he heard how the people sang from the city walls a deep and sorrowful farewell, as the hearse was driven along the snow-covered road by torch-light ; how a small candle was placed in the window of the poorest cabin by the way-side, where stood old men and women with their grandchildren ; how they saw the torches burning, and folded their hands, and said : “ Now comes the King’s corpse ! ”

¹ A funeral dirge over Frederick VI., with music by J. P. E. Hartmann.

And as I sang the song, I saw tears in the young girl's eyes. The younger of the rhapsodists begged that he might hear the words of the song once more.

"He was a good King," said he; and looked at me with a look of entreaty to repeat the melody; and I sang it.

When I left the house it was late in the evening, and the two rhapsodists accompanied me. The rain had ceased, but light and transparent watery clouds were driving across the sky, through which, nevertheless, we could see the glistening stars. On one side lay the large silent plain stretching toward the high mountains.

It was as still as a night in Roeskilde Cathedral, where King Frederick rests.

Suddenly one of the rhapsodists seized his violin, and played some parts of the melody, "The Danish Peasant and King Frederick!" Perhaps he will compose a song himself after what he has heard, and sing it among the Greek mountains, and under the shady plantains of Asia — a song about the King in the North, who was borne to his tomb by the sorrowing peasants.

VIII.

DAPHNE.

THERE are several large corn-fields around Athens, but without fences of any kind to protect them from the incursions of pedestrians or equestrians, each of whom takes his way on foot or on horseback wherever he chooses, across the corn. When I proposed to go the circuitous way, they told me that the owners would be surprised to hear that I had given myself such trouble. Of high-roads there is, properly speaking, but one good one, namely, that between Athens and Piræus. The others, that to Thebes and one over Eleusis to Corinth, are yet unfinished; but even for short distances, on which we ought, by this time, to be able to drive, it is difficult to get forward, for the horses here will not draw; they become refractory, turn about, or throw themselves down upon the ground.

I have several times heard the drivers say: "They won't go! they don't know these roads! But if you will drive to Piræus you shall see they are horses that can run!" One is every moment obliged to get out of the carriage; the coachman leads the horses, and we get on at a foot-pace.

After the road to Piræus, that to Eleusis is certainly the best. Directly outside of Athens where the olive grove begins, we pass the far-famed river Cephissus, now only consisting of three small streams which many probably may pass by without remarking. On the other side of the olive grove the country assumes a wild and desert-like appearance; the road here runs close by antique traces of wheels in the rocks; it is broad and even down toward the bay, and continues direct to Eleusis, which now only consists of about forty clay cabins and some ruins of ancient temples. I saw about a dozen fishing boats in the harbor.

Directly between Athens and Eleusis stands in wild solitude the cloister of Daphne,¹ destroyed during the revolution. It is built in the Moorish style, and is now made use of by the gendarmes who are here to insure safety to the traveller.

Daphne is undeniably one of the most interesting and most picturesque points between Athens and Eleusis. I visited it in company with Ross, and Philippos Joan,² professor at the University of Greece.

They pointed out to me Ægina's high, dark-blue mountains: heavy clouds passed over the sky; the Bay of Salamis lay cold and still. In the light in which we saw it, it had quite the appearance of a northern lake; the rock by the way-side, overgrown with thyme and cypress bushes, disclosed a number of hewn recesses or niches in which votive tablets have been placed; these holes, and some few porphyry and marble blocks here and there, are the only vestiges to remind one that the Temple of Venus once stood here.

The air was cold, and the clouds cast strong shadows on the naked mountains: close by us lay the far-extended ruins of the monastery, partly surrounded by high walls, in the fissures

¹ The Greek word Daphne signifies a laurel-tree.

² Professor Philippos Joan speaks German extremely well.

of which grew bushes and creeping plants.¹ Two wooden sheds were erected outside ; the one formed a sort of coffee-house, the other a species of bazaar for the few travellers or peasants who live miles away. These wooden sheds, close to the ruins, gave the landscape, as it were, the last pencil touch of Greek melancholy.

We entered the monastery garden, which was overgrown with nettles a yard high, and beneath these were wells without any fence ; we had to look narrowly after them, and go step by step not to fall into them, for they were concealed by the nettles. In this manner we came to the opposite side, where the wall seemed most convenient to ascend, and we soon stood on the half fallen-in roof of the church, where the vegetation was as rich as the building itself was dilapidated. One of the steps up here was the inverted cover of an antique marble sarcophagus, another was the remains of a fluted porphyry column. Mignonnette, chickweed, and thistles shot forth everywhere. The bat flew over our heads, in the broad daylight ; here it was at home, here was its kingdom, even if the sun shone on its wings.

In the cloister the monks' cells are likewise transformed into a large stable in which the gendarmes keep their horses. The church is a splendid one, and might still be restored. We stood under the cupola, on which is painted a fine image of Christ. The Saviour holds the Bible in his left hand, and the right is extended in the attitude of benediction. During the revolution the Turks encamped here ; they lighted a large fire ; the walls are yet black with smoke. They smoked their pipes here, and amused themselves with shooting at the Christian's Redeemer up in the cupola, and their balls struck one of the eyes, the mouth, and the holy glory ; the traces are to be seen distinctly in the mosaic image. They scratched out the images of the saints on the altar table, painted gross pictures over them, whilst their comrades laughed and exulted with approbation. A number of skulls and bones,

¹ The church is six or eight hundred years old, and is built on the site of a temple of Apollo, of which a large marble column is to be seen in the walls of the church. There were three of them not very many years since ; but the English took two away.

found under bushes and nettles, lay thrown into a corner, between the altar and the altar wall used in the Greek church, which has three passages, and is painted from top to bottom with holy subjects ; these also had been defaced by the Turks ; but three small lamps were hung up and burned there. They are tended by an old Greek, who lives in the wooden shed outside, and who prepares coffee or pours out a glass of Naki¹ for the stranger. In this church he was baptized, in this church he concluded the compact of friendship, and in this church he was married. These events in his life took place under the dominion of the Turks. His friend fell in the war for freedom, — his bones perhaps moulder under the heath bushes ; his wife lies buried close by ; behind the dismantled walls there is a little path between the acanthus and nettles ; an olive-tree is planted close by a fallen-in well, and under the olive-tree is his wife's grave.

The old Greek takes care of the lamps within the dismantled church ; he and the soldiers pay their devotions there every festival day ; and sometimes when a Greek priest comes by, he fastens his horse to the wooden shed, goes into the church, and reads a mass. The old Greek is often his sole hearer.

In a few years he will also sleep under the olive-tree ; who will then take care of the burning lamps ? who will mow down the nettles from the grave ?

O, the lamps will burn, lamps of silver will then be hung up ! The roses will bloom where the nettles now grow ! The good genius of Greece whispers it to us ! Daphne will arise from the sand, here by the road to Eleusis, which will be frequented by strangers, as the Italian roads now are. Daphne will flourish again ; in the yard where the thistles and nettles only grow, the laurel-tree will spread its branches, the incense shed its perfume, and kneeling children see a holy wound in the eye, mouth, and glory of Christ, where the Turkish balls once struck.

May happiness and blessings rest on that land which gave birth to a Theseus, a Plato, and a Socrates !

¹ A Greek spirit prepared from dried grapes.

IX.

THE FEAST OF FREEDOM.

THE sixth of April is the Greek Feast of Freedom. On that day the revolt began ; on that day the first Turkish blood flowed : the Cross is now planted where the Crescent stood ; the Cross stands on the ruins ; the stillness of death reigns in the valleys where the thunders of war resounded. The flag of freedom waves this day in the poorest village throughout the land ; the shepherd betakes him to the church ruins in the solitary mountains, hangs up a burning lamp before the scratched-out images on the riven walls, and reads his thanksgiving prayer. Greece is free !

I was at Athens this year on the day of the feast. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day ; not a cloud in the sky ; not a cold breeze from the mountains.

The bands of the several regiments were heard through the streets in the morning. I saw from my window the martial ranks of handsome young Greeks, with brown faces and dark eyes ; a little flag waved on each lance. They looked well, but they would have looked still handsomer if they had been dressed in the national costume ; at least I thought so, for in the uniform of the Franks they appeared to me like foreign troops. Pretty Greek boys, in red jackets and white *fostanelles*, ran about the streets. The superior classes of Greeks, richly dressed in splendid, showy colored clothes, with gold and silver embroidery, and with sabre and dagger, stood in the balconies. The women had their hair in large plaits, laid round the little red fez ; the short velvet tunic was worn open in front, displaying a golden bodice. Most of the men and women had a branch of myrtle or a bouquet of gillyflowers in their hands. Peasants from the mountains, in sheepskin jackets and with high caps, leaned proudly against the low columns of the church, and looked at the cavalry. A hundred lamps burned within the church ; and from my window I could smell the incense which streamed out of the open doors. The Venetian mandolin tinkled, and the white-bearded veteran sang Rhigas' war song : —

“Ho, wake up, ye sons of Greece!”

The largest church in Athens, which is situated in Æolus Street, has not the least appearance of a church, nor has it been erected for a religious purpose; but when Athens acquired a court, all the churches were too small to contain the members of the royal household, the *corps diplomatique*, and other authorities, as well as the people on festival days. They were, therefore, obliged to choose this building, which is a whitewashed house, with a sort of veranda of planks and beams, and which has a small staircase of rough boards on one side, conducting to a small door which leads to the royal pew. The first time I saw the building, I thought it was a theatre or sort of town-hall. To-day the church was crowded to suffocation with the clergy, the royal family and suite, the ministers and officers of state alone. The officer on guard, however, allowed me admission as a stranger. The Greek bishop, in glittering splendor, took his place before the altar, between the full-robed priests, who sang a highly inharmonious song. The King and Queen, both in Greek costume, sat beneath a velvet canopy adorned with the crown and sceptre. The Crown Prince of Bavaria in uniform had a place beside them. The religious forms appeared to me more peculiar and strange than really solemn. Whilst the priests sang, the military bands played merrily without! Their music sounded wild and martial, as if one were in the midst of battle, where the priest prays, where the warrior sings, and the musket cracks, — shot after shot. And there *was* a cracking without! “Long live the King!” sounded in the church when he and the Queen drove away. There were three or four carriages in the whole. Most of the diplomatists walked: one felt that this was a kingdom on the advance. The whole street, the balconies, and windows were filled with Greeks, one head by the side of the other. Thousands of red fez, variegated jackets, and white skirts were displayed in the sunshine. The handsome men and boys were pleasing to look upon. Of women there were not many, and those we saw were ugly.

After my breakfast I rode out with my countrymen, Professor Ross, Köppen, the brothers Hansen, and other friends, toward the mountains, to see the festivity in one of the nearest

villages. We rode down the small mountain path past Lycabettus to the village of Maruzzé, the clay cabins of which, with their white washed walls and little fruitful gardens, appeared very smart. All the inhabitants sat in the street, which was so small that they were obliged to retire into the houses when we came riding through. The flag of freedom was planted outside the church: it was white with a blue cross. A beautiful little girl, in a black velvet tunic, the snow-white sleeves of her chemise hanging out broad from the elbow around her small brown arms, sat on a bundle of cypress branches at a little distance from the flag, with a face so regularly handsome, eyes so dark, and eyebrows so finely penciled that — I know not how it was, but this little one, as she sat there on these symbols of death, appeared to me to be Greece's genius of beauty, over whom the flag of freedom once more waved.

Our destination on this little journey was, however, the next town, Cephissia. The road thither is called a carriage-road; but even in Greece it can only be a carriage-road for those who are doomed to break their necks. In the rest of Europe, no one can form a conception of such a road; the worst must, in comparison with this, be called the broad way of sin which leads comfortably to the lower regions! The Greek horses stand firm on the rugged mountains, and, consequently, here also. The rivulets ran sometimes on the side of the road and sometimes in the middle, full a foot deep: magnificent laurel-trees and flourishing Oleaceæ grew on both sides. In the fields — I dare scarcely call these inclosures gardens — were wild pears and almond-trees. The herdsmen drove a few herds of cattle. We greeted them in the Greek manner, with a "Met in a happy hour!" and they answered blithely, "Many happy years to you!"

When Greece was under the Turkish yoke, the village of Cephissia was still more flourishing, for the rich Athenian Turks had their summer residences there. Athens will rise again year by year, and handsome villas will spring up in the fruitful district. In the middle of the village stands a Turkish mosque, which is now converted into a stable. The foundation of the minaret is the only part of it remaining, but before it grows the largest and finest plantain I have yet seen.

The strong bowed branches formed a crown which almost overshadowed the whole open place. We spread our cloaks out on the grassy carpet under the tree, placed our wine bottles about us, and made a meal, surrounded by Greek women, who, it being their fast time, certainly envied us our nourishing dishes. After our repast we took a pleasant road through the woods, where the fountains rippled, where everything was luxuriant and green, reminding me of the fruitful tract between Naples and Posilippo. Wild fruit-trees and odorous vines grew round about the tract down to the large olive grove; here were arable land and vineyards. We saw what Greece could be made, and it appeared to me on this day of liberty to be a prophetic sight.

In the midst of the wood was a rocky basin. The rivulet formed small cascades. We descended the falls; the green branches hung over our heads, and the water splashed fresh and clear; the sunbeams made the leaves transparent; the birds twittered in the bushes, and on the path close by there came a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen on horseback in European dresses, who belonged to the court of King Otho; we greeted each other, and they disappeared behind the hedges. Now came one who had lingered behind, a young girl on horseback in full Greek costume, and with the red fez fastened on her jet-black hair. Her royal brow, her bold dark eyes, and her daring carriage, made us believe that we saw a real Amazon. She darted like a beautiful vision through the wood — like the Queen of the Grecian elves! She was the daughter of the hero Marco Bozzaris, the most beautiful woman in Athens, and one of the ladies of honor to the Queen of Greece.

The sun began to approach the mountains; we mounted our horses again, but it was dark before we reached Athens. The whole Acropolis was illuminated with many lights. The effect was splendid; the radiance beamed aloft in the blue air, and as we by degrees approached Athens we looked over the city, and it appeared as if it were a ray of glory from the many lamps and lights with which the houses were illumined. Candles were fixed in the balconies; lustres festooned with flowers and covered with colored lamps, hung across the street, or outside the open shops; the fruit bazaars glowed with light,

and showed their glowing oranges, dark-brown dates, and large walnuts. In many of the windows were placed engravings, — portraits of the poet Rhigas, Miaulis, Marco Bozzaris, and King Otho. In Æolus Street were several transparencies ; on one we saw a grave, from which a young Greek arose with the flag of freedom in his hand ; on another was a Greek ship in a storm. Beneath them all we read appropriate verses in modern Greek.

One transparency, in particular, attracted attention ; it represented a goat gnawing a vine ; the Greek verse beneath is well known, as well as the German translation, which runs thus : —

“ Friszt Du mich auch bis zur Wurzel, doch trag'ich Trauben genug noch,
Wein zu spenden, o Bock, wenn Du —als Opfer erliegst !”

I found it applied justly to the Turks, whose yoke the people had groaned under ; however, some Bavarians whom I met explained the verse quite differently, supposing it was intended for them ! Certain it is, that the Greeks do not favor these strangers ; but during my stay I never observed any visible signs of dislike.

Æolus Street, the broadest in Athens, and which extends in a direct line toward the Acropolis, was crowded with joyous Greeks ; lamps and candles converted night into day. The bands of the regiments passed along playing martial airs. The buildings toward the Acropolis formed terraces for the rows of lamps ; the red flame on the topmost wall of the city brought into view the old temple columns in a flickering light. Songs, accompanied by the mandolin, sounded from the open shops, and in the Franks' coffee-house there was a crowd around the latest journals, to see what the rest of Europe said about the revolt of the Candians. The news from Crete, the verbal as well as what the journals brought, in a measure varied ; but it was reported, as a certainty, that arms and ammunition had been sent secretly from the magazine at Patras. More than one cup was emptied by the enthusiastic Greeks to the success of the Candians.

The report of muskets and songs was heard until far into the night in the city of Athens, and in the stone cabins amongst the lonely mountains.

X.

THE MARBLE LION.

It was on a beautiful sunshiny day that we trotted merrily out of Athens over the wide, rugged plain, through the native place of Socrates, where wild fruit-trees formed small gardens. A solitary cloister lay toward Hymettus; we went at a brisk trot, and my agojal ran by my side.

The prospect between Pentelicon and Hymettus opened upon an extensive surface, and what a blue and shining sea was there! We saw the island of Zea and the whole Negropont with its beautifully formed mountain. On our way thither, we saw only one single, lonely cabin, with a rush-thatched roof, reaching nearly to the ground. The woman and children came out to see the strangers. We ordered our coffee with her, to be ready on our return, and then rode away over plants, bushes, and tall Oleaceæ.

All was wide and void. The ruins of a church stood on the heath, with a magnificent olive-tree outside, worthy of being painted. Close by lay a large marble lion, an antique monument; Lais himself had such a one on his grave. It was strangely impressive to find here, in this desert, a torso of the beautiful works of art. With the exception of the feet, the lion is whole; the expression of the eyes intimates that a cunning hand has used the chisel. The mane is only partly executed.

Strong creeping plants wound up around its sides, as if they would bind it to the grave it adorned — that grave which no one knew.

As we stood here and regarded it, a herdsman stepped suddenly forth from the church ruins; he was singing, but stopped on seeing us. It was a melancholy song he sang, which my companions knew well. It was genuine Athenian. We begged him to repeat it; he leaned against the marble lion, and sang about the bewitched lover.

And the sun shone on the white marble lion which the wild plants held bound; the sun shone on the handsome, sorrowful Greek who sang, and on the extended landscape around, which

presented a picture of greatness and solitude. That melancholy tone in the song overlaid the whole expanse of the scenery ; it intruded itself into our minds, and did not desert us when we entered the lonely cottage, where all the light there was came through the open door. The woman stood raking some large black loaves out of the hot ashes in the middle of the floor ; painted eggs of different colors were stuck in each loaf in honor of Easter. The man stood quite carelessly, and looked at his wife's work. A little boy played in the doorway. I gave him a small coin ; he smiled quite pleased, and told me his name was Demetrius. The black loaves with the painted eggs made his festival : he was happy in anticipation of them, and had waited with anxiety for the hour when they were to be taken out of the ashes. That dark cabin was his paradise ; the marble lion his riding-horse : his mother had often placed him on its back, whilst she gathered heath-berries by the walls of the ruined church.

XI.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL IN GREECE.

THE Easter of the Catholics in Italy, and particularly in Rome, is grand, fascinating ; it is an elevating sight to see that immense mass of beings fall on their knees in St. Peter's Place, and receive a benediction. The Easter festival in Greece cannot show such magnificence, its resources are too small ; but after having seen both, one comes to the conviction that in Rome it is a feast which in its glory and splendor issues out from the Church to the people ; but in Greece it is a feast which streams from the heart and thoughts of the people — from their very life ; the Church is but a link in the chain. Previous to Easter there is a long and rigorous fast which is religiously observed, the peasants living almost entirely on bread, onions, and water.

The Athenian newspaper appeared on Good Friday with a black border, in memory of the death of Christ : the vignette-title was a sarcophagus with a weeping willow, and above it

was a poem on the Passion by Lutzos. The festival itself began that evening. I went to the principal church; it was splendidly illuminated and completely full: before the altar stood a glass coffin, fastened with silver plates. The coffin contained fresh roses, intended to represent the dead Saviour. A strange humming of voices from the praying congregation sounded through the house of God! Priests, in parti-colored vestments, and bishops, came and went before the altar where they read the prayers. At nine o'clock in the evening sacred music began, and the procession started from the church through the chief street, to the palace. I saw the slowly moving procession conveniently from my window; it was one of the most solemn I have ever seen. It was a glittering starlight night, so mild and calm! Every spectator in the balconies and open windows stood with a burning candle in his hand. The music ascended to us from the side-street; the smell of incense filled the air. Mournful music proceeded from the military bands as though the people carried their King to his grave. The coffin containing the fresh red roses was borne along, surrounded by the priests; over it hung a long red mourning veil which was held by the chief statesmen and higher officers of the kingdom. A crowd of these officers, and then the great mass of people, all, as I have said, with burning candles, concluded the procession. There was a stillness, an apparent sorrow or devotion, which worked its effect upon every mind. The Bishop made a short speech outside the palace where the King and Queen stood, and then the King kissed the holy Bible. During the whole ceremony there was a monotonous ringing of bells, always two strokes and then a short pause; day and night the church was filled with people. The King, the Queen, and the whole court were there on the midnight before Easter Day: the priests stood praying and mourning around the flower-filled coffin; the whole congregation prayed in silence. The clock struck twelve, and at the same moment the Bishop stepped forth, and said: "Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen!" burst from every tongue. Kettle-drums and trumpets sent forth their strains; the music played the liveliest dances! The whole people fell on each other's necks, kissed, and joyously cried, "Christ

is risen!" Shot after shot was heard outside; rockets darted into the air, torches were lighted, men and young lads, each with a candle in his hand, danced in a long row through the city. The women kindled fires, slaughtered lambs, and roasted them in the streets. Little children, who had all got new fez and new red shoes, danced in their shirts around the fires, kissed each other, and exclaimed like their parents, "Christ is risen!" O, I could have pressed each of these children to my heart and exulted with them. "Christ is risen!" It was touching, elevating, and beautiful.

It may be said that the whole was a ceremony; and it may be added, certainly with some truth, that their rejoicings expressed the satisfaction of the people that the rigorous fast was over, and that now they could eat their lamb, and drink their wine: well, admit that the fact was so, still I dare venture to say there was something more; there was a true, a sincere religious jubilee. Christ was in their thoughts, as on their lips. "Christ is risen!" was the mutual assurance, made as though it were no by-gone event; no, it was as if it had taken place on that night, and in this land. It was as if the assurance had reached their ears at that moment, and for the first time.

There were music and dancing everywhere in the capital, and in every little town throughout the kingdom. All labor was suspended, every one thought only of pleasure; there were dancing and mirth near Theseus's Temple and under Zeus's marble columns. The mandolin twanged, the old joined in the song; and during the general joy the words of welcome and leave-taking were: "Christ is risen!"

XII.

THE COURT IN ATHENS.

It was from the olive grove on the way from Eleusis, that King Otho saw the Acropolis and his royal city of Athens for the first time. Then Athens was almost a heap of rubbish, with a few wretched clay huts and some wood and brick

houses ; a couple of these connected with a sort of pleasure garden, constituted his palace, and now serves for it occasionally until the new marble palace is completed.

It is an extremely modest building that the King occupies ; it would, in any other country in Europe, be taken for a private gentleman's summer villa ; a grass plot, ornamented with a few shrubs, lies before it, and there the body-guard draws up daily, the band playing airs from "Masaniello," "Elisir d'Amore," or "Scaramouch," etc., and the Greek nursery girls dance the little children in their arms to the merry tunes.

The young and amiable Queen is said to have been educated in a most domestic manner in her home in Oldenburg. She entered the frugal palace with a spirit of contentment, and the people greeted her with shouts and welcome. They told me that all the streets were strewn with roses on her arrival, and that she had a bouquet herself of still rarer, and therefore more beautiful flowers. Potatoes had then been just introduced into Greece, and they had begun to use them. The blossom on the tops of the potatoes appeared to the Greeks as the rarest and prettiest flower they knew ; and therefore they brought the Queen, who came from Oldenburg, a bouquet of potato flowers !

The King is of the Roman Catholic religion, the Queen of the Lutheran, and the children who may be born to them are to be Greek Catholic. I believe that the young royal pair are beloved by the nation, for I have heard several Greeks mention their names with affectionate enthusiasm. And they merit it ; a royal pair so young, and so amiable. It is no happiness to reign in Greece. How much have they not resigned by living here !

How many troubles must inevitably touch the King's heart for this people, and this land's sake ! He who reigns alone in a devastated classic land, rich in noble monuments ; alone with a people — well — I know them too little to pronounce upon them — but I love not this race. The Turks pleased me far better ; they were honorable and good-natured.

God grant the noble King Otho constancy and perseverance.

The King and Queen travel about the country annually,

and are everywhere received with enthusiasm. The people come from a great distance with complaints and petitions ; the young King listens to all, and has their case examined into, so that these journeys often produce much good ; but they are in themselves not so convenient, though everything is done to mitigate the annoyances with which every journey in Greece is filled. Servants are sent on before ; tents are erected where they can pass the night ; the tables are found laid out amongst the wild rocks ; the champagne foams, and shepherds and shepherdesses dance on the plain outside the tent, whilst the evening sun shines on the solitary marble column and the high mountains. There is the decoration of nature, with a ballet which the classic scene alone, where the gods once appeared, can furnish ; but many disagreeable circumstances frequently happen ; many painful occasions arise. I will give an instance.

Last year the royal party reached a small village where, the night before their arrival, fourteen robbers had been committing depredations. When the King heard of this, he immediately set out after them, with the whole of his little life-guard. The Queen, her ladies, and a few gentlemen remained behind, in anxious expectation as to the result. The King, however, did not come up with any of the robbers ; but some of the peasants of the village were more successful, succeeding in capturing several the following night, with whom they made short work, for they cut their heads off, and came running with them the next morning to the royal tent.

The King had, up to the time of my departure, only signed one warrant of execution, and this was for a well-known and dangerous robber. The Greeks, who themselves think nothing of cutting off the head of such a fellow, cannot understand how the law should demand the sacrifice of life, an example of which was given me, in relation to the execution of the aforesaid robber, which took place the year before. The government was obliged to write to Malta for an executioner, for no Greek could be found to undertake the office.

The robber was led out to the olive grove, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, and a numerous mass of the populace ; but when he had been brought there, and the German soldiers had

formed a circle around him, he protested against the execution. "It was something," he said, "that they were not used to here!" and began to wrestle with the executioner. It is said to have been terrible to look upon: the combat lasted about two hours, and the soldiers durst not venture to interfere between them. "We must take care that he does not escape," said they; "*that* is our duty." The executioner had nearly lost his head in this conflict. The robber at length sank exhausted and wounded to the ground, where he received his death-blow. The executioner is said to have been secretly murdered afterward. I, however, only tell the story as it was told to me in Athens.

During my stay, I had the honor of being presented to the King and Queen, who both showed me a kindness and favor, which, in connection with the inward prepossession I had felt for the royal pair in that new, flourishing Greece, made the impression of both indelible in my heart.

I regard it as a hard fate to reign at this moment in Greece; and doubly hard for a young prince whose heart feels warmly for his kingdom and his people.

The apartments in the palace are small but comfortable, and one feels at ease there. The King and Queen received me in company. He was dressed in the Greek costume, and she in a Frankish suit of mourning, a near relative of hers being just then dead. The King appears very young, but somewhat pale and suffering; he has lively eyes, and there is a very mild and amiable expression in his features. Our conversation was about Greece, its climate, monuments, and beauty; and I stated that I found the Greek mountains much more beautiful in form and color than the Italian. They appeared to have made the same impression on the King, who talked with vivacity and spirit.

I expressed my opinion that it must be extremely interesting to him to see Athens growing up, as it were, before his eyes; for the stranger here, every few weeks, perceives an enlargement of the city. He asked me what impression the town of Syra and its harbor had made on me, and seemed to be glad to hear of the activity and the number of vessels I had found there.

The Queen is young and handsome ; she has an aspect of mildness and wisdom. She spoke* most of my intended voyage to Constantinople, and of the passage of the Danube, which appeared to her to be long, and very troublesome.

It is a fine sight to see the King and Queen, both young and animated, surrounded by their ladies and gentlemen, riding in Greek costume along the road over the heath. The eye easily recognizes the two chief figures in the picture ; but still a third is prominent — it is a young female on horseback — we already know her : it is the hero, Marco Bozzaris' daughter, the Queen's maid of honor. With the red fez on her jet-black hair, she follows her young Queen like the beautiful genius of Greece ; her long, dark eyelashes are set like silken fringes over her fiery eyes. She is beautiful as she rides on her noble horse, and she is beautiful when she tarries so that we can fully regard her face.

I was presented to her one evening at the residence of Frau Pluskov, the Queen's first lady of honor. I only heard her speak Greek and Italian. Amongst the many different pictures that my memory has brought from Greece, Marco Bozzaris' daughter is the beauteous ideal of the daughters of that land.

XIII.

PROKESCH-OSTEN.

AMONGST the diplomatists at the court of Athens, the Austrian Minister, Prokesch-Osten was the most interesting. I had read his "Travels in the Holy Land," and some of his beautiful oriental poems ; he became doubly dear and interesting to me by personal acquaintance. and all the kindness and attention he showed me. Anton Prokesch was born on his father's estate in Grätz on the 10th of December, 1795 ; and when a boy distinguished himself by his dexterity in swimming and skating. In 1813 he fought for his native land ; afterward was appointed Professor of Mathematics at the College for Cadets in Olmutz ; was subsequently Adjutant to Prince Schwartzenburg, and by his spirited military writings

soon became the subject of much interest and attention. As Lieutenant-colonel in the staff, he arrived at Trieste, where the sight of the sea awoke his desire to travel: the Greek nation was the one for which he felt most interest. He went to Greece, Asia Minor, and Constantinople, where he effected much good for the Austrian trade in the Levant. After having again travelled through Greece and the islands, he stayed one winter in Constantinople, and then went over Asia Minor to Egypt and Nubia, where he connected himself with Mehemet Ali. On his return home he took Smyrna in his way. He acted with equally as much prudence as severity against the powerful mass of pirates that infested the whole Mediterranean. In 1828, during a visit to Capo d'Istria in Paros, he effected an exchange of Greek and Arabian prisoners. The year after, we see him in Palestine with the Pasha of St. Jean d'Acre, a man who is equally well-known for his peculiarities, as by his firm will and austerity: he concluded a treaty with him in favor of the Christians in Palestine and Galilee.

After the Greeks became free, Prokesch was recalled to Vienna. The Emperor raised him to the rank of nobility, and, as he had gained his knightly spurs in the East, he gave him the surname of "Osten." In 1822, he lived in Rome, where he was appointed Austrian Ambassador; he now fills the same post in the capital of Greece.

One of the furthestmost buildings in Athens, in the direction of Parnassus, is a simple but elegantly arranged villa. The glass door opens; we turn our backs to the extended heath and the high mountains, and on seeing the polished, carpeted stairs, we think we are at a summer residence by the Danube's imperial city. This belief almost changes into certainty when we are ushered into the tastefully decorated rooms, and see rococo furniture, modern rocking-chairs, magnificent mirrors, and paintings. An amiable host and hostess greet us in German. We are in the presence of Prokesch-Osten and his talented lady. There is nothing here to remind us that Athens is in its early growth. This villa may rank with those of Naples, Vienna, and Copenhagen.

Prokesch-Osten is a handsome, powerful man, with dark, expressive eyes. He is an excellent lecturer. When I was

introduced into his house for the first time, he was requested by the company, after dinner, to read one of his poems. He promised to comply ; but he first took a volume of Chamisso's poems, and read those of mine which Chamisso has translated ; he read them with such effect that they sounded like music, and the imagery in each became visible. Read as they were, they could not fail of pleasing. I was, on account of this reading of my poems, presented in the handsomest manner to those to whom I was an entire stranger in that circle.

Of his oriental poems there was one, composed in June, 1826, as he rode over Mount Ida, which his dramatic style of reading particularly recommended to my liking. On my departure from Athens he gave me a copy of it, and I will insert it here : —

“ Den Säbel zur seite, Geschoss in der Hand
Durchstreif' ich mit fröhlichen Muthe das Land.
Wohl hausst auf dem waldigen Ida die Schaar
Wildhärzige Räuber voll Trotz in Gefahr,
Mit blinkenden Waffen und wieherndem Ross
Mit Herden und Weibern und dienendem Tross.

“ Sie senden die Blicke weit über die Flur,
Erspäh'n in der Ferne des Wanderers Spur,
Behorchen der edlen Kamehle Geläut,
Sind immer zu Handen so morgen als heut —
Sie lauschen am Felsen, sie lauschen im Wald,
Und treiben das älteste Handwerk, Gewalt.

“ Nur muthig und vorwärts ! S'ist jedvedem Land
So mancherlei eigen — dem Weiber und Sand,
Dem anderen hohe Cypressen und Wein,
Es muss auch dem Ida sein Eigenes seyn,
Homeros und Räuber und pfadloser Wald,
Und erreicher Felsen erhabne Gestalt ! ”

During the reading, it appeared to me that I myself hurried on through the steep mountains. I saw him armed with sabre and pistols, and with the same fiery look with which he recited his description. The bandit troop peeped forth from the mountain-pass ; the camels' bells rang, and all was again silent in that great, wild, pathless solitude.

I owe to Prokesch, not only many pleasant and entertain-

ing hours during my stay in Athens, but also a friendly reception at Constantinople, and hospitality there, of which I shall afterward speak. He and his lady seemed to be fond of my "Eventyr" ("Tales and Adventures for Youth") in particular, and begged me to write more soon. These pages, should they ever meet their eyes, must tell that, in my own life's adventures, the hours that I passed with them form one of the chapters I find most interesting — only that it seems far too short.

XIV.

A SHORT JOURNEY.

DURING the fine weather we made an excursion to the marble quarries in Pentelicon. From the desert heath, at the foot of Lycabettus, and out to the mountains, the road is full of incident. Even over this short extent, a painter might collect a whole book of interesting sketches.

One of the first must be the picture of a khan or inn, as we saw it, in the little village of Kalandri. The fire-place was in a corner of the floor; the walls were decorated with shelves, on which stood wine and eatables, fruit and articles of trade; but from all the shelves long stripes of gold and silver paper fluttered in the breeze like fringes. There were two musical fellows; the one beat a drum, and the other played the flute; six others danced in a row, — a gray-haired man was the leader, and he made the most singular movements. They danced three times round the room, then out of the house, and down the road, where a group of Greek women, in their picturesque dresses, looked on. A couple of the youngest girls had violet-colored velvet jackets; and their beautiful dark plaited hair was laid like a border round the little red fez. The sun shone on the women, so that they had to hold their hands before their eyes to see the dancers. It was a charming picture.

Wild olive, pear, and almond-trees formed beautiful groups to sketch. As a foreground to one of these pictures, should be placed our expedition, the pedestrians as well as the eques-

trians, and amongst the last were two tortoises. Every moment we saw one of these animals lying still, like a block of stone, or creeping on at snail's pace in the middle of the road. I would not have them driven over; nay, I thought that we ought to help them forward a little in the world, and so I set them up with the coachman. They drove with us to the Pentelicon, and perhaps they now sun themselves on the plains of Marathon. There was a young tortoise, no larger than a watch. I laid many plans for it, and took it likewise with me; but, as it afterward occurred to me that it would suffer hunger and thirst the further I travelled, I took it into a wood of oleander-trees, where the rays of the sun played freely; and it was right glad of its liberty!

The cloister of Pentelis stands here on the side of the mountain, as in a waste and deserted garden. At first sight, it has the appearance of a large, neglected dairy farm: the walls are riven, and grown over with wild plants, like the walls of Daphne. The only thing that intimated life and motion was a flock of poultry, hopping about on the heaps of rubbish in the foremost yard. Outside the little church, the door of which stood open, so that the sun shone in on the burning lamps, stood a large laurel-tree. It was in full bloom, so rich, so odorous; and I was so happy! One of the priests saw my enthusiasm, and immediately broke off a branch which he presented to me. I have divided it at home, in Denmark, between Thorwaldsen's bust and Oehlenschläger's portrait.¹

Outside the cloister, down the mountain, there lay, between the green, wood-covered hills, a charming valley, with a fresh-running rivulet, tall poplars, and blooming fruit-trees. The mountains of Morea rose in the horizon; the one row far above the other in rich tones of color. Our horses grazed in the green meadow. A large fire was kindled, and a whole lamb placed on the spit, which was turned by a pretty Greek boy. Everything was prepared for our meal in the green fields.

¹ When I visited the place, near Athens, they call Socrates' prison, chamber cut in the side of the rock, at Areopagus, — my thoughts were with the great poet of the North, the only one who, from the Danish stage, has reminded the public of Socrates. Close by the entrance to the cavern stood a beautiful red flower. I plucked it, and sent it in a letter with greeting to Oehlenschläger in Denmark.

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But we must first see the marble quarries of the Pentelicon. The road lay through thickets and bushes, where a few little boys tended the cattle and sheep belonging to the cloister. Large tortoises crawled round about ; one was lying sprawling on its back in the sun, and I was its unknown benefactor.

It was a troublesome excursion, continually upward, over large blocks of stone, amongst thorns and brambles ; but still we must see the marble quarries ; we must ascend the Pentelicon.

A herdsman was there in his Greek woolen dress ; he leaned on his long staff, and looked down into the gray valley, where a large tumulus stood in wildest solitude : the sea and the mountains of Eubœa bounded the horizon. A bluish smoke curled up from a cabin below, which could scarcely be perceived. The tumulus, which appeared like a small island amongst reeds, has a fame as great as any in the world : and whose is this grave ? We name the plain, and the tumulus is known. It is the plain of Marathon.

XV.

FRIENDSHIP'S COVENANT.

A NOVEL.

WE have lately accomplished a little journey, and already begin to desire a greater one. Where to ? To Sparta, to Mycenæ, to Delphi ! There are hundreds of places that the heart throbs with a desire to visit. It must be on horseback up mountain paths ; away over copse and bush ; the single traveller goes forth like a whole caravan. He rides before with his agojal, a pack-horse bears his portmanteau, tent, and provision. A few gendarmes follow after for his protection. No inn with well-made bed awaits him after the fatiguing day's journey ; the tent is often his roof in the wild and extended solitude of nature ; the agojal cooks a pilaf¹ for his evening meal. Thousands of gnats buzz about the little tent ; it is a miserable night, and to-morrow the road lies over rapid and swollen rivers. Sit fast on thy horse, and take care thou art not carried away.

¹ A pilaf is composed of pou'try, rice, and curry.

What reward is there for these toils? The greatest! the richest! Nature reveals herself here in all her greatness; every spot is historical; the eye and the mind alike are fully gratified. The poet can sing of it; the painter portray it in richest beauty; but the odor of reality, which eternally forces its way, and rests in the thoughts of the spectator, they have not the power to represent.

I have endeavored to depict in many small sketches one little extent of country—Athens and its environs; and yet how colorless is the picture! How poorly does it indicate Greece, that sorrowing genius of beauty, whose greatness and affliction the stranger never forgets!

The solitary herdsman on the rock, by a simple story of one of the events of his life, might perhaps, open thy eyes to a view of the land of the East, by a few traits, better than I with my pictures.

Then let him speak, says my Muse. Well, the herdsman on the mountain there shall tell us about a custom, a fine and peculiar custom: it is "Friendship's Covenant."

"Our house was stuck together with clay, but the door-posts were fluted marble columns, found where the house was built. The roof descended almost to the ground; it was dark, brown, and ugly; but when it was built the blooming oleander, and the fresh laurel branches were brought from behind the mountain. It was narrow and confined about our house; the rocks stood steep upward, and presented a dark, bare color. Clouds often hung on the top of them, like living forms clad in white. I never heard a song-bird here; the men never danced here to the tones of the bagpipe; but the place was sacred from the times of old; the name itself reminds us thereof—it is called Delphi!

"The dark, sombre mountains lay covered with snow; the topmost, which shone longest in the red evening sun, was Parnassus. The brook near our house streamed down from thence, and was also once holy. Now the ass muddies it with his feet; yet the stream runs strong, and again becomes clear. How well I remember every spot and its deep, holy solitude! The fire was kindled in the middle of the cabin, and, when the hot ashes lay high and glowing, the bread was baked in

them. When the snow lay around our hut, so that it was almost hidden, my mother then seemed happiest ; she then held my hand between her hands, kissed my brow, and sang the songs she at other times never sang ; for the Turks, our masters, liked them not ; and she sang : ‘ An old stag sat in the low pine wood, on Olympus’s top ; its eyes were heavy with tears ; yes, it wept red, green, and pale-blue tears, and a roebuck came past ! “ What ails thee, that thou weepest thus ? even red, green, and pale-blue tears ? ” — “ The Turk has come into our town ; he has wild dogs for his sport, a mighty pack ! ” — “ I will chase them over the islands, ” said the young roebuck. “ I will drive them over the islands into the deep sea ! ” but before the evening came on, the roebuck was killed ; and before night came, the stag was hunted and dead ! ’

“ And when my mother sang thus, her eyes became wet, and there sat a tear in the long eyelashes ; but she hid it, and turned our black bread in the ashes. Then I clinched my hand, and said, ‘ We will slay the Turk ! ’ but she repeated the song : “ I will chase them over the islands into the deep sea ! ” but before evening came on, the roebuck was killed, and before night came, the stag was hunted and dead ! ’

We had been alone in our solitary cabin for several days and nights, when my father came home. I knew he brought me mussel-shells from the Bay of Lepanto, or some such thing as a sharp and shining knife. He brought us a child that time ; a little naked girl, whom he carried under his sheepskin cloak. She was wrapped in a skin, and all that she had when she was loosened from it in my mother’s lap, were three silver coins fastened in her black hair. And my father told us about the Turks who had killed the child’s parents. He told us so much that I dreamt about it the whole night. My father himself was wounded, and my mother bandaged his arm, for the wound was deep. The thick sheepskin cloak was frozen stiff with blood.

“ The little girl was to be my sister. She was so beautiful, so transparently clear ! My mother’s eyes were not milder than hers ! Anastasia, as she was called, should be my sister ; for her father was married to my father ; married after an old custom which we still retain. They had, in their youth, contracted brotherhood together, and chosen the handsomest and

most virtuous girl in the neighborhood to join their hands in the covenant of friendship. I heard often about this rare and beautiful custom.

“ The little girl was now my sister ; she sat on my lap. I brought her flowers, and feathers from the birds of the rock ; we drank together the waters of Parnassus ; we slept, face to face, under the cabin’s laurel-covered roof, whilst my mother still sang, for many a winter, of the red, the green, and the pale-blue tears. But I could not yet understand that it was my own people, whose thousand fold sorrows were reflected in these tears.

“ One day there came three Franks, dressed differently from us ; they had their beds and tents on horses ; and more than twenty Turks, all with sabres and muskets, accompanied them, for they were the Pasha’s friends, and had letters from him. They only came to see our mountains ; to ascend Parnassus, in snow and clouds, and survey the dark, steep, and singular rocks around our hut.

“ There was not room for them in the cabin, nor did they like the smoke which passed under the ceiling, and out of the low doorway. They erected their tents on the narrow place outside our hut. They roasted lambs and birds, and drank sweet, strong wine, but the Turks durst not drink of it.

“ When they departed, I followed them part of the way, and my little sister Anastasia hung on my back, sewed up in a goat skin. One of the Franks placed me against a rock, and drew me and her, quite like nature. As we appeared on the paper, we looked like one single being. I had never thought of it, but Anastasia and I were as one. She always lay on my lap or hung on my back ; and if I dreamed, she was in my dreams.

“ Two nights afterward other people came to our hut. They were armed with knives and guns. They were Albanians ; brave men, as my mother said. They remained there but a short time. My sister Anastasia sat on the lap of one. When he was gone she had two, and not three silver coins in her hair. They rolled tobacco up in strips of paper and smoked it, and the eldest spoke of the road they should take, and was uncertain about it : ‘ If I spit upward,’ said he, ‘ it will fall in my face ; if I spit downward, it will fall on my

beard! But a way must be chosen!' They went, and my father accompanied them. Shortly after we heard shots fired in rapid succession: then there came a party of soldiers to our hut; they took my mother, me, and Anastasia. They said the robbers had taken refuge with us; my father had accompanied them, and therefore we must away. I saw the dead bodies of the robbers; I saw my father's corpse, and I wept till I fell asleep. When I awoke, we were in prison; but the chamber was not more wretched than that in our own hut; and I got onions and resinous wine, which they poured out of the tarred bag; but we were no better off at home.

"How long we were imprisoned I know not; but many days and nights passed away. When we were set at liberty it was our holy Easter festival, and I bore Anastasia on my back, for my mother was ill; she could walk but slowly, and it was long before we reached the Bay of Lepanto.

"We entered a church which glittered with images on the golden ground; they were angels! O, so beautiful! But I thought that our little Anastasia was just as pretty. In the middle of the floor stood a coffin, filled with roses; it was the Lord Christ, said my mother, who lay there like beautiful flowers! And the priest proclaimed: 'Christ is risen!'

"All the people kissed each other. Every one held a lighted candle in his hand. I, myself, got one, and little Anastasia one. The bagpipes sounded, the men danced hand in hand from the church, outside of which the women roasted Easter lambs. We were invited to eat. I sat by the fire, — a boy, older than myself, threw his arms around my neck, kissed me, and said: 'Christ is risen!' So it was that Aphtanides and I met for the first time.

"My mother could make fishing nets; that was work by which she gained much at the bay, and we remained for a long time by the sea, — the delightful sea, which tasted like tears, and in its color reminded us of the weeping stag's; sometimes it was red, then green, and then blue again.

"Aphtanides knew how to steer a boat; and I sat with my little Anastasia in the boat, which floated on the water as a cloud sails in the air. When the sun went down, the mountains became more dark-blue, the one range peeped over the other,

and in the distance stood Parnassus, with its snowy-covered top, shining like glowing iron in the evening sun. It appeared as if the light came from within, for it shone so long in the blue glittering air after the sun had gone down. The white sea-birds struck the water's surface with their wings, or else it was as still as at Delphi amongst the black rocks. I lay on my back in the boat ; Anastasia sat on my breast, and the stars above us shone still brighter than the lamps in our church. They were the same stars and they hung quite in the same place over me as when I sat outside our cabin at Delphi. I at last thought that I was still there ; then there was a splashing in the water, and the boat rocked. I screamed aloud, for Anastasia had fallen into the water ; but Aphtanides was just as quick as I, and he soon handed her to me ! We took her clothes off, wrung the water out, and then dressed her again. Aphtanides did the same for himself ; and we remained on the sea until their clothes were dry again, and no one knew the fright we had had for my little foster-sister, in whose life Aphtanides had now a part.

“ It was summer. The sun burnt so hot that the leaf-trees withered. I thought of our cool mountains, and of the fresh water there ; my mother also longed for them, and one evening we wandered back again. How still and silent all things were ! We went over the high thyme, which still spread its scent around, though the sun had dried its leaves. Not a herdsman did we meet, not a cabin did we pass ; all was still and solitary ; the shooting-star alone said that there was life above in heaven. I know not if it was the clear blue air itself that shed a light, or was it the star's rays ? we saw the outlines of all the mountains so distinctly. My mother made a fire, and roasted the onions she had brought with her ; and I and my little sister slept in the thyme without fear of the horrid smidraki,¹ from whose throat the flames pour forth ; and much less did we fear the wolf and jackal : my mother sat with us, and that I thought was enough.

“ We reached our old home, but the hut was a heap of rubbish, and a new one must be built. A few women assisted my

¹ Greek superstition creates this monster from the uncut stomach of the slaughtered sheep, which is cast into the fields.

mother, and in a few days the walls were built up, and a new roof of oleander placed over them.

“My mother plaited holsters of bark and skin for bottles. I looked after the priest’s¹ little herd. Anastasia and the small tortoises were my playmates.

“One day we had a visit from our dear Aphtanides, who, as he said, longed so much to see us ; and he stayed two whole days with us.

“After a month had passed he came again, and told us that he was going with a ship to Patras and Corfu : he could not go without bidding us farewell, and he brought a large fish with him for my mother. He knew how to tell so much, not alone about the fishermen down by the Bay of Lepanto, but about kings and heroes who had once reigned in Greece, as the Turks do now.

“I have seen the rose-tree begin to bud, and in days and weeks it has become a full-blown flower ; it became so before I began to think about it. How large, beautiful, and blushing it was. It was thus also with Anastasia. She was a charming, full-grown girl ; I a strong lad. The wolves’ skins on my mother’s and Anastasia’s bed I had myself flayed from the animals that fell under my gun.

Years had passed, when one evening Aphtanides came. He was slender as a reed, but strong and brown. He kissed us all, and told us about the great sea, of Malta’s fortresses, and of Egypt’s strange burial-places ; it sounded so strangely — like one of the priest’s legends. I looked up to him with a sort of reverence.

“‘How much you know,’ said I ; ‘how well you can relate things.’

“‘Yet,’ said he, ‘you once told me the prettiest of all stories ; you have told me what has never gone out of my thoughts, the beautiful old custom of the covenant of friendship. It is a custom that I have a great desire to follow. Brother, let us two, as thine and Anastasia’s father did, go to the church ; the handsomest and most innocent girl is Anastasia, our sister ; she shall bind us together. None have nobler customs than we Greeks.’

¹ A peasant who can read is often the priest, and is called “Most Holy Sir.” The common people kiss the ground when they meet him.

“ Anastasia grew red as the fresh rose-leaf, and my mother kissed Aphtanides.

“ An hour's walk from our hut, there, where the rocks bear mould, and a few trees cast their shade, lay the little church ; a silver lamp hung before the altar.

“ I had my best clothes on ; the white fostanelles folded richly down over the hips ; the red jacket sat tight and narrow ; there was silver in the tassel on my fez, and in my belt were knife and pistols. Aphtanides had on his blue dress, such as the Greek sailors wear. A silver plate with an image of the Virgin hung on his breast, and his sash was as valuable as those which only the rich nobles wear. Every one saw that we two were about to celebrate a festival. We went into the little solitary church, where the evening sun shone through the doorway on the burning lamps and the variegated images on a golden ground. We knelt on the steps of the altar, and Anastasia placed herself before us. A long white frock hung loose and light around her beautiful limbs ; her white neck and bosom were covered with a broad chain of old and new coins, which formed a whole collar ; her black hair was laid on the top of her head in one single curl, held by a little cap of gold and silver coins, found in the old temples. No Greek girl had finer ornaments. Her face beamed ; her eyes resembled two stars.

“ We all three said our prayers in silence, and she asked us : ‘ Will you be friends in life and death ? We answered : ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Will you each, whatever may happen, remember — My brother is a part of me, my secrets are his secrets, my happiness or fortune is his ! Sacrifice, endurance everything I hold for my own soul as for him ? ’ and we repeated our ‘ Yes ; ’ and she placed our hands in each other, kissed us on the forehead, and we again prayed silently. The priest then stepped forward from the door of the altar, blessed us all three, and a song from the other most holy men sounded from behind the altar wall. The eternal covenant of friendship was concluded. When we rose, I saw my mother by the church door weeping deeply and inwardly.

“ What mirth there was in our little hut and by the fountains of Delphi ! The evening before Aphtanides was to depart,

he and I sat thoughtfully on the slope of the cliff ; his arm was around my waist, mine around his neck ; we spoke of the necessities and distress of Greece, of men who could be depended on. Each thought in our minds was clear to us both : then I seized his hand : —

“ ‘ One thing yet thou shalt know ; one that, until this hour, only God and I know ! All my soul is love ; it is a love stronger than that for my mother and for thee. ’ ”

“ ‘ And whom dost thou love ? ’ asked Aphtanides, and he grew red in the face and neck.

“ ‘ I love Anastasia, ’ said I. His hand trembled violently in mine, and he became pale as a corpse. I saw it ; I understood it ; and I believe my hand also trembled. I bent toward him, kissed his brow, and whispered, ‘ I have never told her of it ; perhaps she does not love me ! Brother, remember I saw her daily ; she has grown up by my side, grown into my soul ! ’ ”

“ ‘ And thine she shall be ! ’ said he. ‘ Thine — I cannot lie to thee, nor will I do so ! I also love her ! But to-morrow I depart ; we shall see each other again in a year — then you will be married. Is it not so ? I have some money ; it is thine ! Thou must take it ; thou *shalt* take it ! ’ We wandered silently over the rock : it was late in the evening when we stood in my mother’s cabin.

“ Anastasia held the lamp toward us when we entered ; my mother was not there. Anastasia looked so strangely sorrowful at Aphtanides !

“ ‘ To-morrow thou wilt leave us ! ’ said she : ‘ how it grieves me ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Grieves thee ! ’ said he ; and I thought there was pain in the words, great as my own. I could not speak, but he took her hand and said, ‘ Our brother there loves thee ; is he dear to thee ? In his silence is his love ! ’ And Anastasia trembled, and burst into tears ; then I saw but her, thought only of her. I flung my arm around her waist, and said, ‘ Yes, I love thee ! ’ ”

“ She then pressed her lips to mine ; her hand rested on my neck ; but the lamp had fallen on the floor ; and it was dark around us, as in poor dear Aphtanides’ heart. He arose

before daylight, kissed us all in farewell, and departed. He had given my mother all his money for us. Anastasia was my bride, and a few days afterward my wife ! ”

XVI.

DEPARTURE FROM GREECE.

I LEFT Athens in the middle of the forenoon and drove to Piræus, although the French steamer *Eurotas*, in which I had taken my passage, started toward evening. Thus time remained for a short ramble, and that was to the grave of Themistocles, which I had once before visited.

From Piræus there is a very small peninsula, which bounds the eastern side of the bay ; near it is the new quarantine, and higher up, as I mentioned before, is a windmill. The whole ground is a species of travertines, and round about we see the remains of the old walls. Acanthus, cypress bushes, poor grass, and mixed red flowers grow here, where a few sheep graze, and a half-wild dog, with a ferocious aspect and terrible howling, darts toward every stranger. I went round the peninsula from the east to the west side.

Close by the shore, toward the Bay of Piræus, there stands a poor walled-up monument, exactly like a square chimney, on which is placed a less, and on that, another of still smaller dimensions ; in this last one there is a square marble tablet as large as a common sheet of paper, on which is inscribed, —

ΩΔΕΚΕΙΤΑΙ

ΟΝΑΥΑΡΧΟΣ

ΑΝΔΡΕΑΣ. ΜΙΑ

ε ληΣ.

1838.

It is the monument that was placed over Miaulis ; but his bones are said to have been secretly carried away by his family. Close by the hero's grave is a lesser one, but there is no intimation of its occupant — a small wooden cross without color or inscription is raised. On the other side of the island,

toward the Bay of Phalereus, are several overthrown columns, hewn out of the yellow foundations of the rock, and between these columns are two open graves quite filled with sea water: — one wave rushed in after the other. This spot, straight before the Bay of Salamis, is pointed out as the grave of Themistocles. The two extreme points of this little peninsula thus bear an ancient and a modern hero's grave, — Themistocles and Miaulis!¹ These are two historical light-houses, erected here for the stranger who lands in Piræus, to engage his thoughts.

The waves broke in a white foam in the larger bay to the right — the Bay of Phalereus, from whence Theseus sailed forth to combat against the Minotaur. Here Menelaus embarked — over these waters, and surrounded by these mountains which, still unchanged, greeted me. They went to Ilium! the same way lay spread before me; I should soon see the same coasts, the plain of Troy, and Mount Ida, which adorns itself as aforetime, with flowers and verdure; wraps itself in clouds; covers itself with snow, and then looks sorrowfully through the veil on the tumulus of Achilles, the only monument of mighty Ilium — and that great siege undertaken for a woman! How much that was and is great, new, and unknown, would there not be opened to me! And yet I was deeply grieved to leave Greece, where all things raised my thoughts from the trifles of every-day life, and where every bitterness from home was erased from my soul.

I met most of my friends from Athens in Piræus; the priest Lüth had his children with him. They stretched out their little hands after me; the Greek servant seized my hand, nodding and smiling; Ross was the last Dane I saw on board — he pressed me to his heart. It was a painful moment to me.

“I shall come again to Greece!” said I, as if to comfort myself: God grant they may be prophetic words.

I was now alone; the handkerchiefs of the ladies waved from the shore; every farewell was ended; when a letter of introduction was brought me from Prokesch-Osten to Barron

¹ Professor Ross supposes that Themistocles was buried on the opposite side of the Bay of Piræus, and not here.

Stürmer, Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople. Prokesch himself had that morning set out for Thebes. His gifted and amiable lady wrote a few words of farewell to me, and with them was a copy of Prokesch's charming poem "Gebet in der Wüste."¹ Herr Sonnenleitner, Attache to the Austrian Embassy in Greece, was the bearer. He is a young man with a poetic mind, and personally amiable; he was amongst the many Germans who attached themselves to me in Athens. I have often thought of him, and I here again send him my greeting.

When he was gone, I was among Greeks, Armenians, and Asiatic Jews, the ship's crew excepted. We were to sail at sunset. I was affected; the sea ran strong; it was my wish that I might be able to sleep during the whole voyage to Syra, as I had before done from Syra to Piræus. I laid down in my hammock and slept. I was awakened by the noise of the anchor cable, and started up: there was not the least movement in the sea. I threw my cloak around me, and ran up on deck to see the town of Syra; but I saw—Piræus, the mountains Hymettus, and Parnassus. It was now morning, at which time we were to start. The captain had waited for royal dispatches, and they had only just come. It was four o'clock.

We sailed in pretty shallow water: the sun arose, and shone every hour with greater power. One large umbrella after another was put up; the whole company formed the most picturesque groups. A Greek woman sat on the gun-carriage nursing her little child: an elder girl, poor, but beautiful and clean, stood leaning against the cannon. The men smoked their paper cigars, and admired an Arabian's Damascus blade. They asked me if I was a Bavarian, and when I said I was a Dane, I was again greeted as an American.

The marble columns of the ruins of Sunium's temple on Cape Colonna stood forth with a shining whiteness in the warm sunshine. Sea-birds fluttered around on the gray desert coast.

¹ This poem, which is one of Prokesch-Osten's most celebrated performances, is to be found in *Morgenländische Gedichte*, and is set to music by several composers.

Zea lay stretched out before us, and we soon saw Syra with its bare, rocky front. We had to sail round the island before the harbor opened to us. I had been here before : here at least I was no stranger.

The steamer by which I was to sail for Constantinople had not yet arrived ; I therefore walked into the Hôtel della Grecia, and not an hour afterward the host told me that there were some soldiers who had come to take me to the Council hall ; the magistrate must speak with me ! What could he want ? I was accompanied by two halberdiers, and was brought into a dark, ugly building, where a Greek magistrate asked me, in an austere tone, and in bad Italian, if I had a passport ? I showed it to him — he read and re-read it ; but the passport granted in Copenhagen was written in French and in Danish, and neither of these languages did he understand.

“ There is a German whom we must arrest and send back to Athens ! ” said the man. Then turning to me, “ I do not understand your passport ; but I believe you are a German, and the very person we are looking after ; you must therefore return to Athens ! ”

I endeavored to explain to him the contents of my passport ; but he would not understand me.

“ Well, then, ” said I, and took out a letter of introduction I had received in Athens to the Greek minister in Constantinople, Chrystides, who had previously been governor of Syra, and to whom I had been most kindly commended, “ please to read who I am ! ” The man took the letter, and he soon became politeness itself ; made many excuses, and they accompanied me, with great civility, to the hotel, where I again met the Russian who had been plundered on the voyage from Constantinople, still as angry as before, and cursing the East and all writers who excited the desire of travel in credulous people like himself.

THE EAST.

I.

A STORM IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

I ROWED out in the early morning from the harbor of Syros to the French war-steamer, *Rhamses*, which came from Marseilles, and had had a terribly stormy voyage over the Mediterranean. The storm had not yet ceased. The wind whistled in the shrouds, and the billows lashed the sides of the vessel.

When I reached the vessel, there was a screaming and shouting of Greek females, Jews and Jewesses, who were to go by it to Smyrna. Before they were permitted to go on board every one of them was obliged to show his or her ticket ; but it was either knotted up in a handkerchief, or given to a relative in another boat, so that they were in dreadful perplexity ; and the sailor who stood guard by the gangway raised his halberd against every one that did not directly show his ticket. A stout Greek female, in particular, bawled most horribly.

The poor, miserable deck-passengers were driven to a place set apart for them on the vessel ; and a watch was kept over them. The discipline appeared very strict on board the *Rhamses*.¹

We sailed directly in under the coast of Tenos, which appeared inhabited and fruitful. One village lay close to the other. One of them was of considerable size, with a pretty church. Round about were vineyards and cultivated fields. Three chains of mountains arose one behind the other. We passed so near to the rocky walls that I thought I felt the breakers against the ship. The sea ran stronger and stronger ;

¹ In Athens I only heard two French steamers praised as being pleasant for all passengers ; and they were the two I had previously sailed with, *Leonidas* and *Lycurgus*.

it was as if the storm darted out of the mountains on Tenos. Already the waves sprang on the ship's sides ; the poor deck-passengers were obliged to creep up toward the chimney ; by degrees they approached nearer and nearer to the flue. No one prevented them now ; every sailor had something else to do. The sails were hoisted, but they were hauled down again directly : the boatswain's whistle sounded ; and there was a shouting, a noise, a sea-sickness, a wailing that every moment increased. I continued for some time on deck, though the ship several times darted down the long and large billows like a sledge on a Russian mountain.

The Greek women threw their arms about each other's necks and howled ; the children lay as if half dead along the deck ; and the sea washed over the whole ship, so that every one was soaked with the salt-water. All this time the sea-gulls flew in flocks around us ; they looked like the winged hour-glass of invisible death : every plank in the ship creaked ; we rushed, as it were, from the stars into the deep, and again up to the stars.

At length, I got into my hammock. Everything rattled ; everything creaked. I heard the boatswain's whistle, the shutters that were closed, the bars that broke, the sea that struck against the ship, so that it stopped, and all its timbers groaned. There was one near to me who called on the Madonna and all the saints ! Another swore ! I felt certain that we must perish : and, when I thought more steadfastly of approaching fate, I felt myself easier. My thoughts were with all my dear friends in Denmark. "How much is there not done for me, and how little I have done !" This was the sorrow that pressed on my heart ! I thought of my friends. "God, do thou bless and comfort them !" was my silent prayer. "Let me work out in another world what I did not effect here ! All that they valued in me was thine ! Thou has given me all ! Thy will be done !" and I closed my eyes ! The storm raged over the sea ; the ship quivered like a sparrow in a whirlwind ; but I slept — slept from bodily exhaustion, and at a good angel's intercession.

When I awoke, I certainly heard the beating of the waves against the vessel ; but the ship itself glided quietly as a

sailing swan. We were under lee — we were in the Bay of Smyrna ; and I, as well as the Greek women, had assuredly expected to awake in another world ; and so in a certain sense I did. I stood on deck, and before me lay another world — the coast of Asia.

II.

SMYRNA.

THE sea, in the deep, extensive bay of Smyrna, appeared of a green-yellow, like a quarantine flag. The coasts of Asia reminded me of Sicily's ; but they were far more fruitful : such fertility I have never known ; the sun burned glowing hot ! I saw that part of the world of which Egypt's Moses was also vouchsafed a sight — that part of the world where Christ was born, taught, and suffered. I saw the coasts from whence Homer's songs were sent forth over the world. The East, the home of adventure, was here before me ; and I was now about to set my foot upon its soil.

We passed a fort. The whole coast to the right was covered with rich olive woods, in the middle of which was a large village, with red-brown houses, blooming fruit-trees, and a fresh green sward. A natural park, with leaf-trees and tall cypresses, joined the olive woods. Opposite us lay Smyrna.

Most of the houses are brown, the roofs red and pointed, as in the North. Cypresses were planted at almost every house, and they were as high as our poplars, in an almost innumerable quantity. Slender, white minarets, the first I had ever seen, arose above the tall, dark cypresses. In the eastern quarter of the city, down toward the bay, where the foreign consuls live, the flags of all nations waved on lofty poles. A green mountain, with a little grove of cypresses rose behind the city, and on its summit were the ruins of a dilapidated fortress.

The harbor was filled with vessels : there lay several steamers, a Turkish one amongst the rest ; the red flag with the half-moon waved at the top. A boat with veiled Turkish females rowed thither : these concealed, white figures reminded me of the Roman funeral processions.

We cast anchor, and I went on shore.

It was then destined, at my birth, that I should tread on Asia's shore. My thoughts were filled with great remembrances, and the first thing here that my eye lighted upon was a French theatrical *affiche*.

A French company was here ; they performed that evening "La Reine de seize ans," and "Les premiers Amours." Queen Christina of Sweden was fond of rambling ; but she certainly never thought of showing herself, or of being "shown up" in a theatre in Asia, before Greeks and Turks.

I went into the nearest street, which would be called a lane with us ; a number of small alleys run out of this street. The neighbor on one side could easily take a pinch out of his friend's box on the other, from his window. The houses are of wood and brick, or entirely of planks. None of them are very high, and in the chief street most of the ground-floors are open shops, with all sorts of wares. This street runs through the whole town, and terminates in the higher situated portion by the bazaar.

They say that, to avoid the plague, we must be careful not to come in contact with any one ; but it is an impossibility to do otherwise : if we have occasion, or feel a desire to go through the principal street of Smyrna, it is too narrow, and the crowd is too great. I met vast numbers of women wrapped in long muslin veils, so that only the tip of the nose and the dark eyes were to be seen. There came Armenians in long blue and black talarez, or gaberdines, with large black hats, in the form of an inverted cooking-pot, on their bare, shaven heads ; smartly dressed Greeks, and dirty Jews, and majestic looking Turks, who had their pipes borne before them by a lad. A sort of calash, with variegated curtains, was placed on the hump of a camel, and from this a veiled female head peeped out. A Bedouin, with bare legs, and head almost hid in his white burnoose, strode with hasty steps, like a disguised lion of the desert, through the crowd. I met a half-naked, black boy driving two ostriches before him with a stick. Each of them looked like a worn-out trunk on stilts, to which was fastened a dirty swan's neck. They were two ugly creatures, but they produced an effect in the picture. A scent of

musk and myrrh streamed out of several of the shops ; others were filled with fruit — Pomona's horn of plenty is not richer ! Clothes from three parts of the world made the most varied show here. All tongues jangle amongst each other — Arabian, Turkish, Greek, Italian ; it would look like a register, were I to enumerate them all.

My companion pointed to a gentleman in the midst of the crowd in a Frankish dress. "That is the Danish Consul, Herr Jongh," said he. I presented myself to him as a Dane, and we were soon walking arm in arm through the long street. Thus, by accident, I met at once the very person in Smyrna, to whom, as a Dane, I could best apply. Herr Jongh, however, was that very hour going to Constantinople in one of the Turkish steamers, the swiftness of which he praised much ; we should again meet in Pera.

At a remote part of the town, where the high-road seemed to lead into the interior of the country, was a Turkish khan. Large bolsters and rush mats lay before it, and on these were stretched a number of Turks in variegated caftan and turban, smoking their pipes. Large carriages, similar to those we in Denmark call basket wagons, were drawn by white oxen, hung round with metal plates, red cords, and tassels. One carriage was quite filled with veiled females, who sat in a heap in the bottom of the wagon, which was driven by a stout old Turk. They were certainly pretty. Yes, behind many a grating to each street, there was, surely, a small collection of houris ; but they were, as the Turkish poet sings, "Hidden like rubies in the casket, like attar of roses in the bottle, and like the parrot in the cage !" Even the negress concealed that "Night had poured itself into her limbs," and that "the hair is a darkness which rests on darkness !"

III.

A ROSE FROM HOMER'S GRAVE.

THE nightingale's love for the rose is celebrated in all oriental songs. The winged singer brings a serenade to his odorous flower in the silent, starry night.

I saw a blooming hedge of roses not far from Smyrna, under the tall plantains where the merchant drives his loaded camels, proudly stretching their long necks, and treading clumsily on the ground, which is holy; the wild doves flew amongst the high branches of the trees, and the dove's wings shone, as a ray of sunlight glided over them, so that the wings looked like mother-of-pearl.

On the rose-hedge one flower was the first amongst them all, and to this the nightingale sang his sorrowful love-tale. But the rose was silent. Not a dew-drop lay, like the tear of pity, on its leaves; it was bent with its stem over some large stones.

“Here rests the world's greatest poet!” said the rose: “I will shed my perfume over his grave! I will strew my leaves on it when the storm tears them off! The Iliad's singer became earth in this earth in which I germinated, and from whence I sprang! I, a rose from Homer's grave, am too holy to bloom for the poor nightingale!”

And the nightingale sang himself to death. The camel driver came with his loaded camels, and his black slaves. His little boy found the dead bird. He buried the little warbler in great Homer's grave, and the rose shivered in the blast. The evening came, the rose folded its leaves closer, and dreamt that there was a beautiful sunlit day. A crowd of strange men came; they were Franks. They had made a pilgrimage to Homer's grave. Amongst the strangers was a poet from the North, from the home of mists and the Northern Lights. He broke the rose off its stem, pressed it fast in a book, and took it with him to another quarter of the globe, to his distant father-land. And the rose withered with grief, and lay in the narrow book which he opened in his home, saying: “Here is a rose from Homer's grave!”

Yes, that is what the flower dreamed, and it awoke and trembled in the wind. A dew-drop fell from its leaves on the songster's grave. And the sun arose, and the flower was more beautiful than before. The day was warm; the rose was in its own warm Asia. Then footsteps were heard; there came strange Franks, as the rose had seen them in its dream, and amongst the strangers was a poet from the North. He broke

the rose off, pressed a kiss on its fresh lips, and took it with him to the home of mists and the Northern Lights.

The remains of the flower now rests, like a mummy, in his "Iliad"; and as in its dream, it hears him open the book and say: "Here is a rose from Homer's grave!"

IV.

A LITTLE BIRD HAS SUNG ABOUT IT.

WE sail again out of Smyrna's bay, past the fragrant green wood, past the eternal monuments. Fresh passengers have come on board. Who is that poor Greek sitting there abaft, on the rusty iron anchor-cable? He is young and handsome, but poorly clad. He comes from no great distance — his wretched clay cabin stands where the most celebrated temple once stood proudly aloft, glittering with gold and ivory. He is a herdsman from Ephesus. Does he know the great mementoes that are associated with his home, with that spot where he bakes his black bread between stones in the hot ashes? His father has told him a story, the blocks of marble in the grass have witnessed its truth, and a little bird has sung about it.

New Phoea lies under the mountain, between the green hills. Nod, ye green branches, nod to our ship; it comes from France, from Marseilles; the city that was founded by Phoea's children. Ye are too young, ye green branches, to know anything about it; but yet you know it; a little bird has sung about it!

Thou stormy sea, why dost thou swell so? The sky is cloudless, the sun sinks in ruddy grandeur! Asia's treble mountain chain breathes greatness and peace! Rest, rest thou stormy sea, and dream of old remembrances!

The new moon in the firmament seems like a thin boat of gold bearing a glass ball. It hangs by an invisible thread from the glittering evening star, whose ray points down toward Mytilene. What an evening! Yet in the North I had imagined such a one; a little bird has sung about it!

It is night: the billows strike against the ship, which continues its unchanging course. We are now under lee; but where? Who can sleep under the far-famed coasts fraught with reminiscences? We stand on the deck. The stars of night light up Tenedos and the coast of Asia. A row of windmills stand high aloft, like playthings; the sails turn round; a plain opens before us from the sea to the mountains. The helmsman points to a dark spot, a gigantic hill on the plain, and says: "Achilles!" Thou outstretched, solitary heath, with poor huts and bush-grown grave, dost thou know thy fame? No, thou art too old! Thou hast forgotten thy great mementoes, — Hector and Achilles, Ulysses and Agamemnon! Plain beneath Ida whereon stood Troy, thou no longer knowest thyself! The stranger asks thee about thy memories, and thou answerest, "I believe so! The stars know it! The stars know where Ilium stood; where Athena saved the hero! I do not remember it! but I have heard it; a little bird has sung about it!"

V.

THE DARDANELLES AND THE SEA OF MARMORA.

WE sailed into the Dardanelles, the Hellespont of the ancients, early in the morning. On the European side lay a town which seemed to have but one temple for God, but several for the stomach; here stood one minaret and five windmills. Close to the town was a pretty, nay, as it seemed, a handsome fortress; on the Asiatic side was a similar one; the distance between the two appeared to me to be about three quarters of a sea mile. Each coast was of a gravelly slope, behind which appeared flat, green fields. On the European side, at some distance from each other, lay some wretched stone cabins where the doors and windows were only holes in the walls; here and there grew a pine bush, and a few Turks were wandering on the solitary path along the strand. On the Asiatic side it appeared more inviting, more like summer; green fields with rich, umbrageous trees lay extended there.

Before us we saw Abydos in Asia, and Sestos in Europe, between which Leander swam over the stream that separated him from Hero. The burning lamp, held by love, was extinguished in the storm, and in the storm a burning heart became icy cold. The same swimming exploit was performed by Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead, R. N., in March, 1810.

The distance here between the coasts of these two parts of the world appeared to me not great; at least, I saw with the naked eye every single bush and every person; yet the transparency of the air must not be forgotten. Both the small towns had brown roofs, high, slender minarets, and before each house was a green, flourishing garden.

The tide was against our steamer; but with about a two hundred horse-power we get forward in the world.

We steered over toward the coast of Asia and the great city of the Dardanelles, on the fortress of which one great cannon was ranged by the side of the other: they did not salute us. Soldiers in European uniform, yet with red, high-crowned fez, peeped forth from between the port-holes. Boats with Turks and Turkish women rowed round our steamer. All the vessels in sight carried the flag with the Crescent on it; even the steam-vessel that passed us was Turkish. The deck was filled with Mussulmen, and their veiled women. The wind and tide were in their favor; the mainsail was hoisted; the smoke whirled thick and black out of the chimney, and the ship, with its motley passengers, shot forward at a rapid rate between the green coasts.

Some of our passengers left us here, but new guests took their places: there was above a hundred, all Turks, with fez or turban, and armed with pistols and guns. An officer, perhaps between twenty and thirty years of age, had all his seraglio with him. The women and their servants filled a whole boat when they came. I placed myself by the steps where they ascended to the deck; three wives, three black female slaves, two children, and an attendant constituted the family. The women at once drew the veil over their faces, even the black slaves hid their dark beauty. Their attendant, dressed like the master himself, in military frock, fez on his head, and slippers on his boots, spread cushions out by the

gunwale. The women laid themselves down on them with their backs to us, and their faces toward the balustrade: all had yellow morocco boots with red slippers over them; they wore spacious silk trousers, a short, variegated skirt, and a conical-shaped cloak with black border; a large white muslin veil covered the breast, neck, chin, and mouth, and hung forward over the head to the eyebrows. The nose and eyes were thus exposed; the long dark eyelashes heightened the lustre of their black eyes, the whites of which were rather bluish; the muslin sat so tight and was so transparent, that one could distinctly trace the form of the countenance. I afterward learned in Constantinople that it is only when they are old and ugly that the veil is made of less penetrable stuff. We can see the form, the color, the red lips, and the shining white teeth when they laugh; the youngest of the females was very pretty.

Before we sailed, all the Turks we had on board were obliged to discharge their pistols and guns; they cracked merrily, and gave an echo from Abydos and Sestos. All the weapons were laid in a heap in the middle of the vessel, which in a few minutes was covered from the bowsprit to the rudder with variegated cushions and carpets, on which the many Asiatic guests stretched themselves along; some smoked tobacco, others drank coffee, and others again opened the handles of their daggers, in which was an inkhorn and reed to write with, and composed long Turkish notes; but whether they were in verse or prose, I cannot say.

There still lay four sacks with coals by the engine chimney, and on one of these sat a merry young Turk, dressed in a dark-blue fur-bordered cloak, and with a splendid shawl turban. He improvised verses, and told stories to a whole crowd, who had sat down around him. They laughed, and applauded him; here were mirth and hilarity quite different from what I had imagined in the grave Turks. The captain and a few other Franks stood on the paddle-boxes and viewed the coasts.

A burial-ground, with white monuments, lay on the European side: it might have been taken for a large bleaching-field. On the Asiatic side there was a charming appearance

of spring. I took my place amongst the Turks, who listened to the improvisatore ; and they showed me how far more convenient their clothes were than mine to lie down in. The trousers, fitted close about the ankles, but toward the knees they were like wide sacks ; and their jackets sat upon them just as easily. I presented some fruit to the young Turk who improvised, and he thanked me with a happy friendly face. His eyelashes were dark and long, but his eyes of a very light-blue : there was in them an expression of much good-nature, mixed with cunning. He seized his reed, tore a leaf of paper out of a pocket-book, and wrote, all the time nodding and smiling to me. He then gave me the leaf, on which was a Turkish verse. I showed it to a Frank who knew Turkish, and he translated it for me : at the bottom was the young Turk's name. He was going to Wallachia to buy some splendid horses ; but he would first see Stamboul. He had made the voyage on board the excellent steamship *Rhamses* ; and on it he had met with me, who came from a greater distance than three times to Mecca. I thanked him for the verse, and he begged me to write him a few words in my language. I wrote a short Danish verse for him, and it was twisted and turned by him and his comrades just as I had twisted and turned his Turkish poem up and down.

I afterward placed myself by the gunwale of the vessel, where the Turkish women sat, for I wished to see the coast ; but I also looked at the women. They were eating, and had therefore taken the veil from their mouths. They also regarded me. The youngest and prettiest seemed to be a merry soul : she certainly made remarks about me, and whispered them to an elder one, who observed the greatest gravity, and only answered with a nod. During this mutual examination and regarding of each other, a young Turk came up, and entered into conversation with me in French, in the course of which he said, in a half-jesting tone, that it was contrary to the custom of the country for people to see their women without veils ; and asked me if I did not think the husband regarded me with a serious mien. His eldest little daughter waited on him with his pipe and coffee ; the younger one ran between him and the women.

If a man would be on good terms with parents, he must make friends with the children. This is a wise rule : and one that I have always found a good one. I wished to get hold of the younger of the two girls, to give her fruit, and play with her ; but she was like a wild kid ; she darted away to one of the black girls, clung fast to her, and hid herself, except the face, with the long veil. The merry little creature laughed from her place of security, and stretched her mouth out as if to kiss ; then whimpered aloud, and rushed toward her father. The elder sister, apparently about six years old, and extremely pretty, was more tame. She was a charming little unveiled Turkish girl, with red morocco slippers over her yellow boots, light-blue silk trousers, like bags, around her legs, a red flowered, short tunic, and a black velvet jacket over it, which descended around the hips ; her hair hung over her shoulders in two long plaits, in which were golden coins, and on her head she wore a little cap of gold stuff. She encouraged her little sister to eat some of the fruit I offered ; but she would not. I ordered the servant to bring some preserves, and the eldest and I soon became the best of friends. She showed me her plaything ; it was a clay jug to drink out of, formed like a horse, and with a little bird behind each ear. Had I been able to speak Turkish with her, I should at once have made a story about it for her. I placed her on my lap, and she took hold of my cheeks with her small hands, and looked up in my eyes so affectionately and confidentially, that I was obliged to speak to her. I spoke Danish, and she laughed so that her little heart hopped within her : she had never before heard so strange a speech. She certainly thought that it was some Turkish gibberish I had put together for her amusement. Her fine small nails were painted, like the women's, quite black ; a black stripe was traced across the centre of the palm of her hand. I pointed to it, and she took one of her fine, long hair plaits and laid it in my hand, to form a similar stripe across it, then winked to her younger sister, who talked with her, but always at a respectable distance. Her father called her, and as, with the most friendly expression of face, he put his hand to his fez, in the manner of the Franks, and greeted me, he whispered a few words in

the child's ear. She nodded knowingly, took a cup of coffee out of the servant's hand, and brought it to me. A large Turkish pipe was next presented to me, but as I do not smoke tobacco, I accepted the coffee, and lay down on the cushion with the friendly husband, whose little daughter's heart I had already won. That pretty child's name was Zuleika; and I can say with truth, that as I sailed from the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, I got a kiss from one of Asia's daughters.

The town of Gallipoli lay to the left: it appeared singularly dark, and had quite the character of a northern Swedish town, if I except the tall, white minarets. All the houses — close to each house was a little garden — had pointed red roofs, just like ours in the North; and they all appeared dark and old-fashioned, with wooden balconies, and porches painted red. There was something dark and ruinous in the appearance of the whole city. Several buildings hung over the sea where the waves ran strong; it blew desperately cold. During my whole voyage in the South I never experienced it so cold. I felt the icy coldness of marble. A light-house was built on the Asiatic and one on the European side; low, but wild and naked rocks extended along the coast by Gallipoli; then came flat green fields as in Denmark: on the Asiatic coast several mountains arose behind each other. The wind and stream were against us; the Sea of Marmora looked dark and foaming; the waves struck against the prow of the vessel, and splashed over the Turks who had taken their places there; one of them got a fine sousing. He shook his red mantle, and took his three head-coverings off; the outside one was quite filled with water. All the Turks have, as is well known, the hair of their heads shaved off, except a long tuft, by which the angel of life is to drag them out of the grave on the day of judgment. This Turk had on, first a white night-cap; over this was a little red fez, and on this again a larger fez with a silk tuft. I, however, felt myself able to bear the sea, but the wind was intolerably cold, — as in the North. We were soon out of sight of the coasts both of Europe and Asia, and steered our course directly toward the marble island, which arose picturesquely grand in the midst of the troubled

sea. After dinner, we were under its coast, where the sea was not running so strong. The sun was going down, and it lighted up the beautiful island with its green trees and shining white marble rocks. I thought of the Arabian Nights' tales, and although it was so cold, I felt myself here amid the scenes of its strange adventures. I believe it would not have astonished me much if the little clay horse with a bird behind its ear had received life, and swelled into a large horse which might have borne me and little Zuleika, and flown with us over to the marble island ; and when we touched the earth there amongst myrtles, that she had become a full grown girl, charming as she was in childhood, and glowing as the sun that had poured his beams into her dark eyes ; but the clay horse was not animated, and there was no flight.

The sea ran stronger and stronger : I was obliged to lie down in my hammock, though it was not more than half-past seven in the evening. The cold Sea of Marmora so assailed the ship that its side bones cracked, making us fancy that the planks would be separated from each other. The time crept on at a snail's pace ; whenever I looked at the clock, the hands had scarcely advanced half an hour. "O, it will be a long night !" said I, — and then I slept, whilst the ship danced over the foam of *la mare di Marmora!*

VI.

ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND PERA.

THE whole night had been one of storm and rain ; in the morning the sunshine combated against clouds and mist ; behind us rolled the dark-green foamy waves of the Sea of Marmora ; but before us we saw, like a Venice built by the fancy, the Stamboul of the Turks, the immense city of Constantinople. Dark cypresses and light-green trees peeped forth, arabesque-like, between that stone-sea of dark red buildings, where the cupolas of the mosques, with golden balls and crescents, rested each like a Noah's ark ; and where the high column-like minarets, with their pointed towers, shone by hundreds against the gray, cloudy air.

The Bosphorus was not to be seen ; Asia's mountainous coast melted together with Europe's. The sunlight fell over a great part of the cypress forest — the Asiatic burial-ground of the Turks — of which they say that its surface is so great that it could furnish Constantinople with corn, and its coffins are so many that they could build new walls around the city with them.¹

We sailed directly in under the old walls, which were built so as to be joined to the first building we saw there, the fortress, the seven towers, in Turkish — “*Jedi Kulelev* ;” — many an earthquake has shaken this building, but not destroyed it. Foliage of ivy and wild plants hung down from the walls ; dark and dingy was this inhabited ruin, the place of execution for political prisoners, in the yard of which the well of blood swallows up the heads of the state criminals who are put to death here.

From the “*Seven Towers*,” past the gardens of the *Seraglio* which form the point of the *Golden Horn*,² a road extends along by the sea under the walls of the city. Small houses and hanging gardens are erected on them, where Turkish boys ran playing and screaming.

Under the gardens of the *Seraglio* the road became smaller, but the walls higher and quite white, with small overhanging houses, the railed-in windows of which shone with gold and silver ; the whole garden and walls lay fairy-like, like what we may have seen in a dream. The old *Seraglio* is a dark-red, noble-looking pile, but somewhat heavy in comparison with the rest of the environs.³ The new *Seraglio* looks handsome, and invites the eye. Round about stand splendid kiosks, where rich marble columns support the glittering spiral roofs.

¹ The promontory here at *Scutari* is the place where *Mythology* states that *Io* landed, when, fleeing from *Juno*, she was turned into a heifer.

² *Constantinople* is built entirely in the form of a horn of plenty, and from thence it has the name of “*The Golden Horn*.”

³ On the place where *Byzas* erected temples to *Neptune* and *Aphrodite*, *Constantine* built churches to the *Virgin* and *St. Barbara*. Where these temples and the churches stood there is now the *Seraglio*. A holy spring for the Christians bubbles forth from the garden through the walls.

We swept round the Golden Horn, past Leander's Tower,¹ and now lay in the harbor, which extends into the sweet waters ;² on the left side Constantinople greeted us, on the right lay Galata, and higher up Pera, the round tower of which stood high in air where the clouds floated. Large vessels formed a forest of masts in the broad bay. A mass of boats, most of them narrow and small like the canoes of the savages, with the rowers and passengers lying at the bottom, flew past like arrows. There was such a screaming and shouting, whistling and humming, compared with which the noise in the Bay of Naples appeared to me as a solemn festival.

Old brown-yellow Turks, with large variegated turbans and naked arms, lifted their voices one above the other, swung their oars about, and invited us to enter their boats. I had my things thrown down into one, followed after myself, and away we went with rapid strokes toward the shore, which was garnished with boats and small vessels. We landed over these, and stood on the jetty. I offered the waterman a silver coin, the value of which I did not rightly know: he shook his head, took a very small coin from his pocket, and showed it to me, assuring me that a greater payment was not due to him. So honest are the Turks; and every day, during my stay there, I had fresh proofs of their honesty. The Turks are the most good-natured and fair dealing people I have ever encountered.

A ruddy-brown muscular Arabian offered himself to carry my luggage. He put a cord hastily round my portmanteau, trunk, and hat-box, threw the burden over his shoulders, and walked on, only nodding when I named the hotel where I wished to stay.

We came into a crooked street, or rather maze, where every house was a shop with vegetables, bread, meat, or clothes; and where we met men of all nations. The way was through the narrow gate of Galata into Pera. No one asked me for a

¹ The Turks call it the Maiden's Tower, and connect with it a story of a Greek princess, who was kept imprisoned here by her father, but was liberated by the Arabian hero, Heschah. It is now used as a lighthouse.

² So the Franks call this beautiful valley, which borders on the northern part of the harbor, and is a place of amusement for the inhabitants of Constantinople and the suburbs.

passport.¹ The street ran steep upward, and was just as small, and with just as bad a pavement as at Galata. We went past a guard of young yellow-brown lads, in tight blue jackets and trousers, with white bandolier and red fez. They lay almost on their stomachs along the street and read their prayers. An hour-glass stood beside them.

Under the tower of Pera, in the moat, there lay flayed and bleeding horses. We passed Turkish cafés where the fountains splashed in the open room. The Dervises' cloister, with golden inscriptions of the Alcoran, placed in the wall above the gate, lay on our way through the principal street, which is very small. The houses have two and three stories, and there are porches before them all. The side-streets are still narrower; the buildings appear to meet above, so that in rainy weather one scarcely needs an umbrella here.

What a swarm of beings! In the midst of the crowd there was a Bulgarian peasant dancing, with a calot on his head, miserable sandals on his feet, and a long sheepskin jacket on his back. He danced like a bear springing up on its hind legs. Another Bulgarian played the bagpipes for him. Six or eight brown, muscular fellows were dragging along large blocks of marble, which were placed on round pieces of timber. They continually cried out their "Make way!" We met Armenian priests with crape fluttering from their hats. Now sounded a mumbling song; a young Greek girl was borne along to be buried; she lay in her customary clothes, and with her face uncovered in the open coffin, which was ornamented with flowers. Three Greek priests and two little boys, with lighted candles, walked before.

What a crowd! what tumult! Parti-colored carriages, looking like small alcoves made of card-board, gilded before and behind, with long fluttering curtains, from behind which veiled women peeped out, rocked over the uneven pavement. Horses and asses laden with beams and planks forced their way through the crowd.

At length we came to the Hôtel de la France, kept by Mr.

¹ The same was the case on my arrival in Greece; on the contrary, on my departure from Piræus, mine and every passenger's trunk were examined to see if we did not take away any statues.

Blondel ; and, no sooner were we within the door, than everything gave signs of European arrangement and convenience. French and Italian waiters ran up and down stairs, comfortable rooms were before us, and at the *table d'hôte* we dined as well as in any good hotel in the larger cities of Europe. The company was much diversified. The chief portion were Franks, who came from their travels in Asia Minor, and had retained their Asiatic dress, in which they were most secure. A few Prussian officers, in the Sultan's army, were in Turkish military surtouts, and with the high-crowned fez. The noise from the street ascended to us in a sort of mitigated hiss. The Bulgarian's bagpipes sounded ; a snuffing song, executed by the poor, unveiled women from the mountains, outroared these tones, and then blared the noisy martial music, as the soldiers came home from parade. I knew the melody ; it was the gallopade in Auber's opera, "Gustavus III."

VII.

THE BAZAARS.

THE stranger ought first of all to visit the bazaars¹ in Constantinople. To do so is to enter into that enormous city at once : one is overwhelmed with the sight, the splendor, and the tumult. Each is a city of bees that we enter ; but every bee is a Persian, an Armenian, an Egyptian, or a Greek. The East and West hold a great fair here. No other city can show such a crowd, such a variety of costumes, or such a grouping of articles of trade.

When one goes over the bay in a boat from Pera to Constantinople, the street that leads to the bazaars is throughout on the ascent. It is narrow, winding, and crooked. The ground-floors of the houses on each side resemble the wooden shops in our markets. We can see directly into the workshop of the shoemaker and carpenter ; we fancy that we go right

¹ Besestan, that is to say, covered market-places, are here called the bazaars. There are, properly, three. The side-streets may be regarded as entrance halls.

through the kitchen and bakehouse, there is such a cooking, and baking ; such a steam and odor from the ovens and chimneys in the open houses. Bread, and all kinds of victuals, are exhibited for sale.

We now stand outside the great bazaar, around which small half-covered streets branch off in different directions. One quarter offers all kinds of fruit and vegetables, both fresh and preserved ; another has shell-fish, and fish of the most different colors and forms. Large pieces of sail-cloth, or old carpets, are drawn across the street from shop to shop, like a roof. The pavement is very bad, and the gutter is in the middle of the street.

A long hall, formed, for the most part, of planks, and quite filled with pipe-heads, pipe-tubes, and mouth-pieces of amber, leads into the bazaar, which is built with thick fire-proof walls. It is an entire roofed town ; every nation has its separate quarter : the Jews theirs, the Egyptians theirs, etc., etc. Every sort of article of trade has its street ; every particular trade its department, — the shoemakers one, the saddlers one, and so on without end. Every street is an arcade painted with flowers and inscriptions from the Koran ; the light comes down from the ceiling. Shop is joined to shop, and each seems like an inverted chest, in the back of which an opening is cut in the thick wall, where the goods not exposed to view are kept.

The Egyptians' quarter — *Missr-tscharschussi* — seems like a complete apothecary's shop, extending through two streets. All the spices of India and Arabia, medicinal herbs, and valuable colors, exhale a mixed odor. A tawny Egyptian in a long talar stands behind the counter ; he looks like the figures of an alchemist, such as we have been accustomed to see delineated in prints.

Another arcade has the appearance of being the entrance hall to the world's armory. Here is the saddlers' arcade ; saddles and bridles of morocco leather and buffalo's skin, from the most exquisite and curiously sewed, to the simplest and almost clumsy, hang on the walls, and are spread out on the counters and floor.

Another arcade is the jewelers'. Gold chains glitter, bracelets sparkle, valuable rings and precious jewels dazzle the eye.

We are now got amongst a mass of perfumers ; here is a scent of oil of roses, musk-bags, incense, and odorous rats'-tails. We enter the next arcade, and see nothing but boots and shoes in all colors, and of all forms ; slippers glittering with pearls and beautiful embroidery. Another arcade crosses this, and is filled with all kinds of linen-drapers' and mercers' wares such as muslins, handkerchiefs embroidered with large golden flowers, splendid stuffs, etc. The next arcade glitters with arms, — Damascus blades, daggers, knives, guns, and pistols.

It is highly interesting to regard the characteristic manner in which each nation manifests itself. The Turk sits serious and majestic, with the long pipe in his mouth ; the Jew and the Greek are bustling ; they shout and wink ; meanwhile the varied mass moves along through these crossing arcades. Persians, with pointed hairy caps ; Armenians with inverted cone-shaped black hats ; Bulgarians in sheepskin mantles ; Jews with ragged shawl around the black high-crowned turban ; smart Greeks, and veiled women. Here is a crowd ; and in the midst of all this there rides a Turk of distinction, who neither looks to the right nor left.

On a given signal in the evening, the sellers and buyers depart. A sort of watchman, to whom the charge of guarding the bazaars is intrusted, locks all the entrances, and opens them again next morning at a fixed time ; the sellers then find their shops just as they left them. Even during the day a single shop is never closed, otherwise than by the owner hanging a net before it ; or he draws a few pieces of pack-thread across, for there no one ventures to steal. The magnificent shops of the Palais Royal, in comparison with the bazaars of Constantinople, are as a richly dressed grisette compared to the daughter of the East in her rich stuffs, with her hair shedding the perfumes of attar of roses and myrrh.

VIII.

A RAMBLE THROUGH CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE have seen the bazaars, the heart of ancient Stamboul ; we will now take a short ramble and begin with what was formerly called a "forbidden road" for the Christian, namely, the female slave-market ; then to one of the mosques, the permission to enter which is now easily obtained : but the presents that are to be given to the different persons in office from whom this permission proceeds amount to not a small sum of money ; still amongst the strangers in Pera there is often an ambassador, or rich man, who willingly pays this tribute. The guides always know the particulars, and then we apply to him who has the granting of the permission, which is always given for the person and suite.

Thus we now belong to the suite of a rich American ; but we must go on horseback, for it looks more pompous, and the Turks pay great regard to pomp and magnificence. A few soldiers, also mounted, accompany the procession.

Not far from the great bazaar, we come to a place surrounded by wooden buildings, forming an open gallery ; the jutting roof is supported by rough beams ; inside, along the gallery, are small chambers where traders stow their goods, — and these goods are human beings — black and white female slaves.

We are now in the square ; the sun shines ; rush mats are spread out under the green trees, and there sit and lie Asia's daughters. A young mother gives the breast to her child, and they will separate these two. On the stairs leading to the gallery sits a young negress not more than fourteen years of age ; she is almost naked ; an old Turk regards her. He has taken one of her legs in his hand ; she laughs, and shows her shining white teeth.

Do not veil the beautiful white women, thou hideous old wretch ; it is these we wish to see ; drive them not into the cage ; we shall not, as thou thinkest, abash them with bold eyes.

See ! a young Turk with fiery looks ; four slaves follow him ; two old Jewesses are trading with him. Some charming Tscherkasier girls have come ; he will see them dance, hear

them sing, and then choose and buy! He could give us a description of the slave-market, such as we are not able to offer. He follows the old women to behold the earth's houris; and how do they look? The Turkish poet Ibn Katib has sung about the heavenly beings, and of these we perhaps dare hear, remembering that he borrowed the picture from the earthly.

“ Know, a houri is a beauty, black of eye and white of cheek ;
 Eyebrows small, lashes long ; her locks with fragrant odors teem ;
 Varied brightness dwells in each, just like pearls in mussel shells,
 Their lustre changes every minute ! Here is color without equal,
 Here is beauty, here is grace ; here are heaven's choicest roses !
 The mountain's snow and ocean's foam of their whiteness are ashamed,
 No earthly fruits, nor earthly roses, can these cheeks and mouth resemble.

What are pearls and what are jewels to the foot's musk-dust compared ?
 Some are dark and others light, like two species of bright rubies :
 This gives only stolen glances, the other sends them in long looks.
 If a houri showed herself here, earth would stand in rays of light ;
 If she had her lips half opened, man would praise th' Almighty's power.
 More than worlds the veil conceals, for it does her eyes secrete :
 Formed of light the houris are, and cannot like the dust be changed.
 Always young, always !” —

But we shall do best to ride away from Ibn Katib and Constantinople's slave-market!

We stop at the Church of St. Sophia ; it is a heavy, irregular building. Constantine the Great had it erected and consecrated to the holy wisdom, “ Aja Sophia.” Rare and singular relics were preserved here : the Samaritan well ; three doors covered with planks from Noah's ark ; the angels' trumpets, said to have been used at the siege of Jericho : but these curiosities have disappeared. Aja Sophia sank twice under the flames, and once by an earthquake, but always rose again in renewed splendor. On the nights of the Ramadan, when the almost flat cupola is illuminated with ostrich egg lamps, and the whole congregation in motley splendor lie outstretched on their faces, the church flatters itself with visions of the coronations of emperors, espousals, synods, and church meetings ; it dreams of that night of terror when its gates were forced, and the Christian altars profaned ; it still hears the sound of “ There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet !” as it heard it that night from the lips

of the emperor Mohammed, when it was transformed into a mosque.

What strange dreams — the history of whole generations of mankind — are enacted there, as though they were realities! Perhaps thou also dreamest of the future, Aja Sophia! or hast a foreboding like that which moves amongst the people within. Shall the obliterated Cross on the door again be renewed? Shall the altar be removed from the corner toward Mecca, and take its place again toward the East? The Musulman points to a walled-up door in the uppermost gallery of the church and whispers a tradition from that night, when a Christian priest was hewed down before the altar behind this door. If the Christians once more become masters here, and Ishmael's race pass into Asia, which already holds its dead, every stone in the doorway will fall, and the Christian priest will stand there again and sing the mass in which he stopped when the death-blow struck him. When the mass is ended the dead priest will vanish, and Christian hymns sound through the church.

It is strange to wander here, followed by armed men, and regarded with angry looks by the praying visitants, as if we were excommunicated spirits.

Magnificent pillars are seen here. The eight of porphyry once stood under the cupola of the Temple of the Sun in Baalbec; the green were brought from the Temple of Diana in Ephesus. We read under the cupola, in letters twelve feet long, an inscription from the Alcoran: "God is the light of heaven and earth!"

Look not so angrily at us, thou old priest; thy God is also our God! Nature's temple is the joint house of God for us; thou kneelest toward Mecca; we toward the East! "God is the light of heaven and earth!" He enlightens every mind and every heart!

We depart from Aja Sophia; a short street leads us to Almeidán, the largest and handsomest square in Constantinople. Yet it was once far more splendid.

Here was the Hippodrome which Constantine ornamented with colonnades and statues; here stood the proud bronze horses, that now find a place in Venice over the entrance to

St. Mark's Church ;¹ here stood the colossal statue of Hercules, every finger of which was equal to a man in circumference. Only three monuments of former times are now to be found here. The first is a little column formed of three entwined copper snakes. They were once the pedestal for the oracle's tripod in Delphi ; the Turks regarded it as a talisman for the Greek kingdom, and therefore Mohammed II. cut off the head of one of the snakes, with his battle-axe ; the English stole the two others, and the Turkish boys now use the ore-green remains as a target.

A few paces from hence rises an obelisk of porphyry, covered with hieroglyphics ; it came from Egypt through Athens ; and it stands unchanged, as if protected by the invisible gods of Egypt.

The third monument here is a square stone column of immense size. It threatens to fall. It is Constantine's pillar, and was once covered with plates of gilded copper ; we now see only the iron rings that held them together.

These are the remains of the Hippodrome's splendor. Yet this is still the finest place in the city : its extent, and the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, blind our eyes. Behind the shining white wall, with the gilt trellised windows, there are high plantains and cypresses ; within the walls, by the gilded grave-columns, are splashing fountains. It is a little grove, where the Mussulmen and women pace silently. The broad steps lead up to Achmet's Mosque, where all is marble — even the six high minarets, lifting their balustrades one above the other, and ornamented with carved railings : golden balls glitter on the cupolas ; the Crescent shines on the minarets ; it is beautiful to behold.

And yet we depart from it. A crooked little street leads us to a fantastic building, where everything is marble and gold. See how it shines against the blue, transparent air. Plantains, cypresses, and flowering rose-hedges form a little garden behind the ornamented walls, with splendid windows, and artificial carvings. The building itself is certainly Fata

¹ They came from Athens to Chios, then to Constantinople ; from thence they were taken to Venice. Napoleon had them brought to Paris ; and now they are again in Venice.

Morgana's own bed-chamber, it is so light and airy, though built of marble. The columns, cornice, and roof beam with ornaments and colors. We ascend the stairs, which go round the whole building; we look through the large panes, between a gilt trellis, and see a round, airy house; the eye is blinded with the magnificence of the East! Is it a bridal-chamber for the first Pasha of the land? No, it is a tomb! It is Sultan Mahmoud's tomb.¹ In the middle of the floor stands his coffin, covered with valuable shawls of various colors; his rich turban glittering with jewels and with a feather that seems plaited of rays, is laid on the coffin where his head rests. Small coffins stand around it in a circle; in each of them reposes one of his children; they are all hidden by rich carpets. Two priests stare at us, and raise their hands in a threatening posture: "The Christian man must not see a Believer's grave!" say they; the censer swings, and the blue smoke of the incense rises in the sunbeams toward the splendid roof.

A tent was spread over Mahmoud's coffin, after they had brought it hither. Rich and poor were permitted to enter; old men wept, so beloved was he: he who had overthrown the Janizaries, and introduced the discipline and clothing of the Franks. The building was, meanwhile, erected around the tent, as we now see it. When the cupola was placed, and when the Crescent shone in the sun's rays, the tent was first taken from over the coffin, which was wet with tears.

But now we are tired of rambling and sight-seeing; there is a day to-morrow, when we will go to the caravanserai — that mighty stone colossus which contains the rich wares from the cities of Asia. We will go to the magnificent aqueduct, where the creeping plants hang between the large square stones; we will visit a Turkish bath:² nay, perhaps try one.

See, this is our day's ramble in Constantinople!

¹ Abdul Medjid's father.

² The bathing-houses have cupolas like the mosques, into which the light descends through large glass bells. In the foremost saloon, where we undress, there is a fountain, and along the walls there are divans; we enter through a warmer room into the bathing saloon, which is of marble, with high columns. The floor is heated, so that we must walk in wooden slippers: a hot steam fills the whole saloon.

IX.

THE DERVISES' DANCE.

IT is well known that the Turks, speaking generally, regard all imbecile persons as inspired by a divine spirit. Therefore the insane have places in the mosques. The terrible Isani are objects of respect and awe ; the Dervises are included in this category by reason of their dance, which is a positive self-torture. They chew a sort of intoxicating root, which increases their delirium.

The dervises who have their cloister in Scutari are called "Ruhanis," which signifies "the howling." The dervises in Pera are named "Mewlewis," that is, "the turning." They usually dance on Thursdays and Fridays. I have seen these dances, and will try to give a description of them, and of the impression the whole ceremony, in their cloister, made on me.

A traveller, with whom I sailed over to Scutari to see the Dervises, prepossessed me particularly by his accounts of the dance of the Isani, which resemble them. The traveller came from Tripoli, where, as on the whole coast of Africa, in all the mosques there are found, under a sort of guard, whole crowds of these creatures. On a certain day in the year it is made known that the Isani will dance through the streets, and then every one locks his door. No Christian or Jew ventures out, or he might, on meeting this wild procession, although it is under guard, be torn to pieces alive. Dogs, cats, every fowl that comes in their way, they tear to pieces, swallowing the reeking limbs.

"I was last year, on that very day (the day for the insane) in Tripoli," said the stranger. "I obtained a place on the flat roof of our Consul's house. All the gates and doors in the street were well fastened ; the procession approached ; a crowd of well-armed horse soldiers surrounded the furious mob, which, with the exception of a belt, were completely naked. Their long, jet-black hair hung down over their shoulders. They made strange little jumps, and uttered a wild howl, constantly throwing the head forward, and then back again, so that the long hair sometimes concealed the face, and

sometimes fluttered about with frightful wildness. The horrid screams were accompanied by the music of drums and bagpipes ; and as they sprang forward, they now and then stooped down, took up a loose flint, and cut deep gashes in their breasts and arms with it. In order to see the wildness of the Isanis, we ordered a Moorish slave to bind a living goat outside the house where we stood. As the crowd came on, the Moor was directed to kill the animal : he stuck his dagger into its neck, and then sprang in behind the door. The goat sprawled in its blood, and at the same time, the howling Isanis pressed forward. One of them thrust his hand into the bleeding wound, lifted the goat up with a howl, tore it in pieces, and flung the bleeding entrails up against the walls of the house. The whole crowd fell upon the animal, and literally ate the flesh, hide, and hair !”

During this relation we crossed the Bosphorus. I only repeat what was told me ; and it was the prelude to the fancy which seized me of going to the cloister, and seeing what was to be enacted there.

We were now in Scutari, a city that has a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants — twenty thousand more than Copenhagen ; yet it is only regarded as a suburb of Constantinople. Here everything is old Mohammedan. Here live, if we may dare to call them so, the orthodox Turks. A few well armed, half-naked Arabs drove their laden camels from the shore, through the street, toward the large burial-ground. A long walk began ; we followed them, and stopped at a remote corner of the city, at a poor, insignificant house. This was the dervises' cloister.

The door was not yet open ; we had come too early, and therefore went to the neighboring *cafés* which extend straight up to the immense cypress forest, where the dead rest. A number of Turks, military and civilian, sat outside the *cafés* under the green leaf trees. Some of them were here to take part in the dervises' dance, or, like us, to see it. An ugly old dwarf sat there ; they said that he was a zealous Ruhani, and that I should soon see him amongst the dancers. He was said to be very rich, and had twelve handsome wives in his seraglio. He had his son with him in the *café* — a fine boy, who was as tall as his father.

At length the door of the cloister was opened. We went over to it, and came into a broad front hall, divided into two parts by a woolen carpet; here it looked like the shed before the out-building where they exhibit wild animals in our provincial towns. Every one was obliged to pull off his boots or shoes, which were set up behind the curtain.

My companion, the traveller, who had been in Tripoli, took a pair of morocco slippers out of his pocket, pulled them over his boots, and in this manner entered; but the Turks looked angrily at him and spoke to themselves. I had straps sewed fast to my trousers, so that it was difficult to get the boots off; but as one ought to follow the custom of a country or fly the land, I took my knife out, at once cut the straps in two, and walked in like the Turks in my socks. An old man with a turban on nodded mildly and said something which my interpreter translated for me,—“That I was a good man who respected their religion, and deserved to be a Turk!” “God enlighten thee!” were his last words.

I now entered the temple itself, if it can be so called. It formed a square hall; above was a well-grated gallery for the women; at the bottom was a barrier of rough boards round about; within was the dancing place, which for the moment was covered with red, white, and blue colored skins; on these lay a number of dervises on their stomachs. They were clothed in the customary dress of the Turks, yet there were also many in the new regulation dresses, military frocks and high, large fez. They touched the floor with their foreheads; now and then they raised their heads; but as if something terrified them, they struck their heads quickly down again. I stood in my socks on the cold stone floor, and shifted the one foot on to the instep of the other, to get a little warmth in them. It was by no means pleasant.

Large frames with Turkish inscriptions, and pictures representing buildings, hung down the centre wall. Here also hung tambourines, cymbals, and iron scourges with sharp spikes to tear the skin with. In the middle of the wall was a niche, which served as an altar, the same as in the mosques; in front of this stood an ecclesiastic in blue talar, green turban, and with a long white beard. He swung a censer with

burning incense, and uttered some Turkish words in a strange, guttural manner. And now some of them began a song with chorus, — I say a song, but that is not the right word for such a noise. It was a sound that was something so peculiarly wild, changing in different rhymes — a sort of scale — a singular running up of notes with the throat, quite as a savage with a musical ear would have imitated a *bravura* in his way, after having heard it for the first time. It was more horrible than really inharmonious to hear.

After the dervises had touched the floor several times with their foreheads, they arose, kissed the priest's hand, and placed themselves in a semicircle along the barrier that separated them from the spectators.

The dance began. At the same time there came a man whose appearance was calculated to excite the greatest horror I have ever as yet seen any human being capable of producing. He was accompanied by two dervises from Pera, so easily known by their high crowned felt hats without a brim. I have never seen a man in whom insanity was so clearly visible in the eyes as this. The other dancers had laid their turbans and fez in the niche, and each had put on a white felt calot or cap; it was in such a one that the madman entered, who, my guide informed me, was a hermit from the neighborhood of Medina. His black, wiry hair, hung far down over his back and shoulders; he had on a white cloak, on which was sewed two winged horses of red stuff; he placed himself in the centre of the semicircle. All stood as if their feet were nailed fast, but as if a steam-engine set the other limbs in motion: every joint moved in the same direction, first forward, then backward; now to the right, then to the left; and all during a song or recitation — whatever we may choose to call it — first slowly and then in quicker and quicker time — the song as well as the motion; so that by degrees the dancers fell into wild, nay, almost obscene postures.

Two young Turks sat cross-legged outside the semicircle and led the song, which rose continually with a monotonous intonation on the third syllable. They ran through the whole of Mohammed's race, from Abdallah to Mohammed, and the chorus was: "La illah! illallah!" At last it sounded like a dull

howl, a snoring, or death rattle. Some were pale as death : others were deep red ; the water streamed down from all their faces. The hermit now threw off his cloak, and stood in a red woolen blouse with sleeves extending over his hands, and with naked legs ; he was soon in a state of madness, and tore his tight blouse, striking his breast with his naked arms. One of his hands was withered, probably his own doing ; his mouth was one bleeding wound ; both his lips had lately been cut off, so that the white teeth grinned ; it was horrible to look at ! His mouth began to bleed, his eyes rolled, and the veins in his forehead swelled. The dance became more and more violent, and yet not one moved an inch from his place. They seemed not to be men, but machines. They no longer spoke words : words were lost in a short howl. "Jehovah" sounded like "Je—hu !" in the rest of the song, "Ja—med !" "O help !" most distinctly. It was like a death groan — it was frightful ; and the more I looked at the dancers, the more I felt that I was in a mad-house amongst the insane. "Ja—hu ! ja—hu !" was the wild, howling cry.

My companion whispered to me : "For Heaven's sake do not laugh, or we are undone ! they will murder us !"

"Laugh !" I replied : "I am ready to weep ! It is afflicting — it is shocking ! I cannot bear it any longer !"

I sought the door in haste, and at the same moment some of the dancers fell to the ground.

When I was out in the street, I still heard the wild howl : "Ja—hu ! ja—hu "

How beautiful, how warm it was without in the clear sunshine. The light boat, thin as a shaving, darted from the coast of Asia toward Europe, over the rapid current, past sailing vessels and boats. The least shock, and we must have upset ; but of that I thought not ; we came from the dwelling of terror, and here all was nature and gladness.

The day after, I visited the Mewlewis, the turning dervises in Pera. They have their own peculiar dress, and a fine airy cloister. Everything shows that they stand in a higher rank than the Ruhanis. The entrance to the cloister is near the burial-ground, toward the principal street in Pera. There are some high cypresses in the court-yard. The cloister itself is separated from the temple where they dance.

An old Armenian accompanied me thither ; the yard was filled with women, but they durst not enter the temple itself. I saw several young dervises through the open windows of the cloister, exercising themselves in turning round.

The soldiers on guard winked to us while we stood in the yard. We were obliged to take off our boots, and were then conducted into the gallery which extends around the saloon, and which was covered with mats. Everything was clean and handsome : the view through the open windows to Scutari and the distant Asiatic mountains certainly contributed much to the embellishment : every window afforded a splendid diorama.

The gallery I entered was quite filled with Turks ; but when they saw me, a stranger, they all made way directly, and pushed each other aside, so that I might come freely up to the barrier. Here, and everywhere else, I must praise the civility of the Turks.

The festival now began. A crowd of dervises entered ; they were all barefooted, and each of them was wrapped up in a large, dark-green cloak ; a white felt hat, certainly an ell high, and entirely without a brim, covered the head. One of the eldest, with a long white beard, placed himself in the middle of the hall, crossed his arms, and said a prayer, accompanied by low, monotonous music—two notes on the flute, and but one, and the same note, on the drums ; it sounded almost like the regular splashing of a fountain. All the other dervises went slowly in a circle around the old man.

They now threw off their cloaks, and each appeared in an open, dark-green jacket, with long, narrow sleeves ; a long skirt of the same stuff and color hung down to the ankles, and fell in large folds around their legs. They extended their arms and turned round, always to the same side : their skirts stood in the air like a funnel about them.

In the centre of the circle stood two dervises, who continued to turn to the same side, and always on the same spot ; the others turned round about them in a whirling dance ; the eldest with a long beard, walked quietly between those that formed the outer circle, and the two in the middle. The dance was intended to represent the course of the planets.

A low, monotonous song was heard from a closed gallery above us ; the drum and fife continued a sleepy music, whilst the dancers uninterruptedly continued their turning round to the same side, and always keeping the same time. They looked just like lifeless figures : not a feature was changed, but all were pale as death.

There was a heavy blow on the drum, when they suddenly stood still as if struck by lightning. They mumbled a short prayer ; the monotonous music began again, and again they all turned to the same side as before. We became giddy by looking at them : they turned and turned. Now one tottered ; the fife and drum then sounded in quicker time, and the one who tottered whirled still quicker round, always wilder and quicker ; it was not possible to bear the sight of it ! This dance lasted a whole hour ; but there was nothing horrifying in it. It might almost be called graceful ; one had only to forget that they were men, to believe that they were puppets. The dance, in unison with the low sameness of the music, gave the whole the character of silent insanity, which affected more than disturbed the spirits. The whole performance could scarcely be called edifying : it appeared to me like a sort of ballet, whereas the dance of the dervises in Scutari remained in my memory like a scene in a mad-house.

X.

A TURKISH SKETCH.

WHEN we descend from Pera, and pass between the cypresses of the church-yard, we come to a little quarter which must be regarded as belonging to Galata, although it lies outside the walls. Here is a real Turkish street, where the efforts of modern enterprise are not yet to be traced. This street runs somewhat angularly ; its breadth is so great that an ass, with its panniers, can pass through ; it is not paved, and after rain it seems to be a muddy brook, in which they have driven piles and laid a plank on them.

All the houses are made of wood, and two stories high :

the ground-floor presents to view an open shop, without windows or doors — in fact, an inverted chest ; and there, on the raised floor, sits the Turk, with his long pipe, his articles of sale hanging round about. The old Turks, in their parti-colored dresses, and generally with a noble countenance adorned by a long beard, sit here the day through. There is no chattering here. Every house might be taken for a wooden shed before a wax cabinet, and we have the wax figure in the owner himself. A pack of dogs, without masters, are fighting in the middle of the street ; another pack are devouring a carcass that lies there. I give the picture as I have seen it. Five or six little Turkish boys, almost naked — one, at least, has only a turban on — skip about, with a wild howl, around a dead horse, which, as the hide is flayed off, lies there in a corner, reeking, and stretching its four legs in the air. A naked brat gets up to ride on the raw animal, and then jumps about : it is an original sight !

But is there no ray of poetry in all this filth ? I answer, Yes ; for I remember the large vines which, on some of the houses, stretch their thick stems up the wooden wall, and spread like a leafy roof over the street to the neighbor's house, which it decks with its green leaves ! I remember the well-grated upper story, which incloses the women and hides them from the stranger's gaze. There is poetry. The Turk himself, the yellow opium-eater, who sits in red trousers and bright yellow caftan with green turban, is a living poem ; he sits cross-legged with half-closed eyes and trembling lips ; my eye reads the quivering leaves of the spiritual work ; and it runs thus : —

“ See how the vine winds its tendrils ! Its leaf is green as my turban ; its juice is red as my blood ! But the prophet has said that the juice and the blood shall not mingle ! To drink wine is a sin ; wine is for Christians and Jews ! But the opium root is Solomon's ring ! It is better than wine in my mouth ; it becomes a mountain with grapes and sunshine ! Every sorrow exhales away ! I feel myself so hale ; I become so glad ; I become wild ; I hover and fly ! The prophet knows what I do ! Allah is great ! ”

XI.

THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

THE Turks regard themselves as strangers in Europe ; they must, therefore, rest in their father-land, and it is Asia. The largest cemetery of Constantinople is at Scutari. Where one is buried, the Turks never lay another corpse ; the grave of the dead is his home, and that is inclosed ; thus the cemetery soon increases in size. That at Scutari extends for miles. For every child that is born, they plant a plantain-tree, and for every man that dies, they plant a cypress ; the cemetery at Scutari is, therefore, an extensive forest cut through with roads and paths. Here are the richest monuments, the greatest variations of monumental pillars over the dead. Beside the graves, which are covered with a flat, extended stone, there is a recess or hole into which the rain falls ; the dogs slake their thirst there ; and the Turk fondly believes, from this, that the dead are happy in Mohammed's paradise.

The grave-stones, each with a turban or fez cut in the stone, stand under the tall cypresses, and as close to each other as the stubble in a mowed field. One can easily see where the dervise or Turk of the real old faith rests, and where the new half-Europeanized race is brought to sleep ; the name and rank of the deceased are inscribed on the stone in golden characters. An ingenious epitaph tells of the mutability of life, or calls on the reader to pray for the dead. Where a woman rests we see only a carved lotus-leaf, ornamented with gold ; but not a word is said of her. Even in death, woman here is veiled and unknown to the stranger.

No fence incloses this forest of the dead ; it is still and solitary under these mighty cypresses. The broad highway passes over the overthrown graves ; the Arab drives his camel past, — the bell on the animal's neck is the only sound that disturbs this vast solitude.

The Sea of Marmora lies before us, still as the dead under the cypresses, and shows us its beautifully colored islands. The largest seems a little paradise with wild rocks, vineyards, cypress, plantain, and pine woods ! What grandeur is to be

seen from this garden of the dead ! This scene of splendor which we behold was the place of banishment for dethroned emperors, princes, and princesses under the Byzantine empire. They sighed in the cloisters on those islands, like poor monks and nuns ! It is better with the dead ! Corruption sleeps there without dreaming ; but the eternal, striving, has haply reached its God.

What silence amongst these graves under the cypresses ! We will wander here in the clear moonlight night. What dark trees ! night slumbers over the graves. What a radiant sky ! life streams from it.

Yonder, over the rugged way, there moves a white orb, and a red, beaming one, as if they were shining roses ; they are only two paper lanterns. An old Turk holds them in his hand as he rides through the garden of the dead : he thinks not of the dead ; no, the living are in his thoughts ; the beautiful, the merry women in that comfortable home where he will soon stretch his limbs on the soft cushions, eat the hot pilaf, smoke his pipe whilst the youngest of the wives claps his cheek, and the others present before him a " Shadow-play," — a merry comedy which the Turks favor in their houses, with Karagof, and Hadschi Aiwat.¹ Amongst the graves under the black cypresses, the old man thinks of life — and life is enjoyment !

It is again still ! Footsteps are now heard, — no lantern shines ; no horse trots past ; it is a youth strong and fiery, handsome as Ishmael's self ! The moon shines on his beaming face ; he flies on the wings of love. Yes, he is a Turk.

There is stillness in the garden of the dead ! there is stillness in the hut by the Sea of Marmora ; but at home there are two lips that meet as the mussel shells meet ; that in-close love's pearl !

¹ The Turks have got the " Schattenspiel," from China. The chief personages in this play are Karagof, *i. e.* Harlequin ; Hadschi Aiwat, *i. e.* Pantaloon, who speaks in verse ; and Hopa-Thelebis, *i. e.* Petitmaitre.

XII.

MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

THE fourth of May is the birthday-festival of the prophet Mahomet or Mohammed; the evening before the festivity began, and the commencement is undeniably the finest part of it. That it was moonlight, and that the Osman police laws, even under these circumstances, command every one that goes out after sunset to carry a candle in a lantern if he would not be arrested, I did not regard as the most pleasant regulation; but I was obliged to put up with it, for neither the moonlight nor the police laws could be changed. A young Russian, named Aderhas, and I went together, and without any guide, but furnished with lights in large, paper lanterns, we hastened away to see the illumination in honor of the prophet. We went through one of the narrow side-streets of Pera, and a sight lay before us, so magnificent, so beautiful, so fantastic, that the like of it can hardly be expected to be seen in the North in an oriental dream. From the row of houses where we stood, and deep down toward the bay, there lay an extensive cemetery, that is to say, a wood of cypresses with large, closely planted trees: pitchy night rested there.

The path, which the foot of man and horses' hoofs have formed, winds over rugged hills, then downward under the high trees. Sometimes it is narrow between the sepulchral monuments, and sometimes it goes over the ruined grave-stones. Here and there moved a red or blue lantern which, ever and anon, disappeared and returned to sight again in the dark ground; there are a few solitary houses in the cemetery; the light shone from the topmost window, or was borne along the open balcony.

The bay, filled with vessels, could be seen over the tops of the cypresses as blue as a Damascus blade; two of the largest ships were ornamented in the richest manner with burning lamps; they beamed around the port-holes, about the gun-wale, and the masts; they hung in the shrouds and transformed them into a radiant net. Opposite us lay the city it-

self, that great, extended Constantinople, with its innumerable minarets, all entwined with wreaths of lamps ; the air was still red from the setting sun, but so clear and transparent that the mountains of Asia and the eternal snow-covered Olympus were plainly visible, the east with all its broken lines like a silvery cloud behind the magnificent city. The moonlight did not diminish the lustre of the lamps, but only brought out the minarets, which seemed white stalks with colossal fire-flowers ; the lesser ones bore one wreath of lights, the larger two, and the largest three, one above the other.

There was not a being to be seen near where we stood ; it was still and solitary. We paced down through the cypresses where a nightingale was pouring out its melodious song, and the turtle-doves cooed in the dark trees. We went past a little guard-house, built of planks and painted red ; a small fire was kindled between the grave-stones before it, and soldiers lay round about the fire ; they were clothed in European dresses, but their features and color denoted that they were of Ishmael's race, the children of the Desert. With long pipes in their mouths, they lay and listened to what was related ; it was about Mohammed's birth ; the nightingale translated it for us, or we should not have understood it.

“*La illah ilallah!*¹ The merchants met together in the city of Mecca for the sake of commerce ; there came Indians and Persians, there came Egyptians and Syrians ; each had his idol in the temple of Kaaba, and a son of Ishmael's race filled one of the highest offices, — that of satisfying the hunger and thirst of the pilgrims. Such was his piety he would, like Abraham, have offered up his son ; but the soothsayer bade the beautiful Abdallah to live, and a hundred camels to be sacrificed for him. *La illah ilallah!* And Abdallah grew up, and became so handsome that hundreds of maidens died through love for him ; the flame of the prophet shone from his brow ; the flame that, from the day of creation, was concealed from generation to generation, until the prophet, Mohammed the first and last was born. The soothsayer Fatima saw this flame, and she offered a hundred camels as her dowry ; but he pressed Emina to his breast, and the

¹ There is no God but God.

prophet's flame vanished from his brow and burned under Emina's heart. *La illah ilallah!*

"Nine changes of the moon passed away, and never had the flowers of the earth exhaled such sweet odors as in these. Never had the fruit on the branches swelled so juicy! Then the rocks shook, the lake of Sava sank in the earth, the idols fell down in the temple, and the demons that would fain storm heaven, fell like millions of shooting-stars, cast down by the lance-wielder; for Mohammed the prophet was born that night! *La illah ilallah!*"

This story the nightingale translated for us, and the nightingale understands Turkish just as well as it understands Danish.

We passed under Pera's tower out to the cloister of the turning dervises; and a large panorama was before us. The whole Sea of Marmora and the Asiatic mountains lay irradiated by the moonlight, and in the middle rose Scutari, whose minarets beamed with lamps like Constantinople's. And here stood forth the Mosque of Sancta Sophia, with its four minarets; and the Mosque of Achmet, with its six, each with two or three glittering wreaths of stars. They seemed to touch the gardens of the Seraglio; extending, dark as a starless night, down toward the Bosphorus. Not a light was to be seen in the building of the Sultanas along the shore, but where the Golden Horn terminates there was a flaming sword planted, which cast its red light over the water. Innumerable small boats, each with red, blue, or green paper lanterns, darted, like fire-flies, between Europe and Asia. All the large vessels of war shone with lamps; we saw every ship, shroud, and spar; everything was as if drawn in fire. Scutari and Stamboul seemed bound together by the beaming water and the variegated points of fire. It was the city of romance and fantasy; a magic was shed over the whole. Only on two spots lay night with all her mysterious gloom; in Asia it was in the large cemetery behind Scutari, and in Europe it was in the gardens of the Seraglio. Night and dreams were in both places; the dead heroes' dreams are of the women of paradise. In the Seraglio's night they dream of the earth, and they are there young and beautiful as their heavenly sisters.

There was a throng of Greeks, Jews, and Franks in the streets of Pera ; each had his lantern or candle ; it was an oriental *moccolo* ; but the dresses were far richer and more splendid than those we see on the Corso at Rome on the last evening of the Carnival. Lamps placed in pyramids, or pointing out in a large M, the initial of the prophet's name, burnt before the houses of the foreign ministers. At nine o'clock the firing of cannon was heard from all the ships ; they thundered along the deep as if there were a great sea-fight. All the windows shook : shot followed shot proclaiming the hour of the prophet's birth.

I fell asleep during the booming of the cannon, and awoke early in the morning with the same thunder. Merry music of Rossini and Donizetti arose to me from the streets. The troops marched away to be drawn up between the Seraglio and the Mosque of Achmet, whither the Sultan was to go in great state.

The Danish Consul, Romani, an Italian, came to fetch me. A young Turk, with pistols in his belt, and bearing two long tobacco-pipes, went before us. An old Armenian, in a dark blue fluttering caftan, and his black vase-shaped hat on his shaved head, carried our cloaks behind us ; and thus we strode through the chief street of Pera down to Galata. The servants went in one boat, and we two in another. And now we shot over the bay, like arrows, between hundreds of other boats, whose rowers screamed and shouted to each other, that the one should not rush against the other's light vessel and sink it. The mass of gondolas formed a large rocking bridge at the landing-place of Constantinople ; so that we had to spring over them to reach the firm earth, which is dammed up with half-rotten beams and planks. The throng was great, but we soon came into a broader street. Here were people enough, but a good place, nevertheless, could be got.

Large crowds of women veiled, went the same way as we ; and we were soon under the walls of the Seraglio, which are very high toward the city, and look like the walls of an old fortification. Here and there is a tower, with a little iron door that seems never to have been opened. Grass and creeping plants hang about the hinges. Large old trees

stretch their leafy branches out over the walls ; one might fancy it was the borders of the enchanted forest where the sleeping princess lay.

We took our station outside the Mosque of St. Sophia, between the great fountain and the entrance to the Seraglio. The Mosque of St. Sophia, with its many cupolas and additional buildings, has, from hence, an appearance that reminds us of a large flower, with its many little buds about it. The terraces before it were filled with Turkish women and children ; the shining white veils imparted a festival air to them.

The fountain behind us is the largest and handsomest in Constantinople. But by a fountain we usually imagine a basin into which the water descends. It is not so in Turkey. A better idea of a Turkish fountain will be formed by imagining a square house, with the outside walls variegated quite in the Pompeiian style. The white ground is painted over with red, blue, and gilt inscriptions from the Alcoran ; and from small niches, within which the brass ladles are chained, the consecrated fresh water with which the Mussulman washes his face and hands, at fixed hours of the day bubbles forth. The roof is quite Chinese, besides being painted in various colors, or gilded. The dove, the Turk's holy bird, builds there, and flies by hundreds from the fountain over our heads to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and back again. Round about lie a number of coffee-houses, all of wood, and with balconies, almost like the houses in Switzerland, but more varied, and more ruinous. Small patches of trees are before each, under which sit tobacco-smoking and coffee-drinking Turks, who in their various colored caftans, some with turbans, others with fez, may be said to curtain the houses and decorate the gardens.

Between the fountain and the great gate leading into the foremost yard of the Seraglio, were two long scaffoldings of planks on tuns and tables, the one higher than the other, and both covered with cushions and carpets, on which veiled Turkish women of the commonest class reclined themselves. Old Turks, Persians, and a number of Franks, whose unveiled females attracted much attention, had their station on the higher part of the scaffolding. Now came several regiments

of Turkish soldiers, all in European uniforms — narrow trousers, and short jackets, the white bandoliers across over the breast and shoulders, and all with red stiff fez on the head. The guards looked well ; they had new uniforms, stiff stocks, with collars, and wore on this day — for the first time as I heard—white gloves. Other regiments, on the contrary, looked quite frightful. I will not dwell upon the fact that there were all sorts of colored faces, white, brown, and jet-black amongst them, but there were both halt and club-footed soldiers. The European uniform was too tight for them ; and so a number of them had ripped the seams up at the elbows, or cut a long gash in the trousers before the knees, that they might move more freely, by which means a completely naked elbow stuck out, or during the march a red or black knee continually peeped out of the blue trousers. One regiment, which I will call the bare-legged, excelled in particular, — for some of them had but one boot and one shoe ; others were quite bare-legged, in slippers, and amongst them there were slippers of all colors. They all entered the Seraglio to clanging music ; and after having passed by the Sultan, they returned, and placed themselves in a rank on each side of the street. Ethiopians and Bulgarians stood side by side ; the Bedouin was neighbor to the herdsman's son from the Balkan Mountains.

The procession was to commence at nine o'clock ; but it was almost twelve before it pleased the Sultan to set out from the Seraglio. The sun burnt with the warmth of summer. One cup of coffee after the other was drunk. The scaffolding fell down two or three times, and all the Turkish women rolled in a heap together. We had a tedious time of it. Some years ago it was the custom that the heads of all those who were executed in the yard of the Seraglio should be thrown out into this place for the dogs ; now there was nothing of the kind. Young Turks, who knew a little French or Italian, entered into conversation with us and the other Franks, and showed the greatest willingness to explain to us whatever appeared to attract our attention.

Below the walls of the Seraglio lay extended the sunlit Sea of Marmora, with its white sails, and Asia's mountains shin-

ing with their snowy tops high in the clear blue-green air. A young Turk, who, as he told me, was born on the shores of the Euphrates, said that the sky there often shone more green than blue.

The firing of cannon was now heard in the garden of the Seraglio, and the procession began. First came a band of music on horseback ; even the cymbal player, and he with the great drum, sat on horseback. The bridle hung loose around the animal's neck whilst the cymbals glittered in the sun. Then came the guards, who, in truth, looked as soldierly as any guards in Christendom. Then came a troop of splendid horses, all without riders, but ornamented with beautiful shabracks, red, blue, and green, and all as if sewed over with brilliants. The horses seemed to dance ; they threw up their necks proudly ; and the long mane, the red nostrils, trembled like the mimosa leaf, and an intellectual soul shone in the eye.

A crowd of young officers on horseback followed, all in European dresses, with surtout and fez. Men in office, both civil and military, all in the same garb, came next ; and then the Grand Vizier, a man with a large white beard.

Bands of music were stationed in different parts of the street ; the one relieved the other. They played pieces from Rossini's "William Tell." Suddenly they ceased, and the young Sultan's favorite march began : it is composed by Donizetti's brother, who is appointed leader of the bands here. The Sultan approached ; before him was led a troop of Arabian horses, with still more magnificent shabracks than those we had before seen. Rubies and emeralds formed bows by the horses' ears ; the morocco leather bridles were covered with glittering stones, and the saddles and cloths embroidered with pearls and jewels. It was a magnificence such as the geni of the lamp had created for Aladdin.

Surrounded by a large company of young men, all on foot, and handsome as if they were oriental women who had ventured out unveiled, and each with a green feather-fan in his hand, sat the young Sultan, Abdul Meschid, then nineteen years of age, on a beautiful Arabian horse. He wore a green surtout, buttoned over the breast, and without any sort of or-

nement, if we except a large jewel, and bird-of-paradise feather, fixed in his red fez. He looked very pale and thin; had features that betrayed suffering; and he fixed his dark eyes steadfastly on the spectators, particularly on the Franks. We took our hats off, and saluted him. The soldiers cried aloud: "Long live the Emperor!" But he made not the least response to the greeting. "Why does he not salute us?" I asked of a young Turk by my side. "He saw that we took our hats off!" "He regarded you!" answered the Turk. "He looked very closely at you!" We were to be satisfied with that; it was as good as the best salutation. I told the Turk that all the Frankish princes saluted with the head uncovered, as we greeted him. It appeared to him like the tale of a traveller. The Pashas and other great men of the empire followed next; then Frankish officers in the Turkish service; and then a crowd of Turks and women closed the procession. There was a crowd and mud! Half-naked street-boys, with torn and worn turbans; old beggar-wives, veiled with rags; men, in morocco slippers, and parti-colored trousers, forced their way through the throng screaming. They bellowed out "Allah Ekber" (God is great!) when the soldiers directed the butt end of their muskets against them. The whole street was a variegated river of fez, turban, and veil; and on both sides waved the shining bayonets, like the reeds and plants on the shores of the river. Whenever the Franks desired to pass through the ranks of the military, the officers came directly, with the greatest civility, and effected a passage; they drove their brother believers aside, who stared at the honored Franks, as they repeated the exclamation, "Allah Ekber!"

XIII.

VISIT AND DEPARTURE.

I WAS furnished in Athens with several letters, which made my stay in Pera extremely pleasant. I must particularly mention the Austrian Internuncio. Baron Stürmer, the Greek Minister, Chrystides, and our Danish Consul, Romani.

The Austrian Minister's residence consists of several buildings, inclosed by walls, and with a large handsome garden, where, through roses and cypresses, there was a commanding view over the lower part of the city, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora. Here, in the lighted rooms which dispense every European comfort and luxury, I felt quite at home. German, French, and English journals lay on the tables; there were music and singing. A great number of the diplomatic world and several interesting families were present, with whom I formed acquaintance, and the hours flew fast. When the company broke up toward night, there was something peculiar in the tour home. Servants were waiting in the corridor, with sedan chairs for the ladies; the gentlemen were accompanied through the streets with torches, or else each one had his lantern with a candle in it.

I first saw the interior of a Turkish house at Ali Effendi's, and the imperial interpreter, Saphet, who both live in the same building, which bears the name of "The High Gate." On the stairs and in the long passages, which were covered with rush mats, there was a swarm of European and Asiatic Mussulmen, as well as poor women with petitions in their hands, whilst soldiers, with short heavy sabres, walked about. Every one that came had to take off his boots or shoes, and put on slippers.

Armed servants stood guard before the entrance, which was covered with long carpets. In the room there was a divan along the walls; this was the principal piece of furniture. Ali Effendi entered into conversation with me about Lamartine's "Travels in the East," and asked me if I intended to describe my stay, and what impression the sight of Constantinople had made on me. I told him that I thought the situation the finest in the world; that the view far surpassed that of Naples, but that we had a city in the North, which offered something to the spectator akin to Constantinople. And I described Stockholm to him, which, seen from the Mosebank, has something of the appearance that Constantinople presents from the tower of Pera, out toward "the sweet waters." That part of Stockholm, which is called Södermalmen, shows us red painted, wooden houses, cupolas on the churches, pine-trees,

and hanging birches, — all is Turkish ; the minarets alone are wanting.

During the course of conversation, he asked me how many days' journey Stockholm was from the capital of my native land, and what difference there was in the languages of the two countries. Saphet Effendi spoke but little, yet he was highly attentive, and, as it seemed, quite Europeanized. Thick coffee and pipes, with good tobacco, were presented. I, who never smoke tobacco, was obliged, for politeness' sake, to take a pipe in my mouth ; and this was the only unpleasant thing in "The High Gate."

Romani told me that I had a fellow-countryman in Pera, a shoemaker from Copenhagen, who was married and settled there, and that his name was Herr Langsch, a complete Danish name, as he said ; but this I denied, and begged him to conduct me to the man's house. We entered one of the most frequented streets of Pera, and there hung over a door a real Danish sign with a large boot, and underneath was written the name "Lange." We entered the shop. "*God dag ! jeg har nok her en Landsmand !*" — "Good day, I have a countryman here, I see," said I ; and the man sprang up from his stool with a face beaming with joy. I shook hands with him, and we were soon deep in a Danish conversation. He told me that it was nine years since he had left Denmark ; he had travelled through the whole of Hungary and Wallachia ; had worked long in Galitz, and had there married a Wallachian girl ; they had a few years before come to Pera, where they lived well, and gained a good livelihood ; he kept several workmen, and was able to lay money by, so that he might once again go home to Denmark, and then return to Turkey, where he had succeeded so well. He bade me greet his father, brothers, and sisters when I returned to Copenhagen. His father, he told me, was also a shoemaker.

Our Danish Minister, Chamberlain Hübsch, who was born in Constantinople and has always resided there, has his residence in Bujukdere, which is situated at no great distance from the Black Sea. A visit to him is always a little journey from Pera, but it can be very conveniently managed in a boat down the Bosphorus. Hübsch was so obliging as to come to

fetch me to pass a few days with him ; but the Greek Minister Chrystides had invited me the same day to dine with him, as there would be several Greeks at his house in whom I took much interest ; and time and circumstances did not permit me to make the excursion afterward ; for the Austrian steam-vessel which sails from Constantinople over the Black Sea, and is in connection with the steamers on the Danube, was just going at that time, so that I should thereby have an opportunity of seeing a great part of Bulgaria, Wallachia, Servia, and Hungary, a passage which, in anticipation, interested me in a high degree. But there was a rebellion in Roumelia, and they feared that the movement would extend to the neighboring lands. The Austrian post which goes by way of Belgrade to Constantinople, had not arrived for three whole weeks ; people were sure that the post-courier had been murdered or imprisoned. No one here knew the particulars, no measures had been taken ; the Austrian and Russian Ministers sent estafettes to Adrianople and Balkan ; the news they received was highly imperfect, but it was certain that the Turkish tax collectors' harshness and injustice had caused the Christian families in Nissa and Sophia to revolt. It was said that during the Greek's Easter the Turks had forced their way into the churches, and there grossly ill-treated women ; above two thousand were said to have been murdered.

One can make the voyage from Constantinople over the Black Sea and up the Danube to Vienna every tenth day ; but as matters now stood, it was to be feared that the longer the voyage was put off, the more uncertain it became whether it could be made at all, and whether I should not be obliged to return, *via* Greece and Italy. In the hotel where I had put up, there were two Frenchmen and an Englishman, whom I had agreed to accompany in the voyage up the Danube to Vienna, but they now quite gave it up, and chose to return home by way of Italy ; they regarded the Danube voyage as a completely foolish undertaking, and had, as they said, been confirmed in that opinion by good authorities. They thought that the rebellious Bulgarians would scarcely respect the Austrian flag, and that if we were not killed, we should at least expose ourselves to a hundred annoyances.

I confess I passed an extremely unquiet and painful night, for I could not decide on the course I should take ; on the evening of the next day I must be on board, if I meant to go by this vessel. Fear of the many dangers, which, according to every one's account, were approaching, but, on the other hand, my burning desire to see something new and interesting, set my blood in a fever. I went to Baron Stürmer early next morning, explained my case to him, and begged his advice. He said that a Russian courier had arrived the evening before, who had passed through the part of the country we must traverse to reach the Danube from the Black Sea, but that no disturbance was visible there ; he added, that two Austrian officers, Colonel Philippovich and Major Tratner, who were both returning home from the campaign in Syria, and whom I already knew from having dined with them in his house, were just going to make the home voyage up the Danube with the vessel that was to start early next morning. All the dispatches and letters, as well as a considerable sum of money, as the post could not go, were committed to the care of Colonel Philippovich, who, in the event of the worst, could demand all necessary protection, so that I could join these gentlemen.

The voyage was therefore now fixed, and from that moment all fear was gone. The same hour, news arrived in Pera which immediately supplanted the general conversation about the revolt in the country ; it was the sorrowful account that the steamship *Stamboul*, the largest that the Austrian company possessed, had that morning, during the thick fogs which hover over the Black Sea, run against a rock twelve miles east of Amastra, and become a complete wreck, but that the passengers were saved.

Toward evening I left Pera. From the high round tower in the church-yard my eye once more drank in that great and wondrously beautiful panorama of Constantinople, the Sea of Marmora, and snow-covered Olympus.

It was the steamship *Ferdinando the First* that was to bear me over Pontus Euxinus ; it was comfortable and well arranged on board, and in the first cabin there was, besides Colonel Philippovich, Major Tratner, and myself, only one

passenger, — Mr. Ainsworth, an Englishman, who had been sent out on an expedition to Koordistan, and had now just come from Babylon.

I found a whole crowd of deck-passengers on board ; Turks, Jews, Bulgarians, and Wallachians, who made themselves quite at home, boiled their coffee, and stretched themselves out to sleep. Boats cruised round about our vessel — ships came and went. There was life on the water, and a humming, and whistling, and bustling in Pera and Constantinople, as if a crowd rushed through the streets. No, of such things it is only lively Naples that can give one an idea !

Directly over the dark cypresses of the Seraglio stood the moon round and large, but quite pale, in the shining blue air. The sun went down, and its red beams fell on the windows in Scutari. It looked exactly as if fire were kindled beside fire ; it blinded the eye at once ; it was quenched, and evening spread itself out over the clear surface of the water, over cupolas and minarets ; large dolphins rolled about close to our ship ; large gondolas darted like arrows over the bay from the Seraglio's side, rowed by twelve or twenty gondoliers, all with crape-like sleeves hanging down from their naked, muscular arms ; the quick strokes of the oars kept measured time, whilst a majestic Turk, with folded arms, sat near the rudder, elevated on variegated cushions and carpets, which hung down into the water. It was like a vision ! a scene in a fairy tale ! The stars twinkled, and the muezzin cried the time in hollow, monotonous tones from the minarets.

XIV.

THE BOSPHORUS.

THE Bosphorus is a river with the transparency of the sea ; a salt-water river uniting two seas ; a river between two quarters of the world, where every spot is picturesque, every place historical. Here the East pays court to Europe, and dreams that it is master. I know no extent of land like this, where strength and mildness are so united as here. The shores of

the Rhine in all their autumnal beauty have not colors like the shores of the Bosphorus ; the Rhine appears narrow compared to the bed of these glass-green waters, and yet I must think of the Rhine, I must think of Mælaren's shores between Stockholm and Upsala, when the warm summer sun shines between the dark firs and trembling birches.

The sea's width is in most places not so broad but that one can clearly see everything on both coasts. This long stream winds in seven turns between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, and almost throughout this extent the European coast looks like one city — one single street, behind which the mountains raise their heads ; if not proudly, yet always so that they may be called mountains, and on these the trees were as rich as if they were a garden — a real botanic garden ! Here are birches as in Sweden and Norway ; groups of beech-trees as in Denmark ; pines, plantains, and chestnuts as we see them in Italy, and cypresses strong and large as the cemeteries at Pera and Scutari alone possess ; and in this green vegetation, the palm-tree rises with its broad capital, a monument that tells us where in the world we really are.

The whole coast seems, as I have said, a town and yet no town. Here street alternates with garden, with cemetery, and vineyard ; here stands a mosque with its white, trim minarets ; here a dingy, half-ruined fortress ; there a palace such as we imagine one in the East ; here again red painted, wooden houses, which appear to have been brought from Norway's whistling fir woods.

Let us now turn our eyes toward the Asiatic side ; there everything is just as rich, just as varying, only there is not that mass of buildings which makes us regard the coast of Europe as an endless city ; here the plains are longer, the mountains higher, and more branching.

The fifth of May, the day of Napoleon's death, I was to pass on the Black Sea. There are more spirits' feast-days than those the almanacs point out as Sundays and holidays. Our own life and the history of the world indicate some which do not stand in the calendar. Often, on calling to mind such remarkable days, I have felt in a lively manner, how prosaically void they had passed away with me ; yet, this year, one of the

present age's famous days stood in a peculiar and holiday manner before me. This morning, at half past four o'clock, I sailed from the harbor of Constantinople through the Bosphorus, and out into the Black Sea.

I was awakened by hearing the anchor fall ; I dressed in haste, and went upon deck ; everything lay enveloped in thick fog, but it was only for a moment, for with astonishing quickness the mist rose to the summit of Pera's tower. This tower with Galata and Topschana lay behind us ; the large barracks, the high mosque in the suburb Fündüklü stood imposingly forth, with the whole Turkish fleet, lately returned home from Egypt, lying there. We glided close past ; Turkish soldiers and sailors stuck their heads out from all the port-holes round about : each of them could, in a few minutes, have told us more truthful things, and those more poetically than Pückler Muskau gives us in his far famed works ; but our steamer was on its flight ; the fog was also on its flight, sometimes touching the ship's chimney, and sometimes rising as if to change into rain-bringing clouds. There was a life and a movement over us, as if Darius with his army again passed over the Bosphorus in these misty figures ; there was a life and a movement about us with boats, — those which came from the vessels of war, large and well manned, and those which came from the shores, thin, frail gondolas, where the Turk lay at the bottom with crossed legs. But it was still on board our vessel. The Turks had spread their carpets over the deck : some of them slept, wrapped up in their furred cloaks ; others drank their thick coffee or blew clouds from their long pipes : the fog rose and fell as if the world had returned to chaos ; the sun now broke forth, and now again it seemed to have no power ; the ships lying at a distance had the appearance of shadowy forms : I thought of the phantom ship and the Flying Dutchman.

Topschana and Pera seemed to be one city with Constantinople, and Scutari the suburb, which, with its white minarets, red-brown houses, and green gardens, lay in the clearest sunshine, which streamed out over the whole Asiatic coast. We saw the charming village of Kandelli, situated on an eminence, the Imperial Gardens, the Grand Signor's extensive palaces.

What affluence, what natural splendor around the shores of the Bosphorus !

How often, when a boy, have my thoughts sailed through "The Thousand and One Nights," and I saw strange palaces of marble with hanging gardens and cooling fountains. Here such a one as I had then mentally seen stood before me in reality. It was the newly completed summer palace, on the European side. Abdul Meschid was the first Sultan who had resided there ; he had removed to this palace the previous year. It is in the oriental style, of great proportions, with marble pillars, and high terraces.

This is the scene for a young prince's love. Here, to speak in the spirit of the Turkish poets, and with their words, — here the vernal season comes early and clothes the tulip in its red mantle, which the dew ornaments with its silvery pearls ; and the cypresses and plantains raise their arms, praying that they may shelter their young prince for a long life-time ! But what is a long life time ? It is a happy life-time, and happy — yes, but what is happiness ? An immortal name or happiness in love ? Ask the young ! Alas ! every one is not an Alexander, who can win both, and win doubly, by dying in the midst of victory.

The palace gardens extend to the village of Kurutscheme, whose peculiar modern buildings alongside the water attract particular attention. One story projects over the other, supported by slanting beams underneath. The room between the buildings and the water is in a manner roofed by the jutting stones.

Several of the elder Sultanas live here ; the windows outside, therefore, are well covered with screens, which certainly do not want peep-holes, from whence the once beautiful and mighty can look out upon the water and see the foreign vessels. Alas ! each of these women was once a beautiful poem ; now they are forgotten, and cannot console themselves with : "*Vergessne Gedichte sind neue !*" (forgotten poems are new). The long silken eye-lashes, once a row of arrows which pierced the breast, now hang like weeping-willows over the eye's lake, the only one in which a beauteous star is mirrored ; and they draw the veil closer together, only not about the eye ; it dare

be seen, and it sees. Heaven knows what eye we and our ship were reflected in as we passed Kurutscheme. The helmsman told us that the strongest currents in the Bosphorus are here.

The delightful valley of Bebek, with its summer palace, opened to our view ; it is bounded by the dark cypresses of a cemetery. These few words, however, convey no picture ; the eye must see this valley which, like an English park in the brightest sunshine, displays a variety of green, such as cannot be mixed on the pallet : we must see these willows, whose gently-waving branches seem to play with their shadows along the ground ; these groups of leaf-trees, under whose shady roof the wild turtle-dove has its seraglio ; these rich green grass plains where the shining white oxen stand — white as the marble images of old — half hid in the high grass. Here are life, sunshine, and joyousness ; close by lies the boundary, the dark cypress wood with the dead — shadows and repose.

We glided past the cemetery ; picturesque rocks arose ; we were on the place where Androcles, from Samos, threw a bridge across the Bosphorus, over which Darius led the Persians into Europe against the Scythians ; one of the rocks was transformed into a throne for Darius, from which he saw his power pass away ; not a trace of it is now remaining. The holy Osmons rest at the foot of the rock ; the ground that the wild host has trod is now holy ; and the dark cypresses stand guard around the graves. The fugitive birds of the Bosphorus, which the seamen call “the damned spirits,” flew toward us, and were away again at the same moment.

Here, on the Asiatic and European sides, are the mighty palaces, Anatoli Hissari, and Rumili Hissari, built to command the entrance ; but the port-holes are walled up, the buildings have long since been transformed into prisons. The palaces, where thousands of Christians have languished, are now called “the Black Towers.” The palace, on the European side, is singularly built ; the Sultan Mahmoud would have it built so as to form his name, as it is written in Arabian characters ; hundreds of Christian churches round about had to furnish materials for these inhabited ciphers ; but no joy or

gladness has breathed within them! death-groans have quivered through Mahmoud's monogram. Even though walled fast with stone on stone, Time's strong finger will blot out this writing; and where it stood the earth will bear spring's poem on her black table, sending forth odorous bushes, grass, and flowers.

It is most beautiful here on the Asiatic side. Behind the gloomy fortress yonder, the valley, with "the heavenly waters," stretches into the land,—that of all the valleys by the Bosphorus which is praised as the finest, and whose natural splendor has given the rivulet that runs through it its name; but we glided too quickly past; we saw only so much as one, by looking into the open eyes of a beautiful woman, can read of her mental loveliness.

The large mosque of Kandelli arose before us, as if it were Achmet's church, borne hither by Mohammed's angels, that we might once more be refreshed by the sight of it. A little village lay almost concealed between gigantic fig-trees, from which it took its name, "the Fig Town."

Sultanje rose like an amphitheatre between weeping-willows, plantains, and linden-trees, and mirrored itself in the still waters under the coast. The white, slender minaret, that which in reality pointed toward heaven, and that which on the water's surface pointed downward, seemed to say: "See not life only in the sunlight around you, see it above in the chasing clouds, and flying birds; see it in the throng on the water between the two quarters of the world." And in truth there were life and motion here! Large boats, with Turkish women enveloped in white, airy veils, passed over from the one shore to the other. One of the youngest women rose in one of the boats directly under our vessel; she looked upward, and the Persian song about the cedar's growth, and the tulip's splendor, sounded in my ears. Who has not seen, on a pitchy night, the whole scenery around him suddenly illumined by one single flash of lightning, and all become night again? But I can never forget the vision I now saw; there came two flashes—each eye sent forth one, and then it was night. We no longer saw the daughter of the East; but the poet has sung of her, even centuries before our time.

“If she dries her locks with cloth, it then sheds the perfume of musk ; if she wipes the tears from her eyes, then pearls roll down from the cloth ; if it touches her cheek, it is filled with scenting roses ; and if she presses it to her mouth, it then incloses a fruit of paradise !”

I looked after the boat ; we were far away from it. The women in the white veils seemed spirits in Charon's boat ; and there was truth in the thought, for what we never more shall see is of the dead. She had thrown an orange into the water ; it rocked like a star of memory that told us of this meeting. Long fishing-boats shot past large vessels coming from the Black Sea ; Russia's double eagle flapped its wings in the proud flag. Outside a fishing village — I think it is called Baikos — there lay huts rocking on the water. Around them was an extended net, in which they caught the sword-fish. I say huts, but we might rather call them baskets, and in each sat a half-naked fisherman, looking after his prey.

On the European side we approached Therapia, in whose deep bay lay a few large vessels. A little boat, rowed by an old negro, passed us here. He had a woolen frock on, such as the Greeks wear ; large silver rings were pendent from his ears ; but his head was only covered with his thick woolly hair. The boat was, literally speaking, filled with roses. A little Greek girl, with her dark hair plaited around the red fez, and a large gold coin in it, stood leaning against one of the baskets of roses ; in her hand she had one of the Bulgarian hand drums. The boat rocked with the increased motion into which the rapid course of our vessel put the stream, and the little girl held faster to one of the baskets ; it overturned, and poured out its stream of roses over her breast and face. She arose again ; and, when she saw that we were looking at her, she laughed and beat her little drum, then threw it into the basket, and held a handful of roses before her face. The boat, the negro, the little girl, and, as a background, Therapia, with its gardens, buildings, and ships, formed a picture that deserved to be perpetuated.

On wandering for the first time through a large and rich gallery of paintings, one picture supplants the other, and the Bosphorus is just such a picture gallery, with thousands of

beautiful views, such as only the greatest masters are capable of giving us. I, who tell of them, have only once in my life beheld these coasts, and then on a steam-vessel at its utmost speed.

A larger and broader bay than we had yet seen, composed the foreground of the next picture. The summer residence of the Ambassador, Bujukdere, lay before us. I sought amongst the many flags that waved there for that of my nation—and I discovered it. I saw the white cross on the red ground. Denmark had planted its white Christian cross in the Turk's land; the flag waved in the wind—it was as if it brought me a greeting from home. My neighbor, who stood by the gunwale, pointed to the large aqueduct with the double arches, which arose out of the deep green valley. Another spoke about Medea, who had been here where the seamen now drew their boats up under the high plantains; but my eye and my thoughts were only with the Danish flag, which I now saw for the first time during all my travels, and which awoke remembrances that softened the heart, and sank mildly into the soul.

What imaginable softness or beauty could the shores of the Bosphorus show more? As if they felt this, they suddenly changed into a wild and rugged scene. Yellowish, split stone blocks stood up out of the water; batteries, erected to protect the Bosphorus against the incursions of the Cossacks, strengthened the savage prospect. The tower, higher up, is called Ovid's tower, and the legend states, but falsely, that it was here the poet was confined,—imprisoned by the Black Sea. The tower is now a ruin, which, when the sun is down, is used as a light-house. Large torches are lighted; the red flame shines for the ships on the Black Sea.

Another small extent of land on the Asiatic side is beautifully green; but where the shores approach nearest each other, the wild rocky scenery soon stands boldly forth on both sides. The Bithynian chain of mountains in Asia, and the Thracian in Europe, end here. No more the path winds along the water side; the wild goats climb up the uncouth rocks. The Black Sea lies before us; and on the point of two quarters of the globe lie the fire-towers with welcome-flame or parting-star, just as the ship directs its course.

Singular rocky islands rise near the coast; they seem to have been dashed against each other; one block of stone appears to hold on by the other. The legend says that they were once floating rocks, and that they crushed the vessels between them. When the Argonauts fortunately sailed past them they were first bound together.

The sun shone on the bare stones, the sea lay a vast immensity before us: we darted into it. The fogs which, during the whole of our voyage through the Bosphorus, had risen and fallen at intervals, but yet had never hidden the shores from our view, now dropped like a curtain that descends before a splendid opera scene. At once the coasts of Europe and Asia were hidden from our sight; the sea-birds flew in circles around the steamer's chimney, and darted off again: we only saw sea and fog.

XV.

THE BLACK SEA.

As long as we were in the Bosphorus, we had only an eye to the charming landscapes, as they passed in review; these now were ended. We appeared to hover amongst clouds that hurried with greater rapidity than ourselves over the sea; there was something homely to me in these North-like fogs; it was as if I was sailing in the Cattegat in the month of November. We were obliged to wrap ourselves up in all the winter clothes we had; and the further we advanced the colder it became. This clammy fog pressed on us for half an hour, and then it passed away quick as lightning. The sun shone clear; the air became beautifully blue, yet the water had not the blueness and transparency of the Mediterranean. The Black Sea has quite the character of our northern seas; it has short waves of a close, sullen hue, lead-like when contrasted with those of the light, shining Mediterranean.

Our ship, which now cut through the waters that the Argonauts once sailed over, was neither in size nor convenience like steam-vessels of the first class; and yet it would in Jason's time have been accounted a right royal bark — nay, have

been considered a miraculous work. Elastic divans and convenient hammocks surrounded a large ornamental saloon with mirrors, pictures, and books; fresh Egyptian figs, plucked a week before, were set out on the table, with grapes from Smyrna, and wine from the far distant Gaul. Yet the mighty necromancer — the flaming monster, which bore the ship on against wind and stream, lay within the vessel, and from thence sent out its breath, like coal-black steam — a cloud that laid itself along the sea. Such marvels Medea could not create. The discoveries of our time stand above the mightiest witchcraft of departed centuries. Cunning and skill are no longer confined to individual spirits; they extend to all mankind.

On we rush, sometimes enveloped in damp fogs, and sometimes in clear sunshine. Besides the four previously named passengers in the first cabin, there was in the second and third another little company, who were going to Vienna. The most prominent passenger was Peter Adam, an Armenian priest, in a black habit, and with a hat as large as a knight's shield. He had not seen his friends in the Danube's imperial city for twenty-five years, and was now going thither for a short visit, as conductor of two Armenian boys — the Armenian Bishop's nephews. The elder, Jeronimus, with a round, girlish face, was to study, and be a physician; the younger, Antonio Maruz, extremely handsome, with wise, speaking eyes, highly characteristic features, and a certain pride in every motion, was to be an ecclesiastic: they both wore fez on their heads, and slippers on their feet. The departure from home was already forgotten: the elder boy lay stretching himself along, whilst he smoked his cigar; the younger played with some pictures of saints.

A young fat Jew who meddled in everything, a good-natured young servant, and a seasick lady's-maid who remained in her hammock, so that we had not yet seen her, three Germans, a young Turk, and two Greeks were the rest of the party, who were to make the whole voyage with us. The others only went with us to Küstendje and Silistria. We also got a tired flying passenger here, the same as in the Mediterranean: a little bird rested with us on the deck, ate bread

crumbs, and drank water from a plate. Toward evening it flew away from us, directly toward the East. I bade it greet the mountains of Caucasus ; greet the wild forests by the rivers where the tiger quenches his thirst ; greet the city of Tiflis and Circassia's beautiful women ! I would gladly have seen everything in the East, but this time, at least, I could not. We steered toward the North, our wet, stormy way.¹ The stars twinkled as brightly as over Greece and the Mediterranean, but it was cold here. We might easily imagine that we were making a summer expedition to Spitzbergen, and not a voyage on the Black Sea in the month of May.

At night I was awakened by their casting anchor. The fog was so thick that the captain, in whose thoughts the wreck of the *Stamboul* still lay, durst not sail longer. In the morning it cleared up a little, and we started off, but in a few minutes we again lay still. It was as if a thick steam swelled out of the sea ; large drops of water stood on the deck and gunwale ; the shrouds were as wet as if they had been just drawn from the bottom of the ocean.

At once the sun broke through the mist ; the coast was visible, but low and uninhabited ; not a tree, not a sea-mark was to be seen : but the captain read on the flat outline of the land that we had come almost eight miles more to the north than we should have done. The vessel was soon turned, and it went over the green foaming waves toward a little bay. The anchor fell, and the sick lady's-maid then ascended to the deck, smiling toward the coast, which did not smile again. Farewell to thee, sea of the Argonauts ! If I do not bring the golden fleece of poesy, yet I bring that of memory from the East over thy waters.

¹ It is highly dangerous in winter and autumn to traverse this part of the Black Sea, in particular between the Bosphorus and Odessa ; many ships are lost : the winter preceding my voyage, the Austrian steamer, *Seri Pervas*, and a Russian, *The Neva*, were both wrecked here.

XVI.

A STEPPE-JOURNEY BETWEEN THE BLACK SEA AND THE DANUBE.

KÜSTENDJE presents a low coast, the declivities of which are a lime soil with shells; not a tree, not a bush is to be seen. Here lay a few cottages without windows, with rush-roofs inclining toward the ground, and inclosed by a stone fence. A flag waved, and a group of close-veiled women watched our arrival.

Our boat went on through a heavy surf toward the land, where some noisy Tartars received us.

The landing-place consisted of fallen blocks of stone, between which the people had thrown a mass of grass-turf to level it a little; the wooden huts seemed to have been erected in the greatest haste; the whole coast announced a desert where dwellings had been run up yesterday or to-day. They threw our luggage into a couple of wagons drawn by oxen, and we went toward the inn, — a very respectable place in this neighborhood, and particularly inviting from its cleanliness. A balcony with a projecting roof of reeds, led into the best room, which was appropriated to the passengers in the first cabin.

Whilst the dinner was preparing, we sauntered through the town.

Küstendje was completely destroyed by the Russians in 1809; everything appeared as if this destruction had taken place a few weeks ago; miserable, half-fallen-down houses formed the main street, which was pretty broad; here and there lay columns of marble and gray stone that seemed to belong to a former period. On several of the houses, the roof or projecting story was supported by a wooden beam resting on an antique marble capital. The minaret on the only and half-ruined mosque in the town was built of planks, and whitewashed. A coffee-house was not wanting; but its appearance, like that of the guests, was extremely wretched. Here lay a few Turks on the jutting balcony; they smoked their pipes, drank their coffee, and appeared not to take any notice of us strangers.

A couple of terribly ragged men, with long beards, turban, caftan, and morocco slippers, came along the street, and gathered sweepings for fuel, as wood is not to be found at less than many miles' distance.

Close by the town were some considerable remains of Trajan's walls, which are said to have extended from Küstendje along the Black Sea to the Danube. As far as we could see around, we could discern nothing but sea or an immense steppe, not a house, not the smoke from a herdsman's fire ; no herds of cattle, no living object ; all was an interminable green field. Near the town were some few spots without any fence, where the corn was growing no higher than the grass, and of the same color.

I bent my steps to the sea, close by which, directly under the declivity, a dead stork was the first thing my eye fell upon ; it lay with one wing stretched out, and the neck bent ; I became quite melancholy on seeing it. The stork has always been the most interesting of all birds to me ; it has occupied my thoughts when a child ; it haunts my novels and tales ; and it was now the first thing I saw as I was wending homeward by sea. It had just reached these coasts, and there died. A superstitious thought crossed my mind, — and no one can certainly say that in his whole life he has been free from superstition, — perhaps I also shall just reach across the sea, and my life's career is ended.

As I regarded the bird, the wet fog came rapidly on over sea and shore, so thick and close that I feared I should not be able to find my way back to the inn. I could not see four paces before me, but went in a straight direction ; climbed over a stone fence, and so came by quite another but shorter way to the inn, where an excellent meal awaited me ; so well prepared, that if all my readers cry out : " What ! shall we now have a description of the dinner ? " they must, nevertheless, hear it. The viands were excellent, as was all beside, and — as we learned the day after — so incredibly cheap that none of us had ever before experienced a like tenderness to our pockets. We wrote down the host and hostess' name, and promised to praise and extend their inn as far as we could. I will do my part thereto, and

therefore beg to state, that the man is an Austrian, his name, Thomas Radicsevitch, and he lives at the corner of the Black Sea !

After dinner, our luggage was packed in large wagons, made entirely of wood, to be sent off to the Danube ; and as they were drawn by oxen, they said it would occupy the whole afternoon, night, and the following day to reach Czerna-Woda ; that we must stay in Küstendje that night, and that by starting in the morning we should arrive the same time as the luggage. Wallachian peasants, clothed in short sheepskin cloaks, and with black felt hats, the immense brims of which literally hung like an umbrella over their shoulders and backs, accompanied the wagons. They assured us that the country was perfectly quiet, and that we should meet none on our steppe-journey but Wallachian nomads.

A thick, damp fog poured forth again from the sea over the whole neighborhood ; the loaded wagons, which now drove away, disappeared, as in a cloud, at a few paces from us, and it was as cold as in the midst of the ocean.

Mine host told us about these severe changes in the air ; of the terrible storms of the previous winter, and of the cold. The ice had lain for several miles out into the sea, and they could drive on it from Küstendje down to Warna. He told us about the snow-storm which drove the herdsmen with their flocks over the steppe ; and about the wild dogs, of which we saw several. Whole packs of these howling animals pass through Bulgaria and Roumelia, particularly in the winter season. They often meet with the wolves, and then the combat is equally severe on both sides. It sometimes happens that a she-wolf gets mixed with the dogs, and then she is obliged to keep with them. The young cubs are not to be distinguished from her own race, and she suckles them with the utmost tenderness ; but, when they are a few days old, she drags them down to the river, and if they lap the water as the dogs do, with the tongue, she tears them to pieces ; for instinct tells her that they are the worst foes to her race.

Toward evening the weather was fine. I wandered with Mr. Ainsworth along the sea-shore to collect stones and shells. We passed the dead stork ; close by it lay another

poor dead animal. I had seen it before, but did not take much notice of it then ; and yet it was, perhaps, more interesting than the stork. It was a large poodle-dog, certainly cast out of a ship, and driven on land here. A sea and air romance might be written about these two. Of the last we have none, but we shall have them soon, now that balloons are so plentiful.

On our way back we visited one of those wretched Tartar cabins, with its rush-roof inclining nearly to the ground. We actually crept down into the room, which looked just like a large chimney. The walls were thick with soot ; everything above us was lost in smoke. An unveiled Tartar girl stood by the fire roasting meat on a stick. She was not exactly pretty ; her features were too coarse ; her eyes of too light a blue, but her figure and carriage were good. A painter might have got a subject here for a characteristic picture with a double light — the fire within the hut, and the evening sun, which shone in, blood-red, at the low doorway.

We came out again, and the moon stood round and large over the sea. A bowl of punch steamed on the table at the inn. We passed a comfortable merry evening here ; German entertainment, German language and comforts, made us think that we were removed, by magic, from the East into the midst of Germany. Broad divans with rush mats extended round the room, under the windows, and along the walls ; on these were couches. I could not sleep ; the rush of the waves over the breakers sounded like thunder. I saw the wide and boundless sea radiant with the beams of the clear, round moon.

Our journey was fixed for the next morning early. Peasants came with lively Wallachian horses, which pranced outside our door. Two of them got loose, sprang over a stone fence, and struck out with their hind legs — such a screaming and shouting on a sudden ! I went, in the mean time, once more to the sea to bid it farewell. The open salt sea, which I love, I was not to see again before I reached the Danish coast.

At length the procession was arranged ; our host, in his old Austrian uniform, rode before, and we followed at a rapid pace through the town out into the open boundless steppe. During the whole of our day's journey the lake of Kurasu, which is

said to be the remains of the canal by which Trajan united the Danube and the Black Sea, lay on our left. It would be an easy matter to repair the damage, yet it would be less expensive to lay down a railway on this level extent of land. The only difficulty in the execution of such a project might be, that which would be made from the Turkish side. It is said to have been a matter of much difficulty for the committee of the Danube Steam Navigation Company to obtain permission to erect inns and offices here, that their travellers might pass this shorter way through the country. The permission, I was told, was entitled "For the Austrian Committee, family and friends of the Danube Steam Navigation Company."

We went past some barricades from the last Russian war. They were quite undermined by the wild dogs, which find a cool retreat in these holes from the heat of summer, when the sun burns on the shadowless steppe, and warmth and shelter in the winter, when the storm and snow whistle over their heads.

At length we reached a village where every house looked like a dunghill on a heap of stones. To the left stood a few gray stone columns of a ruined cloister. We drove past, and the green solitary steppe alone extended before and on all sides of us. Three Turks, in various colored dresses, with turban and fluttering caftan, came riding in a wild flight directly toward us. It was just such a picture as Horace Vernet has given us. "Allah ekber!" was their greeting.

In the midst of the silent steppe lay a deserted Turkish burial-ground, with broken grave-stones. The turban was only to be seen on a few; not a cypress, not a bush cast its shade over the dead; the village that had lain here was blotted out from the earth!

Even the most insignificant object awakens our attention. On a monotonous plain, a large eagle sat in the grass, and kept its place until we were within fifty paces of it. We saw herds of cattle, which at a distance looked like a whole army of warriors. The Wallachian herdsmen resembled wild men; they wore long sheepskin clothes with the woolly side turned outward, immense hats, or else a narrow cap of hairy skin. Long, black wiry hair hung over their shoulders, and they all

carried a long axe. The sun burnt as I have never yet felt it. The warmth poured forth over us ; we almost languished with thirst. Most of the travellers spread their handkerchiefs over some little water-pits, swarming with insects, and sucked in the water. I was only able to wet my lips. In the midst of this warmth, in the burning heat of the sun, the Wallachian herdsmen stood in their heavy skin mantles, leaning on their axes — the poor nomads ! I heard their songs ; the melody still sounds in my ears. I must put words to it.

“Thou green willow, with the hanging boughs ! where the Cossack leans on his lance in the Czar’s land ; where the sun glitters on the Austrian sabre and on Mohammed’s minaret ; where two rivers separate three emperors’ lands, there stood my father’s hanging wooden house amongst the rushes ; close by grew the green willows ! I watched the herd ; I drove it into Bessarabia’s steppes, solitary and alone ! But the night has stars, the heart has thoughts ! thou green willow with the hanging boughs !

“I watched the herd on the steppe, when the vernal sun broke forth ; but the clouds vanquished, the rain poured down in streams ; the rain became snow in the air, and the storm forged icy arrows that came darting against my face ; the icy arrows pierced through the sheep’s thick wool ; the herd became shy, it fled before the storm ; we ran and we flew by day and by night wherever the storm drove us. The dead alone remained behind, thou green willow with the hanging boughs !

“Where is there shelter, where is there lee on the extended steppe ! The storm drove us away, herd and herdsman. We could not turn our faces against the mouth of the storm from whence the icy arrows flew ! Before us lay the sea under the steep cliffs ! What a flight, what a fright ! a driving snow, a flying herd ! But there were huts by the declivity, there were strong men ; the whole herd was saved, and I again saw the two rivers that separate three emperors’ lands ! thou green willow with the hanging boughs !

“The sun burns hot in the Turks’ land ! I sleep in the caves that the wild dogs have dug ; I see strange men and

women hurry rapidly past me ; they seem to be chased, as I was chased, in the snow-storm ! Do they think, what I then thought, and what I now think, leaning on my axe here in the hot sun ? No, they have none that resembles her I know, and thou knowest, thou green willow with the hanging boughs !”

The poor nomads ! we hurry past them. A little khan erected for travellers stood very invitingly on the way : the coffee was boiled, the food we brought with us was consumed ; we were ourselves both host and guests. No one lived here ; the doors and windows were locked again when we had rested ; and away we went in the same direction as before, with renewed speed. The country now became more hilly ; and grass-grown Wallachia showed itself like a green sea toward the horizon.

The hills we passed were covered with low leaf-trees, beech and birch ; the whole had a Danish character, wild and smiling. We were now in Czerna-Woda, which is an excellent sample of a ruined town ; the one house seemed as if it would surpass the other in the picturesque beauty of decay. On one, the roof consisted of only three or four beams, on which lay a few wisps of reeds ; another house, on the contrary, had its roof entire, which extended straight down to the ground. A large swarm of children poured out of every door or rather hole ; most of the little ones were quite naked ; one certainly had a sheepskin cap on its head, but that was its sole article of raiment ; another boy had his father's large caftan about him, but the caftan stood open, and we could see that he had nothing on but that.

The Danube had flowed high up over the meadows ; the water splashed under the horses' feet. The Austrian flag waved on the steamship *Argo*, which called us to our home. Within was a saloon with mirrors, books, maps, and elastic divans ; the table was spread with steaming dishes, fruits, and wine : all was very good on board.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

I.

FROM CZERNA-WODA TO RUSTZUK.

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon when our voyage up the Danube began. The crew on board was Italian. The captain, Marco Dobroslavich, a Dalmatian, an excellent, humorous old fellow, soon became endeared to us all. He treated the sailors like dogs, and yet he was inwardly beloved by them ; they always looked pleased when he knocked them aside, for he had always a piece of ready wit that was worth the beating. During the several days and nights we were on board here, no one was more active or in better humor than our old captain. In the middle of the night, when they could sail, his commanding voice was always heard in the same humor, always ready with a "blowing up," or a witticism, and at the dinner-table he was a jovial, good-natured host. He was certainly the pearl amongst the Danube captains with whom we came in connection. They constantly diminished in amiability ; more and more we felt our comfort decrease, and we naturally came more together, and in closer connection with foreign people, as we proceeded. As we got nearer to Pesth and Vienna, the company became so great, that one cared nothing about the other. But we were quite at home with old Marco, who treated us like part of his own family.

The whole of our afternoon's sailing tour from Czerna-Woda was between flooded islands, where the tops of willows and the gable-end of a reed-hut stuck out of the water. We had nowhere yet seen the Danube in all its breadth. We passed a merry evening in the well-lighted, pretty cabin. The champagne corks flew. The taste of rye-bread in the genuine Tokay reminded me of the land of rye, the distant Denmark. The night, however, was not like the evening. Our blood

flowed under the coast of Bulgaria. In these marshy countries the summer heat not only hatches fevers, but millions of poisonous gnats, which plague the inhabitants of the coasts and the crews of the river vessels in the most frightful manner. Innumerable swarms of gnats had been generated during the few past nights, and they streamed in to us through the open hatches. No one had, as yet, suspected their existence ; they fell upon us and stung so that the blood stood in drops over our faces and hands.

Early in the morning, even before the sun arose, we were all on deck, each with a bleeding and swelled face. We had passed the Turkish fortress, Silistria, at midnight, and had several Turks, deck-passengers, on board. They lay wrapped up in large carpets, and slept amongst the coal-sacks.

It was now day. The islands of the Danube lay under water : they looked like swimming woods about to dive under. The whole of the Wallachian side offered a prospect of endless green plain, whose only variation was a ruined guard-house, built of clay and straw ; or an oblong, whitewashed, quarantine building with a red roof. There was no garden, not a single tree ; the building stood alone, like the circumnavigator's ship on a calm, untravelled sea.

The coast of Bulgaria, on the contrary, rose with its under-wood and bushes. The fat soil appeared particularly well suited for agriculture. Large districts lay completely waste. Thousands emigrate from Europe to America ; how much better a home could they not find here ? Here is fertile arable land close by " Europe's largest river — the highway to the East.

The first town greeted us on the Bulgarian side. It was Tutturcan ; a little garden was planted before every house. Half-naked boys ran along the shore, and shouted "*Urolah !*"¹ Here everything announced peace and safety ; the disturbances in the country had not yet reached these shores. However, we learned from the Turks whom we had taken on board the previous night at Silistria, that several fugitives had crossed the Danube, to seek refuge in Bucharest. On the other side of the mountains revolt and death were raging.

¹ A happy voyage !

Above Tutturcan, we passed a highly picturesque, hollow way. Luxuriant hedges hung down over it from the high declivities of red-brown earth. A troop of beautiful black horses were driven down here to the river to be ferried over. One of them, in particular, was noticeable, partly for its lively action, and partly for its jet-black color and long flowing mane. It pranced upon the slope, and the earth flew from its hoofs.

Thou wild horse! Thou wilt, perhaps, bear the young royal bride, be patted by her delicate hand, and thy shining black sides be covered with variegated carpets! Dost thou dance because thou now seest thy new father-land on yonder side of the river? Or wilt thou become the progenitor of a race in Wallachia, a hundred times as great as the troop that now surrounds thee? Thy name stands topmost in the pedigree! The boys' shout is for thee, thou beautiful, spirited animal!
Urolah! Urolah!

The next hamlet we reached on the Bulgarian side, Havai, lay like a charming episode in a small Turkish novel. Wild roses bloomed in the warm sunshine. Hedges, trees, and houses were grouped with peculiar beauty around the white minaret; yes a novelist might be satisfied to lay the scene of his plot here; and such a one may appear, for Havai affords materials for a novel and that an historical one. The deceased Sultan Mahmoud, father of Abdul Meschid, once made a voyage up the Danube: a terrible storm came on and the vessel was near sinking, but they reached Havai. There the believers' ruler effected a landing, where an odoriferous rose-hedge swung its sacrificial bowl for him. The Sultan remained here one night. Whether he slept well and had pleasant dreams I know not; but that night is now a pleasant dream that is past, to the inhabitants of Havai.

Not far from hence we saw the first water-mills. They stand on fast-tethered river vessels; and, when the winter comes, they are drawn up on land under lee of the bushes. The family then sit within the silent mill; the tabor sends forth its cracked sounds; the flute, too, has one monotonous tone, as if they had learned it from the cricket. The family grow tired of their life on shore, and long for the vernal spring, that the mill may rock again on the rushing stream. The

wheels clatter, life moves, and they themselves stand at their door and fish as the steam-vessel darts past.

The sun burned warm, our tented canopy afforded us shade ; but the air was heated as in an oven, and its heat increased. Nothing refreshed the body, nothing the spirit ; all round about was the same green ; we sailed on and on, as if between parsley and asparagus beds. The warmth became more and more oppressive ; we felt as if we were in a bathing-room surrounded by dry steam ; but there came no cooling plunging-bath. There was not a cloud in the sky ! To such a degree of warmth my fancy has never elevated itself in my cool fatherland !

At length we saw a town on the Wallachian side. It was Giurgevo,¹ whose fortresses were destroyed by the Russians. A number of the townspeople had assembled on these ruins of walls. There was a shouting and asking about the state of health in Constantinople,² and about the disturbances in the country. The sun was just going down. The church-tower of the town, which had lately been covered with shining tin, glittered as if it were of silver ; it affected the eyes to look at it. A summer-like tone of atmosphere lay over the flat, green meadows ; the marsh birds flew out of the rushes. Yellow cliffs arose on the Bulgarian side ; we steered in under them ; and, whilst we still beheld the shining tower in Giurgevo, we were under houses and gardens which form the suburbs to a considerable Bulgarian city, Rustzuk ; a number of minarets, the one close to the other, announced that it must be a real city of believers. The whole quay and pier were filled with men, amongst whom there was a strange movement. We were close to the landing-place, when two persons, both in Frankish dresses, sprang into the water, one on each side of the narrow bridge. They both swam toward land : the one was helped up ; but they drove the other back with horrid screams, and even threw stones at him. He turned toward our ship, and cried out to us in French : " Help ! they will

¹ From hence it is but six hours' travelling to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia.

² There was no plague there at that time ; but it raged in Alexandria and Cairo. I heard by letter, whilst I was at Pera, that, in the two last named places, there died daily several hundreds of persons.

murder me!" A couple of our sailors jumped into a boat, and hauled him up. Our vessel turned off from land again; all the crew and all the passengers flocked to the gunwale.

Perhaps the troubles of travel were now to begin in a revolted land! How stood matters in Rustzuk? A few moments of anxious uncertainty succeeded. Some signals were made, and answered: soldiers appeared on the bridge; a boat was rowed out to us with the petty Pasha of the town, Hephys.¹ A few of his officers accompanied him on board, and the manner in which they did so appeared singularly strange. One held him by each wrist, another by each elbow, and another by each shoulder. Thus they proceeded to the captain's cabin, in which they were served with preserved fruits and liqueurs. The Pasha afterwards visited the different cabins, accompanied in the same manner as before, only that two young Turks bore lighted candles before him.

With respect to the fracas, it was merely a private affair; the two persons engaged in it were the director of the quarantine, a Turk, and the doctor, a Frenchman. They stood in each other's way in many respects, and as this was the case once more on the pier, they had pushed each other about, and the Turks took the Turk's part.

The doctor had, in the mean time, been clothed anew on board, and under the Pasha's protection he left our vessel, which now lay alongside the pier from whence the soldiers had driven the crowd. Coal was now taken in; it was a dark evening, only one lantern gave light from the shrouds. All was still in Rustzuk; a houseless dog howled once; the muezzins cried the hour from the minarets; a single lantern moved through the dark, solitary streets.

Our beds were hung round with green crape to protect us from the poisonous gnats. My company sat down, however, to play cards; but I, who do not know a single game, could not. The chart of the Danube was my card; I studied the imperishable highway to the East, which will, year after year, be more and more visited, and then bear on its rapid stream poets who know how to extol the treasures of poetry that every bush and every stone here contain.

¹ There were no less than three Pashas in Rustzuk; the chief is Mersa Said, the next is Mohammed, and the third is Hephys.

II.

WE SAIL!

THE morning is so beautiful! What an expanse of green plain! what a sweet scent of hay! Are we in Denmark? See what a swarm of flowers! see, grass-grown hills, and barrows as in Zealand; the hand of man has formed them! Everything is so pastoral, so Danish — and yet we are not in Denmark! that green plain where the hay sheds its perfume is Wallachian; the barrows and mounds to the right are in Bulgaria. Close to the shore there is a hut; it is only a rush mat thrown over two posts; the herdsman's family sit outside, the large dog barks at our rushing vessel.

Here are fresh faces on board; Rustzuk has sent us many guests during the night. What a mixed tribe! The Turk kneels and says his morning prayer; his brow touches the ship's deck; close by him sits a Jew in coat of silver tissue, and purple-colored turban; his yellow slippers stand before him; he holds a parasol over his head though the sun does not shine on him; he takes a little pocket mirror out, looks at himself in it, smiles, and now and then plucks the gray hairs out of his beard with a pair of tweezers.

We speed past Bulgarian towns! What is that called — it is Verdun! When I hear the nightingale sing amongst the wild, blooming lilacs, I will remember its sisters on this spot! Again a town! it is Sistowa, high above it stand the walls of a citadel. Turks, with their long pipes, stretch themselves on the wooden balconies of the houses, and look with as much indifference on the flight of the steam-vessel as on the smoke from their pipes. Now a town to the right, a Wallachian town, with wretched clay cabins and a long, death-like quarantine building; it is Simnitza! we write its name, and yet forget it!

What is that, shining before us! — what white slopes are they on the Bulgarian side? They stand out more and more; it is Danish! they are the chalk cliffs of Moen that have come to meet me! I know all their forms, I know that summer-green high up on the white slopes! — yet they are only

bushes. I see now ; Moen has woods ; Moen has the clear, the blue-green sea under it, and not these brown-yellow waves of the Danube. There lies a city up there ; it is Nicopoli, Trajan's city, Bajazet's trophy. We glide close under the white cliffs ; the captain points upward to a row of deep excavations in the slope ; they look like large embrasures in the walls of a fortress ! They are the graves of the ancients ! Who were the heroes and princes that went to dust here, whilst the unchanged yellow river rolled its waves against the base of the cliff ? No one knows ! — now the swallow builds its nest in the heroes' burial chambers.

Between the white cliffs and the green Wallachian plains a beautiful rainbow hangs arched high above the river which lifts its waves as on a lake. How glowing, how splendid ! Many a rainbow has stretched its arch here, seen by pashas and bojars : but it was lost ; no painter or poet has seen it ! Thou magnificent, glorious, airy picture on the dark cloud ! would that I were a painter !

Are those summer clouds aloft in the horizon of Bulgaria ? I have often seen the clouds thus over the green fields in Denmark. Are they mountains with snow ? We see the Alps thus from the capital of Bavaria. They are the Balkan Mountains ! The setting sun gilds the white snow-tops with its rays ! Glorious mountain land, thy greatness attunes the soul to devotion ! Close by me kneels the Turk ; he bends his face toward the ground, and mutters his evening prayer. The sun is down ! there is peace in nature, peace in my heart ! The evening is so light ! We sail ! The night is clear ! We sail !

III.

A TURBULENT PASSAGE.

IT was in the middle of the night : we were all awakened by the ship's suddenly standing still, and loud piercing voices talking overhead ; the captain's was heard above the rest. Our lamp had gone out ; it was quite dark in the cabin ; we heard the plash of oars. Some one came on board, and the

clang of a sabre was heard directly over our heads ! What is that ? was the mutual question. We were at most only ten miles¹ from the district where the revolt was greatest when we left Constantinople ; had it extended here to the coast ?

People came down the stairs. There was a clang of arms on the steps, but no one spoke. The first we saw was the captain with a lantern in his hand ; he was followed by a well armed Tartar with a woolen sheepskin cloak over his shoulders, and high mütze ; for the rest he was half covered with mud, and his hair was dripping wet. He stepped up to Philippovich, and a conversation began in Turkish. We could half understand it by the Tartar's gesticulations ! He spoke of an attack, combat, and death ! He several times seized one of his pistols, or shook his sabre ; his eyes rolled in his head.

It was not before he and the captain left us, that we got a clear account of the whole story. The Tartar was one of the messengers who carried letters and dispatches from Widdin to Constantinople. He knew that all his comrades had been carried off, and kept imprisoned in Nissa and Sophia ; and had, therefore, with his escort, endeavored to avoid those places. In this he had not succeeded ; his companions had been shot, and he himself had reached this part of the Danube, where he knew the Austrian steamer would pass at night ; here he had sat, and waited in the rushes. When we came he hailed us, intending to sail with us to the coast of Servia, to Radejevacz, and from thence try a new road, and more fortunate journey.

We all rose with the sun ; we had passed Oreava ; flat shores stretched along both sides of the Danube. It was uncomfortable on deck ; the Turks had spread out their dirty carpets ; my Frankish comrades talked about animal-emigration ; the passengers in the second cabin confirmed it ; and the captain nodded. I scarcely knew where I dare tread : there was a washing and rinsing of leeches in the forepart of the vessel. We had taken several French leech dealers on board at Nicopoli ; they had been to Bulgaria for their living

¹ Ten miles Danish, consequently between forty and fifty miles English ; the Danish mile is somewhat more than four English miles.

wares, — millions of leeches emigrate annually to France. They had to be washed and taken care of, and therefore, as I have said, there was a washing and rinsing. The poor animals were then put in bags and hung up on cords, so that the water might drip from them. Several of them crawled away down the deck or up the balustrade. One of the cabin boys limped about with bleeding feet, for a leech had laid fast hold of him.

We sailed past the Bulgarian town Zibru; the horizon closed with Balkan's proud snow-covered mountains; a large flock of storks marched about in the green meadow, where the uninclosed cemetery lay with its white grave-stones. A few fishing nets were stretched out; it was a complete, charming landscape; but there was no peace in our vessel.

The Danube was troubled; its water rolled like waves on a stormy lake; the vessel rocked up and down; the seasick lady's-maid sat quite pale; and leaning against the captain's cabin she whispered: "It is terrible! it is just as on the sea!" — but it was not like being at sea — here it was only a little rough.

The city of Lom-Palanka, with a bush-grown hill and green, fragrant gardens toward the river, arose right nobly. Turks — real gold-men, according to the Turkish phrase, "to speak is silver, to be silent is gold!" — sat as immovable as statues, and smoked their pipes; they did not so much as turn their heads to look after us.

The wind whistled through the shrouds of the vessel; the waves rose higher and higher, as if they danced in a storm. I had never imagined that the waves of a river could dance thus. The lady's-maid was as seasick as it was possible to be! Father Marco sang, and assured her that it was weather to have a christening in. He even hoisted a sail, which he called *una fantasia*, as, according to his opinion it looked like something serviceable, whereas it was of little service.

Widden, the strongest fortress in Bulgaria, lay before us, with its twenty-five minarets. The cannons peeped out of the loop-holes, and a swarm of men stood by the landing-place. Turks lay around on the wooden balconies, and drank their coffee; soldiers marched up, to prevent any one coming from

our ship to enter into the town, and so bring a contagious fever or plague from that ever-suspected Constantinople ! There was life and motion amongst that many-colored tribe. At length we lay to by the low bridge ; a large flight of stairs was set up, and planks laid from it to the ship, so that we could now descend. Close by stood a little wooden house, in which was a drawer with fire and incense. Every one of us that wished to walk about in the town must first go into this house and be smoked through, so that the infectious matter in our clothes and bodies might be driven out. It was somewhat difficult to hold one's balance on the loose boards from the ship. The steps were also pretty steep ; but the good-natured Turks took us by the hand and helped us down. They then let go directly, and we were smoked that we might not infect them. Philippovich, who they already knew was on board, and who was to have an audience with the Pasha, was not smoked at all, for it would have detained him. A fine saddled horse awaited him ; he mounted it, and darted off through the street to Hussein Pasha's palace, to speak about the measures that were to be taken respecting the post-couriers who had been taken prisoners, and about the further transmission of letters and dispatches.

Hussein is Pasha of three horse-tails, and known by his energy in the battle against the Janizaries in 1826, which ended in their total extinction. In 1828, he long withstood Diebitsch at Schumla ; but in 1832, he was less successful against Ibrahim Pasha ¹ in Syria, after which he got the Pashalic of Wid-din.

We landed, and were smoked ; but all the goods, even woolen bags, entirely escaped this fumigation. When this was over we wandered about the town, which after the rain we had had was most horribly muddy.

The nearest streets to the landing place were as one complete morass. In some places we saw a sentinal, who had posted himself on a stone standing out of the mud. I say posted, but it was in a peculiar position. Properly speaking,

¹ In the *Revue Britannique*, 1838, is a description of the Pasha's seraglio. But we heard here that it is entirely fabulous ; and, as far as regards the exterior, we must remark the same thing.

he had squatted down ; his naked knee stuck through a gash in his trousers. He held his musket in this squatting position, so that we could not refrain from laughing at him.

In Widdin we all visited, for the last time in Turkey, a sort of workmen whose abilities have reached a very high point in that country,—I mean the barbers ; they are really marvellous fellows. It is true, they almost cover one's whole face with soap, and play with one's head as if it were a doll's, but they have a dexterity and lightness almost incredible. One fancies it is a feather gliding over the whole face ; but it is the keen razor. They shave three times in succession, and then perfume the whole face. Besides, one need not now as a few years ago, fear that they will shave all the hair of one's head off, for they now know that the Franks prefer to save theirs ; they even begin to let their own grow.

In the evening Hussein Pasha sent us a large bundle of the very latest German newspapers. Hussein takes the "Allgemeine Zeitung,"¹ so we begun to know how matters stood in the country we had passed through. A certain Mladen, and an ecclesiastic named Lefzkoweza, were at the head of these movements. It was a real spiritual feast to get these journals — the very best dish that Hussein could have sent us.

We made ourselves quite comfortable. The vessel lay still ; it had become quite a dead calm — somewhat sultry, it is true ! How well should we not sleep this night !

Again disturbance ! We were awakened by a light, as if everything were in a flame ! It spread as if the fortress had fired off its two hundred and eighty cannons. It was a Bulgarian thunder-storm ; old Zeus, or Thor, whichever of them yet reigns in the clouds, rolled away above us. One crash of thunder came with a deafening peal after the other. The waves raged, roared, and rattled in one's ears, as the river Danube rolled them before our eyes. The whole neighborhood every moment revealed itself as in the clear light of day. We were all awake, and on deck ; the Turks alone slept

¹ We found this paper in Athens and Constantinople as well as here. My fellow-travellers had seen it in Jerusalem and Babylon. It is in truth a paper that has become *Allgemein*.

quietly, wrapped up in their woolen mantles, with their faces covered.

We had left Widdin, and lay out before the little hamlet Florentin. Miserable clay hovels stood close by the shore; the ruins of a Turkish bathing-house extended into the Danube, which showed us its first rocks at this place.¹ We saw velvet-green meadows, with groups of horned cattle and shy horses. This was a picture that must not be seen by day. No, but by the cloud-cleaving lightning—it is a picture painted on the glossy light! The white minaret, the bending poplar, the frightened and flying horses, the swelling river. Words cannot give to the description what so animated the reality.

IV.

SERVIA'S DRYADS.

A LITTLE river which falls into the Danube forms the boundary between Bulgaria and Servia. The whole of this land appears to be an immense oak forest. Yes, here is the great region of the Dryads, with mighty mementoes, and a people's deep songs. The green tree is hallowed in the eyes of the people. Whoever hews down a tree, say they, takes a life. The green tree seems of far greater importance to the man than woman is to him; she stands in her own house, humble and serving; she waits on her husband and his guests with folded arms, at the lower end of the table, ready to fulfill their wishes. So is it in the peasant's hovel, and so is it in the prince's palace.

The different guard-houses lying so close that the soldiers can cry out to each other, and be heard, showed themselves directly on the boundaries.

On the flat grass plain of Wallachia, with its clayey slope toward the Danube, lay a miserable clay hovel without windows; it had a roof and chimney of reeds, but high and

¹ A Roman ruin stood on one of these rocks in 1839; now it has almost disappeared. The Pasha has caused the stones to be used in the construction of new buildings.

roomy, as if it were a little tower on the roof; peasants in long skin frocks formed the group here. On the Bulgarian side, where the scenery had about the same character as in Wallachia, stood a black house of stone, like our potato cellars. A stout Turk, in a jacket, with a carriage of body like a pug-dog standing on its hind legs, was the frontier sentinel. In Servia, on the contrary, were wood-covered mountains; every tree worthy of inclosing a Dryad. The guard-house was a pleasant white house with a red roof; everything near it looked lively and green. The soldier seemed half warrior and half herdsman.

“Farewell, Bulgaria’s land!” we cried; and glided on under the Servian forests.

The first town here, little as it was, with its red roofs, and clean exterior, carried us at once into the midst of Germany. Nine storks were taking their promenade in the green verdure; Africa’s sunny spirits had, perhaps, lately ridden on them into the town.

There are songs on the people’s lips, as numerous as the leaves in these woods; and as the fertile green branches remind the Dane of his green islands, so these songs remind him of his land’s ballads. When the Servian sings about Stojan who could not win the proud sister of Iwan, we think that we hear one of our Scandinavian ballads; we think of Sir Peder who cast the runes. The Servian Stojan wrote four love letters, threw one into the flames, and said: “Thou shalt not burn, but Iwan’s sister, her reason shall burn!” The second he threw into the water: “Thou shalt not wash away the letter, but wash away her reason!” The third he gave to the wind: “Bear not this on thy wings, but fly away with her reason!” The fourth he laid under his head, at night, saying: “Not thou shalt rest here, but Iwan’s sister!” And when night came there was a knocking at his door, and she stood there outside, and cried: “Open, for Heaven’s sake! The flames devour me, the water carries me away with it! Have pity, open thy door! The storm bears me away!” And he opened the door to Iwan’s proud sister. The Servian loves his trees as the Swiss loves his mountains — as the Dane loves the sea. The deputations of the towns assemble annu-

ally with Prince Milosch under the canopy of the trees ; the trees arch themselves into a hall of justice ! The bride and bridegroom dance under the tree. The tree stands in the battle like a giant, and combats against Servia's enemies. The green, balmy trees arch themselves over the playing children. The green, balmy tree is the old man's monument in death. This woody land is life's green branch on the Osman's tree, but the branch hangs only by slender tendrils fast to the almost decayed tree. The branch has struck root and will grow boldly, like one of the first royal trees of Europe, if it be allowed to stand. This the Servian Dryads sang as we sailed past, and when we reposed on the grassy carpet under the screen of their fragrant fluttering hair.

Above Radejevacz, where the Tartar Hasan left us, accompanied by the best wishes that he might reach Constantinople alive and happily, begins the island of Ostrava with magnificent woody scenery. It is twelve Italian miles long.¹ The first large extent of wood we had yet seen on the Wallachian side was spread before us here. Nay, there even appeared some cultivated vineyards. It was as if the woody richness and culture of Servia cast a lustre, not only over the Danube islands, but even to the Wallachian coast. The birds sang as I have only heard them sing in the Danish beech woods. We sailed through a small arm of the Danube ; it was as if we glided through a delightful wood : the sunlight glanced between the green branches, and trembled on the rushing stream. A young Servian girl with red ribbons on her white, open jacket, and shining coins about her red cap, stood with her pitcher by the stream. She was a living vignette to the Servian song : " The young girl went to fetch water ; she bent down toward it, and then said these words to herself : Poor child ! O, how beautiful thou art ! With a wreath around thy brow, thou wouldst look still more beautiful, and dare to love the herdsman, — the young herdsman who goes before his drove, like the moon before the starry host ! "

With a martial people, where the woman is not an amazon, but simply woman, she must be silent and humble ; the subordinate situation of the Servian women does not permit them

¹ About the same number of English miles.

to speak the heart's deepest voice. It reveals itself characteristically in all their love-songs.

"Yesterday when we were in quarters, we had an excellent supper, and we saw a girl, so young and beautiful; she wore tulips in her hair. I gave my noble steed to her, and she said to it: 'Tell me, thou brown one, is thy master married?' And the horse answered with a neigh: 'No, pretty girl, he is not married; but in the harvest he thinks of leading thee to his home!' And the glad girl said to the brown steed: 'If I knew that it was truth, I would immediately melt my buckles and mount thy halter with them; I would melt my necklace to gild thy pure silver!'"

Prince Milosch has, during the last few years, collected a rich treasure of these songs of the country,—the lives of single individuals, and the whole people's heroic deeds. In the Servian's house, where there often live several married couples, but under one chief chosen by themselves, and who manages their fortune and house affairs, the merry music of the violin and bagpipe sounds in the evening. In every house there is to be found one who can play and accompany their heroic songs with the instrument; in this manner the children learn their history; in this manner the elders are strengthened in their love for their native land. They then remember their royal time,—Belgrade's founder, Stephen Dussan, Corbelitza, and John Hunyades.

The evening was still and mild. The river Danube runs here in the same latitude as the Arno; the stars glittered, and Servia's forest stood high in the transparent air: the night was so clear that we could sail on with confidence. A great distance was left behind when I came on deck next morning: we had just before passed the Turkish fortress Fet-Islam, on the Servian side; the roof of the great tower had quite fallen down; the laths only were to be seen. It was a miserable fortress to look at; a part of the garrison sat in the holes of the wall, smoked tobacco, and stared after us. At eight o'clock we were at Gladova. The passengers and goods were reshipped in a large, handsomely painted boat with a wooden roof. Here begins the so-called "Iron Gate," which by most travellers is described as a part of the Danube

almost impossible to navigate ; there are strong rapids. Here are mighty whirlpools that have swallowed up boats, and broken vessels in pieces ; round about in the foaming stream are to be seen black rocks stretching their crushing fingers into the air ; but we can, however, pass through the " Iron Gate." I found the navigation between Orsova and Drencova far more dangerous.

Our captain placed himself at the bow of the boat, which was dragged up against the stream by fifty or more Servians with a rope and iron chain, they walking on a pathway and hauling it along. A number of river vessels lay under the shore ; the poor Servians had to spring like gazelles from ship to ship, haul and haul, then jump into their light boats, and with the rope around their waists, row themselves and us forward.

We kept close in to the Servian coast, for in the middle of the current there were several falls ; the water leapt against the bow of the boat. The coast in a few places consisted of low but perpendicular rocks, in which ropes were fixed like a sort of balustrade, by which our Servians in the small boats held fast and thus worked against the stream ; they then sprang again on land, and our boat went like a steamer against the rapid river. It did not look at all dangerous, but it was exciting. Old trees hung over the rocks ; the nightingales sang, and our large flag with the double eagle fluttered in the wind. The most dangerous part of the passage through the " Iron Gate," begins a little way above the small town of Gladova. All the passengers went ashore, and only the captain and two sailors remained behind. It was not the danger that haunted us, but it was the greenwood that invited us ; here it was fresh, balmy, and beautiful. Servian soldiers, who had accompanied us from Gladova, took care that we should not come in contact with the inhabitants of the country.

The pleasure of treading on land after several days — the short visit in Widdin excepted — was a luxury, doubly great here in the midst of a fragrant wood on a grassy carpet swarming with flowers. We all plucked a bouquet. High cliffs covered with bushes rose behind the trees, the golden

laburnums speckled the green woods. We came to a large tree, and they told us that the former Pasha of Orsova had taken his breakfast there daily, and then, not unfrequently, had ordered some Christians to be hung up on these very branches. Not far from thence stood a Cross ; it was the first cross in the open field that I had seen since I left Italy ; it greeted me like a dear holy sign outside the Crescent's land ; this green, these flowers, and the song of birds ! O ! it was a festive day in nature ! We wandered amongst Servia's Dryads ; our guard had enough to do to keep our party together ; one would have a branch with the yellow laburnum, another must gather flowers, and a third drink at the well ; and we durst not leave each other. We were obliged to keep pace with the boat, which, sure enough, got but slowly forward ; it rocked a little, and was now and then washed by a rough wave which it cut through. Herdsmen and women whom we met, fled from us, and regarded us at a respectable distance.

We passed a sulphur spring ; a poor path led up to it ; perhaps in a few years a splendid watering-place will stand here, and the guests promenade under these leafy trees. Our brave captain sat by the rudder ; the boat rocked like a chip over surge and eddy, and the old man nodded to us when the water sprang into the air. The wind whistled in the trees, and the Dryads sang about an equally brave captain on a still more dangerous river, — that of politics : the Dryads sang about the land's prince, Milbsch, the true Servian. Tree stands beside tree in this country as in the forests of America ; Dryad relates to Dryad what passes in the inclosed valley, and in the dark thicket. It sounds in our times like a legend, that on the verge of the plains of Hungary, close by the swelling Danube, there lives a martial and yet a patriarchal people whose prince watched his father's herds when a boy, and as a lad journeyed through the country as a commercial traveller. When black George broke the Turk's chains, he fought with the people for their freedom ; he was the bravest warrior, and the most fortunate conqueror. Black George fled as a fugitive with the vanquished ; the young warrior retired with his heroes deeper into the dark rocks. The rocky cavern was then Milosch's royal castle ; there his princess

waited for him ; there she herself roasted the lamb that was to be placed before him and his friends. He came, but as a fugitive ; and daring as became a regent's spouse, as the mother of a hero's child, she stopped him, and asked if they must perish, if their father-land must fall, and bade him turn back — and he turned to conquer. Europe's princes have acknowledged Milosch as prince.¹ The Turkish soldiers and pashas in the fortresses of Servia are but a shadow of power, — a shadow wherein Servia's children seek strength. In Milosch's royal castle it is the Princess and her daughters who wait on the Prince and his guests ; they live in the Prince's castle as in the peasant's cot ; and the bagpipe and glittering weapon are the first and most prominent objects we meet there.

V.

THE PASHA OF ORSOVA.

BEFORE us lay the Turkish fortress of Orsova, the seat of a pasha. The most dangerous part of the "Iron Gate" was passed ; we approached the first goal of our voyage — the quarantine. We again entered the boat ; the breakfast table was laid, a leave-taking toast was drunk to the Crescent and the veiled women.

The Wallachian coast rose, like the Servian, with wood-grown rocks ; on a projecting tongue of land to the right lies New Orsova with red painted houses, white minarets, and green gardens. The largest building, out toward the stream, they told us was the Pasha's seraglio ; the beautiful women behind the well-trellised windows regarded our gayly painted boat, and perhaps fixed their glass on us, — they certainly had one ; they saw what strangers came who would soon be inclosed like themselves, but in the quarantine, and solitary without love's communion. They saw us under the fortress which rises out of the Danube on the Servian side ; they

¹ Milosch was obliged to resign on the first of June, 1839. The eldest son, Milan, obtained the government on the eighth of July, 1839 ; now the younger son, Michael Milosch, reigns.

saw their master, the Pasha of Orsova, with soldiers outside the walls, marching down toward our boat, which now lay still.

The Pasha, a powerful man about forty years of age, with blue military surtout, large gold epaulets and fez, greeted us, and conversed long with Philippovich.

The fortress, which appears ruinous, greeted us with five cannon-shots as we glided past. We now saw the Austrian city, Old Orsova, and the hamlet of Xupaneck, where the quarantine is held ; we were obliged to go quite past Orsova, the current being so strong, and it was at a great distance up before they could cross the stream ; this, however, was but the loss of a few minutes.

The landing place was inclosed with palisades, which creaked with the numbers of spectators that thronged on it, to look at us pestilential strangers.

Large wagons yoked with oxen took our baggage, and were set in motion ; the passengers followed slowly after, surrounded by soldiers and quarantine officers, each with a long white stick to keep us at three paces' distance from them ; we cast a final look toward the stream that had borne us. The fortress lay in shade, but the trees, roofs, minarets in New Orsova shone in the most beautiful sunlight. A boat crossed the stream toward the Pasha's seraglio ; it was the Pasha who went to visit his wives. We went to our fenced prison. he to flowery terraces. The lot of man is different in this world — that is the moral of the story.

VI.

THE QUARANTINE.

To lie in quarantine is to exercise one's self in the polypus department. Properly speaking, we all lie in quarantine in this world, until we get permission to make the great voyage to heaven. Poets are born poets, they say ; but there are certainly persons born to lie in quarantine. I have known travellers who lie a-bed until noon, and before they have

dressed, dawdled, and fiddle-faddled about, it is afternoon ; then they must write letters, or note down what they have seen that same hour the day before, when they lounged through the galleries ; then they employ a year to see what others see better in a month ; but that is called being well-informed, not doing things by halves, making one's self acquainted with everything, etc., etc. I call these folks quarantine persons. Pückler Muskau relates of himself, that whilst he was in quarantine in Malta, he begged that he might remain there a day longer to finish his work. I am of quite a different nature ; when travelling, I must bestir myself from morning till evening ; I must see and see again. I cannot do anything else than pack whole towns, tribes, mountains, and seas into my mind ; always taking in, always stowing away ; there is not time to write a single song. I am not even disposed to do so ; but it will come, I well know. It seethes and ferments in me, and when I am once in the good city of Copenhagen, and get a bodily and spiritual cold fomentation, the flowers will shoot forth.

Our entry into quarantine was a subject for a painter. Round about were wood-grown mountains ; and before, a flat, green plain, where the artist could place the large wagons filled with our baggage, drawn by white oxen and driven by Wallachian peasants in white jackets, and colossal hats hanging down over their shoulders. And then the mixed company of Turks, Greeks, and Franks : Pater Adam in his black dress, with a hat like a large shield, was not the least picturesque figure in the group.

Soldiers accompanied us for safe conduct. Our entrance was the merriest thing imaginable : we saw cannon, naked walls, large padlocks, rattling keys, quarantine officers, who stepped respectfully aside, that they might not come in contact with us. The road, or so called promenade in between the high walls, was so blank that it excited a momentary sense of novelty. It is true, there were a few rose hedges, but the roses themselves as yet lay in quarantine in the green bud : every leaf reminded us of our quarantine flag. I will not complain of the *lodging*, but only describe it ; nor will I wail over the *board*, notwithstanding sour cabbage and Danube water, with a plentiful supply of fat pork to it, such as we get here, are not to my taste.

The whole building is a sort of box within box : the innermost represents a sort of square garden, the most attractive object in which is a little summer-house of rough laths without paint, which the green vines have not sufficient courage to cling fast to ; four ranges of building, in which every window is double grated, surround this paradise, which one may venture to see, but not touch ! Round about these ranges of building there is a large wall ; thus every little chamber within has a little yard ; the wall has another wall around it, and the space between is the promenade ! It is much more pleasing to read about than to experience it. The Englishman (Mr. Ainsworth) and I took up our quarters together in two small rooms. A table, a chair, and a wooden pallet, were the furniture assigned to each ; the walls were newly whitewashed. The sun shone so delightfully on the walls, that we were almost blinded with its brightness. For guardian we had an old fellow, Johan, who had been in the battle of Leipsic, and had been wounded there ; he slept every night in the front room on our table.

The first day in quarantine goes on excellently well : we get a good rest after travelling ; the second, third, and fourth day, we write letters ; the fifth and sixth we become accustomed to the place, and read a good book, if we have one ; but the seventh day we are *dis-accustomed* again, and find that the seventh day, but not the whole seven days, ought to be a day of rest. I began to find it desperate. Two balmy lindentrees stood in our yard. I threw my arms around them so often, that at last I bethought me of climbing one. I did so, sat on a bough, and soon ascended to the next. From thence I could look over the walls, and see an entire side of a mountain, with wood and arable land, and between both was a little cottage : it looked like a little paradise — for there people were free.

I could, from my green balcony, look down into a row of neighboring yards. Philippovich had planted a Turkish horse-tail before his door ; the brass button on it glittered in the sun ; the long white and red horse-hair fluttered about the variegated staff. Our leech-merchants washed and rinsed the black leeches which they had in bags and sacks. Bulgarian

women lay in circles on their carpets, surrounded by children, and held large yellow umbrellas over themselves, to shade them from the sun. They certainly told little stories, for the children laughed, and the swallows flew about outside, and twittered contemptuously, — for the swallows here only trouble themselves with every day stories.

On the first days of our quarantine we had music, and fine music; two young Wallachian artists, a flute player, and one who played a glass harmonicon, gave a concert in their little prison-house: it sounded over the whole garden. Fellow-prisoners peeped out of all the windows, and at last they applauded, for it was artistically fine. The flute-player breathed feeling and taste; the tones refreshed us. One evening, however, he played very merrily, "Enjoy life!" and it sounded within these walls like mockery. But he might well play it, for he was going out next day, and we had still seven days to hold out here.

But we could make promenades round the buildings, between the high, white walls; we could peep between the trellises into every little yard — read on every little black slate, written with chalk, the day and hour that the new comer was placed there, the day and hour persons were to go out, and how many there were in! It was a lecture for fancy and the heart. Who was the stranger? From whence came he? Where was he going? Or perhaps it was a she! Here was occasion to feel our common suffering! But I durst not quite give myself up to fancy and the heart, on this promenade. I was obliged to keep near my keeper, and be prudent, if I would not be exposed to a fresh term of quarantine. Sometimes we met those who had come in afterward; and then we had to stand close to the wall, so as not to come in contact with them. We had to look about us, and see that the wind did not bring a little feather over the wall, that might fall on our shoulders; see that we did not tread on a thread that any one had lost, for in that case the quarantine was lengthened.

I went this tour only, that my feet might not lose their habit of walking. No one walked here for his pleasure. It was more than alarming; it was almost terrible to meet a load of goods here; if we came in contact with it, then began

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 ... HANCH.
 CENTRAL CIRCUL

forty days' quarantine anew. There was such a heat between these walls, and in our little yard, that we were almost roasted. In the day I dreamt that I was within the leaden chambers of Venice, and at night, that I was in full life in hell. At that time, I knew by letters that Heiberg in his new satire¹ had spoken of the performance of two of my greater dramatic works. It had not occurred to me, as long as I was in the free, open face of nature ; but here, as I have said, in *this* hell, I dreamt that I was just shut down in *that* of Heiberg's ; and there, just as he has related, they only performed my two pieces, and that was very agreeable to me ; nay, as a Christian, particularly pleasant to learn, as he has also told us, that the condemned, after having seen my pieces, could lie down with a good conscience. Even there, at least, I had effected some good by my works. I heard, however, down there, that, beside my two pieces in one evening, they had also determined to give Heiberg's "Fata Morgana;" as a concluding piece ; but the lost spirits had protested against it ; they also make their habitation too hot for one, and there must be reason in everything ! The devil was then obliged to be content with my two pieces ; but it is his determination that they shall be replaced by the newest, real, detestable comedies that Heiberg is to give us, with a prologue written by his intimate friends, which shall put the public in the way to understand and admire ; after which the usual apotheosis, also by one of his intimate friends. See, this is how a man dreams in quarantine !

At last we were all sick, and the doctor prescribed a medicine which appeared to me excellent for Wallachian horses, but not for weak persons suffering from pains in the stomach. We were first to drink a large glass of spirits, and then a cup of strong coffee, without sugar or cream.

The least varied life has, however, its great events ; ours had three in this place. One was a visit from the Pasha of Orsova. The bare arbor in the garden served as the saloon of conversation. Six soldiers, with bandoliers over their blue jackets, and bayonets on their muskets, together with the

¹ *Poems* : 1840. A book which I consider as the very best of Heiberg's works.

interpreter, doctor, and servants, formed the suite. The next great event was, that we each got an old washer-woman, who was to wash our things ; and then the quarantine was over with us! We got the keeper's wife. The old married pair slept in the passage on our table ; a rolled-up jacket served as pillow, and a soldier's cloak was the coverlet, all in the encampment style! The doctor was everything with them — awake and asleep ; they never mentioned his name without assuming a look of pompous importance. The third event was accompanied with music and declamation. The most frightful shouting and screaming proceeded from a window across the harbor, to a neighboring one, from some ragged fellows, who, seven years before, had fled from Austria into Wallachia, and had lived there, but had returned, of their own accord, from a feeling of home-sickness. They had themselves reported their return to the authorities, and were now obliged to perform their quarantine before they were delivered up. Before the sun rose, and until it was dark in the evening, they conversed or played on Bulgarian flutes ; but always the same piece, of two or, at most, of three notes. It sounded as when one blows in a tulip leaf, and, at the same time, treads on a cat's tail.

At length our hour of freedom struck ; but the Pasha had a dinner-party, or something of the kind. All of us, therefore, were obliged to wait a whole hour beyond our term of imprisonment — a whole hour, which seemed like a day, before we could depart ; and then it was not with mirth, as when we came. We were exhausted. We, who had pleased ourselves so much with the thought of liberty, were out of practice, and could scarcely lift our wings. Those who leave a vessel have often a sensation of seasickness for some time afterward ; we had, in the same manner, a feeling of the quarantine. It was a long time before poetic images of memory mirrored themselves in my mind, and then they showed the view of that poor little house I had seen from the tree, between fields and wood. They brought the tones of the flute-player from Bucharest to my ear. They let me feel again Sunday's devotion in our prison, when Ainsworth sat still and read his Bible, Pater Adam sang mass with his Armenian boys, and I looked at the

green vine leaves by my trellis, where the bright sun shone so warm that my thoughts flew out into nature — and there we are always near the Almighty !

VII.

IT IS SUNDAY TO-DAY !

It is Sunday in the almanac — Sunday in God's nature ! Let us away into the mountains, to Mehadia, Hungary's most beautifully situated bathing-place ! What myriads of flowers in the high grass ! what sunshine on the mountain's wood-clad sides ! The air is so blue, so transparent ! It is Sunday to-day ! and therefore all the people we meet are in their holiday clothes.

The black, shining, plaited hair of the girls is adorned with fresh flowers, a branch of laburnum, or a dark-red carnation ; the large sleeves of their chemises are embroidered with green and red ; the skirt is long breadths of red, blue, and yellow. Even the little old woman is dressed thus gayly, and has a flower on her white linen. The lads and boys have roses in their hats ; the smallest one looks splendid indeed ; his short shirt hangs out over his trousers ; a branch of laburnum is fastened round his large hat, which bends down half over his eyes. Yes, it is Sunday to-day !

What solitude in these mountains ! Life and health gush from these wells ! Music is heard from the large and handsome bathing saloon. The nightingale sings in the bright sunlight, amongst the balmy trees, where the wild vines wind their tendrils. Beautiful nature ! my best, my most holy church ! here my heart tells me, " It is Sunday to-day ! "

We are again in Orsova. The brass ball on the church tower shines in the sun ; the door stands ajar. How solitary within ! The priest stands in his mass-ropes, and raises his voice ; it is Pater Adam. Little Antonius kneels, and swings the censer ; the elder boy, Jeronimus, takes his place in the middle of the aisle, and represents the whole Armenian congregation.

In the market-place, outside the church, where the lindentrees are in flower, is a great dance of old and young ; the musicians stand in the centre of the circle, the one plays the bagpipe, the other scrapes the violin. The circle turns first to the right, then to the left. They are all in their best, with fringes, flowers, and bare legs ; it is Sunday to day !

Some little boys are running about with only a shirt on their bodies, but they have a large man's hat on their heads, and on the hat there is a flower ; dignified officials, gentlemen and ladies, dressed quite in the Vienna mode, walk past and look at the people, the dancing folks ! The red evening sun shines on the white church tower, or the yellow-brown Danube, and on the wood-clad Servian mountains. Grant it may shine on my song, when I sing about it. How beautiful and lively, how fresh and characteristic ! Everything gives token of a feast ; everything shows that it is Sunday to-day !

VIII.

A JOURNEY ALONG THE DANUBE FROM ORSOVA TO DRENCOVA.

THE greater part of the voyage along the Danube between Orsova and Drencova, is much more dangerous to navigate than that through the "Iron Gate."* The stream here has a more angry power, the falls are greater and more frequent, the eddies far more extended. It was on this passage that the boat, which carried the steam-vessel's passengers, capsized two years before, and every soul met a watery grave. It was, as we were told, a gray, rainy day, somewhat stormy. The captain stood at the rudder, and the boat was full of passengers ; it was no easy maneuver to steer it between the projecting rocks in the river ; a troop of peasants strove upon the shore, and drew it through the strong eddies, whilst the storm lifted the foam many yards into the air. The captain shouted to the peasants, bidding them drag the vessel more slowly ; they did not hear him ; the storm and current deafened his shouts. He once more repeated the command ; they mis-

understood him, and pulled more vigorously, and, at the same moment the boat ran against a piece of rock ; it upset, and all attempts to save the crew and passengers were unavailing. Some of the bodies were found far away from the place where the accident happened, — amongst others that of a young Englishman. His relatives have erected a monument close by the river where his body was found, and where he lies interred.

From the time that this misfortune happened, the steam company have not allowed any of their passengers to make the voyage here in boats ; they ride or drive. An excellent carriage-road is now completed here under the direction of Count Schechenyi's and Engineer Director Basarhety's inspection.

All the baggage, on the contrary, is sent the day before the travellers depart, in boats drawn by horses.

Early in the morning of the twenty-fourth of May, the carriage stood before the hotel, and we rolled away.

It was the most charming summer weather ; everything round about was green and fertile ; rocks with bushes and leaf-trees rose on the Servian side ; whilst on our own, the Austrian side, the whole seemed one large garden, with ever-varying scenes. Sometimes the mountains were quite close to us, sometimes they retreated, and inclosed wood-grown valleys. I had never before seen so many butterflies as I did this morning : they were all white, and thousands of trees were covered with them, so that one might think they were blooming fruit-trees. Here I might have said with Jean Paul, "*Schmetterlinge sind fliegende blumen.*" The postilion cracked his whip right and left, and the butterflies flew in the air like snow-flakes in winter.

Wallachian peasants live in this district of the military boundary ; we passed through a few of their very picturesque villages. The clay walls showed large cracks ; paper was pasted over the hole that served as a window ; a sort of gate bound fast to some posts with bark-rope, formed the entrance to a kind of yard, which generally swarmed with a herd of swine and an incredible number of almost naked children, tumbling and rolling about together ; even girls of nine or ten years of age ran about entirely without clothes. Round about

stood magnificent trees, especially large and odorous chestnuts. The peasants we met now and then stood upright in their wagons, and hurried away like the old Romans on the chariot course.

The country became more and more of a romantic character ; in beauty it far surpasses the shores of the Rhine. At Plavisovicza, where the pass of Kazan is situated, the Danube runs between perpendicular rocks ; the road here is cut through the rock, and the masses of cliff hang like a polished ceiling over the traveller's head. We find one large cavern by the side of the other for a great extent ; one of these is of such a length, that they say it takes an hour and a half to walk through it ; at last we come out into a valley on the other side of the mountain. The most famous one here is the so called Veteranis' cavern. We halted outside it ; no entrance was to be seen. The whole rock is grown over with bushes and creeping plants ; a little path ran along between the hedges ; it was steep, with many loose stones, but then we had the green branches to hold by, and we climbed easily the few fathoms to an entrance above the high-road, which was large and convenient enough for a full grown man. A few paces within, we were obliged to stoop a little, but the cavern soon expanded into a spacious, but gloomy chamber ; from this we entered an immense cavern where the light streamed down through a large opening, the topmost edge of which was grown over with bushes and long creeping plants, forming a flowery frame to the blue air above ; the ceiling or roof had the appearance of petrified clouds ; the floor was uneven and damp. Here and there lay large fallen stones, and in a corner were some charcoal and half burnt branches, left by the last herdsmen, or by gypsies, who had had their meals here : a few drops of water fell with a monotonous and dripping sound to the floor.

The cavern consists of an endless number of compartments. We went to one of the nearest ; I was foremost, but was soon stopped by the surprising sight before me. A large fire had been kindled in the middle of the floor ; a caldron was boiling over it. Round about lay or stood men and women in white dresses, with mulatto-colored faces and long black hair. Two young lads sprang toward me as quick as cats, stretched

out their hands in a begging manner and addressed me in a language that was incomprehensible to me. It was a gypsy family. The younger ones were so lively, so active, that the contrast was remarkable between them and two old ones who sat by the fire. Their hair hung stiff and thickly down about their horrid faces ; and their clothes, as well as the manner in which they sat, made it a matter of difficulty to me to decide if they were two men or two women. Our party gave each of the young lads a trifle. One of the children got a little silver coin of me ; when immediately an elder girl sprang toward me, seized my hand, drew me toward the fire, looked in my hand, then courtesied three times down to the ground, and predicted or told my fortune. But I understood not a word of it.

From the translation which a young gentleman from Bucharest afterward gave me of what the girl said, or rather of as much as he understood, the augury seemed to have been more applicable to a rich Englishman than a Danish poet. "Thy silver shall become gold, and thy possessions increase year by year," she had said.

On my asking if the girl had not predicted anything bad for me, he told me that she had said I should have the least comfort in my daughters. And there she had certainly hit the right nail on the head, as it regards the poet, for "Aguete" and "The Moorish Girl"¹ have brought me but little comfort. I must, therefore, always strive to have boys.

The rest of our party had also their fortunes told ; but I was, on the whole, the luckiest of them all.

On the Servian side, along the whole of this part of the Danube, is found an antique road hewn in the rock, which has existed since the time of the Romans' dominion. We saw, on the opposite side of the stream, the so-called Trajan's Slate. It consists of a smooth rock, with an inscription in memory of Trajan's first expedition into Dacia.

In the forenoon we reached the village of Tisowiza, where we were to enjoy our breakfast in a poor inn. The landlord had not been informed that the steam-vessel's passengers would arrive that day. We therefore came on him quite unexpectedly ; and he had to make a hasty slaughter amongst all

¹ Two comedies.

the chickens in the town. The lowest story of the house consisted of two stone cellars ; above these hung a very fragile wooden balcony, the whole length of the house, from whence we entered a sort of passage where the chimney stood, and where the food was prepared. On each side was a dingy and uncomfortable chamber. We, therefore, all preferred to be in the open air, and accordingly encamped under some tall shady chestnuts. Most of us were still sick from the quarantine. I, in particular, felt myself suffering from it.

After a few hours' stay we again set off, still along the banks of the Danube. We passed the ruins of three large towers of the time of the Romans ; they were built close to the stream, and had been converted into guard-houses. A bridge of wood led from the road out to them. Armed boundary soldiers sat there and played cards, or sat astride on the wooden balustrades. There is an avenue of handsome walnut-trees almost the whole way. We tore off the scented leaves as we drove along ; and with a branch, by way of fan, we screened ourselves from the burning sun, when the large trees did not afford us shade. How intensely hot it was ; we languished with thirst ! The beaten road almost ceased ; it was so narrow at length, that one wheel touched the rocks' sides, and the other was only an inch or two from the slope down to the rushing river. We drove at a foot-pace, but soon even this began to appear too dangerous. We were obliged to descend ; but a descent was only to be effected by creeping down from behind the carriage, for there was no place on either side. Suddenly the road entirely ceased ! A number of men were employed in widening and leveling it, and in walling a sort of foundation. Before us was a perpendicular declivity of about four feet.

The people said that no one had informed them there would be any travellers that day, and that we must consequently stop until they had made an inclined plane, for road it could not be called. Poles and boughs of trees were laid down from the top where we stood. The horses were taken from the carriages, and the carriages were slid down, but the pole of one of them was broken.

A new misfortune, which might have produced unpleasant results, awaited us. The hewn road in the rock on the Ser-

vian side is not as available as it was in the time of Trajan, for it cannot be used in our times. The Servians must therefore drag their vessels along under military guard: to come in contact in any way with these people, or with the long rope with which they haul the vessel, has this result, — the offender is charged with a contumacious contempt of authority.

We saw before us about a hundred Servian peasants, who dragged a very large river vessel up against the stream. They raised one continued and monotonous howl; the vessel made slow way against the strong current. We had to drive foot by foot, for the road was not broad enough in any one place to pass them. All the plagues of the quarantine were still in our blood! I could not conceive at that moment any more fearful command than that of "Return again to quarantine!" We drove foot by foot, then stopped; drove again foot by foot to stop again! I had a feeling as though I were bound to go round the world with leaden weights to my feet.

At length we arrived at a place where the road was a little broader than before, and where the soldiers that guarded the Servians thought that we could glide past. The tails of our horses were bound up that they might not, untimely whisking them, touch the rope. Our baggage, and even the leather curtains of our carriages, were well drawn in toward us. The poor Servian peasants placed themselves as close to the bank of the river as they possibly could, and yet we were not more than a foot from them. We now drove slowly and cautiously past the whole of that long row of at least a hundred men: if even the whip-lash had touched the skirt of one of their coats, we should have had to return again to the quarantine in Orsova.

O, how freely we breathed! How the coachman drove his horses when we had passed them! We went at a gallop through the wood, over small fords, and past bubbling wells; the green branches lashed our faces and shoulders. The prospect toward the little town of Drencova, where the steam-vessel *Galatea* awaited us, now opened through wood and river.

Before the year 1836, Drencova was only a guard-house, but the steam navigation of the Danube will soon transform

it into an important town. There were, at this time, several respectable buildings in the place ; one of them was an inn. About a day's journey from hence grow the famous vines, from which the wine called Schiller is made. I drank a cup of it here, in honor of its name-giver ; the spiritual wine he has given us will bear exportation to all the countries of the world, for it can only inspire, not intoxicate.

It was with great joy that we entered that roomy and handsome steam-vessel which was to carry us to the capital of Hungary ; and we gladdened ourselves with the thought of the many comforts it offered ; “ but no one knows his fate ! ” — with this sage remark, we might aptly conclude our day's journey. A very large fair is held in Pesth four times a year, when people from the most remote corners of the most distant lands stream thither ; the steam-vessels are then in such request that they are invariably overcrowded, and it so happened that we should arrive in Pesth two days before the great St. Medardus fair.¹ The landlord predicted a highly unpleasant and troublesome voyage for us ; but we did not believe him, and thought that he wanted to entice us to botanize here until the next steam-vessel arrived, and meanwhile drink a toast to Schiller, in *schiller*, every evening with him.

At sunset I strolled alone into the forest close by, where I likewise met gypsies. They had made a fire, and sat around it. When I emerged from the forest, a fine peasant boy, who stood amongst the bushes, greeted me with a good-evening in German. I asked him if it were his mother-tongue he spoke ; he answered “ No,” and told me that he generally spoke Wallachian, but had learned German at school. He seemed by his clothes to be very poor ; but everything he had on was so clean, his hair so smoothly combed, his eyes beamed so happily, there was something so wise and good in that face, that I have never seen a child more interesting. I asked him if he would be a soldier, and he replied : “ Yes, we must all be so here ; but I may one day be an officer, and therefore I mean to learn all I can ! ” There was something so innocent in his whole behavior, something so noble, that I am certain if I had been rich I should have adopted that boy.

¹ It begins on the first of May, and continues about a fortnight.

I told him that he must be an officer, and that he would certainly become one if he zealously endeavored to improve himself, and put his trust in God.

On my asking him if he knew Denmark, he bethought himself a little, and then answered: "I think it is far from here — near Hamburg!"

I could not give alms to him; he seemed to me too noble to receive any. I begged him to pluck me some flowers; he darted off, and soon brought me a pretty bouquet; I took it, and said: "Now I will buy these flowers!" — and so he came by his payment. He was quite red in the face, but thanked me prettily. He told me that his name was Adam Marco; I took my card out of my pocket, gave it to him, and said, "When you are an officer, perhaps you may come to Denmark. If so, ask after me, and I shall rejoice with you over your good fortune! Be diligent and trust in God. Who knows what may happen?" I shook hands with him. He stood long, and looked at the vessel which I entered.

Never has any boy made such an impression on me, at a first meeting, as this; his noble manners, his sensible, innocent face, were the best patent of nobility. He must be an officer; and I give this my mite to help that consummation. Sure enough, it is borne on the wings of chance; and I here bow to every noble, rich Hungarian dame who may perchance read this book, and perhaps have a friendly thought to spare for "The Improvisatore," or "Only a Fiddler;" and I beg her — the poet begs her — if he has, unknown to himself, one rich friend in Hungary or Wallachia, to think of Adam Marco near Drencova, and help her little countryman forward, if he deserves it.

IX.

A VOYAGE UP THE DANUBE FROM DRENCOVA TO SEMLIN.

It was morning; the vessel had long been going at full speed. We had lost sight of Drencova. Wood-grown rocks arose on both sides of the river; a range of clouds hung like

a hovering bridge over the stream. We sailed in directly under them ; and the cloud-bridge was no longer steadfast. Do Oberon and Titania yet live? If so, I am sure the elves had made that bridge for them the night before. It suddenly changed to a balloon-shaped cloud, as the smoke from the steamer mixed with it. The country around was picturesquely beautiful. A rocky cliff stands in the middle of the Danube in the form of a rhinoceros' horn, and is called Babekey ; the word may be Turkish, Servian, or Slavonian. In the Servian language it signifies, " Be still, old one ! " in Turkish, " The rocks' father ! " in Slavonian, " Repent, old man ! " and this last explanation agrees with the common legend connected with the cliff. A jealous husband is said to have placed his wife there in the midst of the rapid current. The rock is just so large that one person can conveniently stand there, and if he be in a fitting humor, enjoy a very beautiful prospect ; for on the Servian side lies the mountain fortress of Gobulaza, on a rock standing perpendicularly out of the river, and in the background dark woods. A part of this fortress is from the time of the Romans. A hundred years ago it was a robber's castle ; wild songs and the clash of drinking cups sounded there in the night, whilst the Danube dashed its waves against the solitary cliff Babekey, which often became a life's *meta* for many a poor prisoner. We soon passed Moldavia, famous for its copper mines ; then the hamlet of Basiasch, with its poor little cloister ; at every place we got a few passengers ; one of them, from the last named place, was an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be seal engraver or seal collector, for he walked about with his sign on his stomach. Above a dozen large and small seals hung from his watch ; he was a living chart of the Danube, and I owe the treble explanation of the name Babekey to him. The name of the little town O-Palanka, which we approached, he said, was derived from a Slavonian word signifying a defense with piles ; and gave it as his opinion, that in the time of the Romans the fortification here had been of that kind. Our only passenger from that place was a lady, who, at the moment that the vessel laid to, and a man sprung on board with her trunk, cried out : " No, no ! I will go by land ! " And she ran like a despairing sheep after the

wolf that had carried off her young — the large, well-nailed trunk. She was on deck ; at the same moment the steam whistled out of the blow-pipe ; in her astonishment she remained standing motionless, and held her yellow ticket in her hand ; the mate took it, and we — we went on. “ Yes, but I would rather go by land ! ” said the lady. It was the first time in her life she had ventured on board a steam-vessel ; she had been over-persuaded ; it was not her own wish. She assured us that she had not slept the night before for thinking about this voyage. She was going far away, up to the town of Yucavar, two whole days’ voyage ! However, she had only taken her place as far as Semlin, to ascertain whether she should be blown into the air or not. She was an economical woman. She would not pay for the whole voyage at once. She would first see whether she got over half of it alive !

She had heard of so many dreadful misfortunes with steam-vessels and steam-carriages, and “ they are terrible discoveries ! ” said she. “ O, if it would only not explode with us ! ” and then she looked anxiously on all sides. “ The captain should keep nearer the shore ! ” was her meaning, so that one could at least spring ashore when the vessel blew up. Our grave man with the seals now gave a popular lecture on the nature of the blow-pipe and valve, for her edification ; but she shook her head, and could not understand a word of it. I then attempted to translate it for her into a still more popular one, and she appeared to understand me, for at every sentence she said “ Yes. ” “ Imagine, Madame, ” said I, “ that you have a pot on the fire : the water in it boils very fast, a large lid covers it as tight as if it were screwed fast ; then the pot will spring from the hot steam within it, but if it be a light, loose lid, then the lid tilts up and down, but the pot will not spring ! ” “ But God preserve us ! ” said the lady ; “ when the lid ” — and here she pointed to the deck — “ when the lid here over the steam-engine tilts up, we shall be tumbled into the Danube ! ” and she took a fast hold of the bulwark.

Toward noon we passed Kubin. A majestic thunder-cloud hung over the town. The clouds formed an Alpine land of greatness and darkness. The lightning’s flash was the mountain path ; it ran in the boldest zigzag. The thunder rolled

above us, not as the fall of an avalanche ; no, but like the mountains themselves crashing together. Yet it continued equally hot as before, the air was oppressively warm. Our poor lady, however, was still warmer than we. She had thrown her large shawl around her, so that she could neither see nor hear, and sat, with a beating heart, waiting for the great explosion the vessel was to make. I proposed to her to go down into the ladies' cabin ; but she answered No, with her hand, for she could not speak otherwise. We darted on rapidly against the stream, alongside the endless forests of Servia, the green color of which began to weary me. I felt a desire for a view of the mountains of Attica, or even a piece of Jutland heath. The storm was quite over when we passed the Turkish fortress, Semendria. It forms a triangle, is fortified with walls, and has many towers, mostly square or round, all ruinous, as well as the circular walls. It was not possible to suppose that this place represented a fortress built in our time. On one tower, the roof consisted merely of loose laths ; we could see the open sky through them. Two Turkish soldiers sat in an open hole in the turret, and stared after us. They were the only living beings we saw in all that long ruinous building. The town itself was insignificant ; a little wooden minaret, whitewashed over, was the whole ornament of the place. That oppressive air, that nausea one felt, — yes, it looked as if the fortress itself was “ struck all of a heap ” with loathing and tediousness. The waves of the Danube were quite yellow ; people sat on the deck with umbrellas over their heads and slept. Everything we touched was glowing hot. Our lady ordered one glass of water after another ; she took camphor drops on sugar.

The next place we passed was Panscova, a town of which they say that it is the custom there for young and old, nay, even for the poorest, to paint themselves. When the ladies there weep over a novel or romance, one may reckon all their real tears ; they will be seen like pink spots on the white leaves of a book ! The sun went down, it was still quite sultry : the crescent moon hung directly over the fortress of Belgrade. On the German side there were strong flashes of lightning. Lights moved here and there on shore. We shot

past the roaring Sava ; it was quite dark ; some minutes afterward we lay still, close to the shore, outside Semlin, the first Austrian town on our right side ; the river Sava here formed the boundary toward Servia. Here then we were to leave the military boundaries, and pass through Hungary itself. All the steam-vessels remain two days and a night at Semlin ; we had, therefore, plenty of time to say farewell to the last city with minarets. The lady would not, however, remain the night over on board the steamer. She had a relation in Semlin ; she would stay with him, — nay, stay away altogether. She therefore went ashore the first opportunity.

It was morning ; all around lay in broad sunlight. The country around Semlin is flat ; to the left, a meadow with guard-houses erected on piles, that the guards on watch may not be washed away when the Danube rises. To the right, Semlin, a regular provincial town. Toward the east, the fortress of Belgrade, with its white minarets, the most characteristic feature in the aspect of the East. The fortress, with its mosque, stands on the top of a steep rock, and round about that again is the town stretching down toward the Danube and Sava, and inclosed on the other side by a large oak wood. Belgrade has fourteen mosques. The right wing of the town is occupied by the Turkish part of the inhabitants ; the centre and left part by the Servians. It was on the twenty-fifth of February, 1839, that the Servians obtained their free constitution. The Turks have now only the fortress ; the pasha there is like a commander or governor. It was in the palace garden here that the noble Greek poet, Rhigas, was shamefully executed. He was the Beranger of Greece, and in the then state of Greece, a poet of still greater mark than the Frenchman. It was not alone by his songs that he awoke the feeling of freedom amongst the people, but he employed his means in educating young Greeks. He had them sent to him to Venice, where he lived as a merchant. He had them brought up to feel what their father-land had been. Greece was still under Turkish sway. Rhigas was delivered to the Turks, who commanded him to be sawn in two alive ; and this horrible execution took place here in the pasha's palace yard. Six hundred and thirty Servians were impaled in the same place

in 1815. They had all surrendered on the promise of being pardoned. One of these unfortunate beings lived until the seventh day after the impalement. The Danube swam with dead bodies — with the bodies of the Servians. The Turks might have sung in mockery, “It is beautiful to sit by the river and see the broken weapons of thine enemy glide past!”

Below, where the Sava falls into the Danube, stands a decayed tower, Neboisce, — “Be without fear!” The bodies of the executed were thrown from an aperture in its walls into the Danube. In this tower, in the deepest dungeon, into which the water forces its way, sat the noble Prince Jeffram Obrenowitsch, brother to Prince Milosch, who in open battle compelled the pasha to deliver his prisoner. The remembrances connected with the place awakened thoughts of the wood-demon who pressed his strong legs around Prince Agib’s neck, as the legend informs us. At the sight of that gloomy, ruinous tower, I fancied I felt the clammy walls press me like the wood-demon’s legs! What horrors are there not connected with the scene which now lay before me in the brightest sunshine, with fresh green trees, sunlit minarets, cupolas, and red-roofed houses!

Servia’s first deliverer, Black George, fled through that dark oak forest, by the river Sava; this wood and this river were the scene of one of those tragic combats that live, and will live in the people’s songs. Black George fled with his old father, the herdsman Petroni; they already saw the river Sava and the borders of Austria, and the father was filled with the anguish of leaving his father-land. He begged his son to surrender himself, that they might die together on their native soil; and George wavered between filial obedience and the love of freedom; the first was about to gain the mastery, when the shouts of the Bosnians and Turks resounded through the forest. The son prepared to lift his father on his shoulders, and swim with him across the river; but the old man would not leave that land to which the memories of his life were bound; he would rather be hewed down by the wild hordes! The son then begged his father’s blessing, and the old man bestowed it upon him, opened his mantle, and bared his breast. The son shot his bullet into his father’s heart, cast

the body into the Sava, and then swam over the river himself. It was as though the waves still told me about it; and the dark oak forest nodded, saying: "Yes, so it was." Screaming birds flew out of the open black holes in the tower from whence the bodies of the Servians had been thrown; thus do birds of prey flutter around a place of execution.

Between the Austrian town Semlin and the river Sava there is a meadow, stretching out directly before Belgrade, in which there is held a sort of market; two rows of palisades near each other separate the buyers from the sellers; the Austrian watch, and the military officials, pass along this long narrow way, and observe that no contact takes place; that the Turkish goods come into quarantine, and that the money is first washed in vinegar before it is taken on the Austrian frontier. There is a shouting and gesticulating between the different people to make themselves understood by each other; the wares are spread out, turned, and tumbled about. Swine, horses, — in short, all kinds of cattle are driven into the river. When they have been well washed in it, they are considered as being free from contagion; the whip cracks, the horn sounds, and the shy animals run in amongst the Turks, and must then out again into the bath.

Two Greek priests, with dark-blue mantles down to their ankles, small hats, and large beards, sat lounging the whole afternoon under the poplars by the Danube, and looked at our vessel. Toward evening the chief persons of the good city of Semlin came on board; they greeted each other, as we could see, according to rank; some got a whole bushel of compliments, they were the very tip-top inhabitants; others got gracious compliments by the drachm; it was quite ridiculous to see. I thought I was at home! How mankind resemble each other everywhere.

Something more novel was the sight here of the long row of river vessels; every one of them looked like a Noah's ark. They were long, very narrow, and with a house (for they are floating houses) that was large enough to form a whole street. They were all painted over in various colors; on one stood a glowing red lion on each side of the door; on another, grass-green dragons, with gold crowns on their heads; most of the

others had pictures of saints. The way in which they manœvered to get up against the stream was this ; not less than twenty-one men, one behind the other, took their places on the roof, which extended over the whole vessel. They hauled in a rope, bound fast to an anchor placed at a great distance up in the middle of the stream ; they get forward, but at a snail's pace. A thunder-cloud stood over the plains of Hungary ; the rain poured down over the homeward-bound Semliners, both over number one in rank, and over numbers two, three, four — as many as you please. Such a stupid cloud does not know the distinction due to persons ; it drenches high and low ! After rain comes sunshine ; everything shone again in the setting sun, the Danube's and Sava's waves, and Belgrade's minarets. Here the Servian Dryads bade me their last farewell ; here I heard the last cry at night from the dwellers on the minarets. When I again come upon deck to-morrow, there will be nothing on the shore to remind me of the East ! Here I see the last minaret.

X.

FROM SEMLIN TO MOHACS.

THE day broke, and we still lay outside Semlin ; the whole district around was enveloped in thick mist ; the Captain durst not venture to sail up that tortuous river. The wind blew, the mist became more transparent ; the vessel was set in motion, we passed green meadows and yellow cliffs. A number of new passengers had come on board on the previous evening. They came up from the cabin one after another ; one with his coffee-cup, another with his hand-book, or a paper, on which the events of the day were to be noted down. A few government officers carried on a conversation in Latin, from which we knew we were in Hungary ; an ecclesiastic, who heard that I was Danish, began a conversation with me about Tycho Brahe, Schumacher, and H. C. Örsted ; the man was very eloquent, had travelled much, and knew the particulars about most places and things. He was an astronomer, and his name, Wartan Josephi.

It comes pleasantly home to a man's feelings to hear, so far from his father-land, its, or one of its significant names that shed a lustre over his country, spoken of with admiration and affection ; the invisible roots of the soul that hold us to our home's soil are touched in a strange manner : we become at once glad and sorrowful. The stranger spoke particularly about Örsted, and the cordial words sounded like music to my ear ; and the fertile green meadow I looked upon reminded me of summer-Denmark. My heart was told of my father-land through ear and eye.

Before us lay Karlowitz, with the church of Maria-Fried : at a distance it reminded me of Rosenborg Palace, in Copenhagen : I knew these towers and spires, I knew these fields, and the green trees. On the following day's voyage it became a certainty to me that Hungary — at least, near the Danube — has quite a Danish character. If we travel on the high-road between Karlowitz and Peterwardein, then the distance between both these places is only a walk ; on the contrary, if we go up the river it is a little voyage, as the Danube makes one of its most considerable windings here.

Peterwardein, the strongest fortress of Austria, does not appear very large, and has nothing of the imposing effect of Ehrenbreitstein. On our voyage up the river, it looked like a fortress in a flat country ; its outworks appeared to be walled terraces, the one higher than the other, behind which lay long, barrack-like buildings. When we came to the opposite side of the fortress, toward the hamlet of Neusats,¹ it offered something of a nobler and more picturesque character ; the foundation was on a rock ; it rose on large masses of granite.

All the good folks of Neusats were out in the street, under the green trees, to look at the steam-vessel ; three large heaps of goods lay on the shore ; people took leave of and kissed each other, and the mother fastened the cloak a little closer around the daughter who was going away ; a cavalier held the parasol whilst two ladies embraced each other : we had a considerable accession of company on board.

¹ In 1738, Neusats was a fishing village, now it is a town of considerable importance ; between Neusats and Peterwardein is the first bridge across the Danube : it is a bridge of boats.

We sailed in between two green fruitful mountains, and met two boats filled to repletion ; there were above a hundred persons in each ; those on board said that they were returning from a pilgrimage : they sang and rejoiced. It often happens in dark and bad weather that such boats meet with accidents. Whilst we were speaking about it, a thunder-cloud rolled like an avalanche between the mountains ; a shower came over us ; the Danube swelled as if its Naiads had become angry because they were bearing the pious men who had come from the pilgrimage. We shot forward rapidly. One little town peeped forth after another between the green trees. Small floating colonies lay on the Danube ; every house was a water-mill ; the wheel went round, the miller's men hung on each other's backs by the open shutter-windows to see our vessel, and the strangers in it. The mirth of an "*Eulenspiegel*" began here, and was continued right up to Pesth. The Hungarians take their hats off at every water-mill they come to, put it under their arm, and grind round with the other hand, which signifies that the millers grind for their own hats, or, in other words, what we call — steal ; here, as everywhere else, the jest against the millers was understood and answered, as poor *Eulenspiegel* would have answered it : but I need not enter into particulars.

We lay for a short time outside Illok, an old town which was almost hidden by a thick, bush-grown cliff ; the fortress is completely destroyed ; a Franciscan monastery extends very picturesquely along the summit ; this was the most considerable we had yet seen on our voyage up the Danube. A new palace was building for the princely family of Odaskalki.

What a beautiful, picturesque scene the face of nature here presents ! When in a few years the Danube gets its panoramic views like the Rhine, Illok will then be one of the places where the beholder will wish to wander between the green woods under the ivy-covered walls of the monastery ; but he will not do so ; he will have but the prospect ; nor did we in reality get more — we were all on board, and sailed forward on our way.

At sunset we reached Yucovar : here and in Borova, where we arrived in the night, there came new passengers ; the

number increased in the morning when we lay before Dalja. People streamed to the great Mëdardus fair from all parts ; every sleeping place in the vessel was taken, and we had still a three days' voyage before we reached the end of our journey ; we had yet to pass Apatin, Mohacs, Baja, Tolna, Paks, Földvar, and Ersceny ; seven towns, where we might expect new guests from each, and all were to go by our vessel.

At Erdöd lies a ruin on a high cliff ; it is equally as picturesque as the legend connected with it is original.¹ A young nobleman of the house of Erdöd lifted his hand against his father, struck him in the face, and the old man cursed his son ; a flaming red mark, like that of Cain, appeared on the son's brow ; it burnt — it drove him away up toward the cold North, through marsh and forest, over mountains and seas, to ice and snow. All turned away from him wherever he came ; the mark burnt and burnt. He turned toward the South, to the merry lively people ; but they feared Cain, they turned from him. Then despair came on his heart — he knew not where he went. A river rushed under the precipice where he stood, a knight's castle lay there, illumined by the sinking sun ; he knew its towers, its spires, and the venerable man, who, leaning on his *jäger* passed over the draw-bridge ; he threw himself at the old man's feet, and with the father's blessing the burning mark vanished from his brow.

Our last guests were highly characteristic — real country nobles ; all in parti-colored jackets of light red or light blue striped linen ; they all had bare necks and short beards ; these were to represent innocence and strength. They had caps with the Hungarian national color, green, yellow, and red, the one little triangular patch sewed by the side of the other. They all wore mustaches ending on each side like a little ram's horn. A young, yellow-visaged Jew made himself very conspicuous by them ; he had them so small that they looked like three hairs well plastered with pomatum : we could see that in his family's, and in his own opinion, he was a very fine gentleman. He was a real Hungarian idler !

¹ I give the legend as it was verbally related to me on the spot ; it sounds, however, somewhat different in Mednyanszky's *Erzählungen, Sagen und Legenden aus Ungarns Vorzeit*.

In the afternoon we reached Mohacs, where we were to remain until the next morning. The plain near this town has a sort of fame from the battle between Louis II. of Hungary and Solyman the Magnificent ; it is immortalized in a painting belonging to the Bishop's residence outside the town. I was with the rest on the way thither, but turned back. I did not care to go so far. I directed my steps to a barber's, for I was prosaically inclined, and one becomes so on a voyage ; yet I must confess that I was extremely sorry I had not seen the picture, of which the other passengers spoke highly. But is it not true, that we cannot see everything ? I looked at another picture in the house of the poor barber ; there hung a genuine Hungarian piece, of the kind one buys for a penny. On a sheet of paper, two praying angels hovered in the air, and under them were two clasped hands with the inscription : "For our friends !" by the side of these were two strong fists, and here was written : "Against our enemies !"

This was also a picture, and perhaps more characteristic of Hungary than the painting I should have seen in the Bishop's mansion, where I did not care to go.

I was tired, fatigued, and weary of the voyage ; and that is the truth.

XI.

THE SWINEHERD.

OUTSIDE that clay and straw-plastered hut sits an old swineherd, — a real Hungarian, consequently a nobleman. He has often laid his hand on his heart and said so to himself. The sun burns hot, therefore he has turned the woolly side of his sheepskin cloak outward ; his silvery white hair hangs down his characteristically brown face ; he has got a new piece of linen, a shirt, and he manages it in his way ; rubs it in with bacon ; then it keeps longer clean, then it can be turned and turned again. His grandson, a florid complexioned lad, with his long, black hair shining with the same sort of pomatum as the old man uses to his linen, stands close by, leaning on a staff ; a long leather bag hangs over his shoulder. He is also

a swineherd, and is going this evening on board a vessel which, towed by the steamer *Eros*, carries a large cargo of swine to the capital.

“In five days you will be there,” says the man; “when I was a lad like thee, we took six weeks to it! We went step by step, through marshy ways, through woods and over rocks; swine that in the first few days were so fat that some of them burst on the march, became thin and miserable before we came to the place. Now the world goes forward! Everything becomes easier.”

“We can smoke our pipes,” says the young one, “lie in our skin cloaks in the warm sun; towns and meadows glide past us; the swine fly too, and become fat on the way. That is a gentleman’s life!”

“Every one has his,” says the old one; “I had mine. There is mirth in adventure. When I saw the gypsies boiling and roasting in the wood, I was obliged to be on the lookout that my best swine did not get into the pot. I have seen many a merry hour; I had to think, to turn myself, and, now and then, to use my fists. On the plain between the rocks, where, you know, the winds are shut in, I drove my herd: I drove it over the field where the invisible palace of the winds is erected. One saw neither house nor roof; the palace of the winds can only be felt! I drove the herd through all the invisible rooms and saloons; I observed it full well; the wall was storm, the door whirlwind! It is worth while having tried such things; it gives one something to talk about. What have you, who bask in sunshine on the large swimming pigsty, to relate?”

And as the old man talks, he rubs his new piece of linen very eagerly.

“Go with me to the Danube,” says the young one; “there you shall see a huddle of swine so fat, that they appear as though each and all would burst. They will not go into the vessel, we drive them with sticks; they squeeze themselves together, place themselves across, stretch themselves on the ground, crawl on each other’s backs, however heavy they may be. That is a huddle worth seeing. You will laugh till you shake again. There is a squealing — all the musicians in

Hungary could not get such tones out of their bagpipes, if they were to squeeze them ever so hard. Now your shirt shines so well with the fat pork that you cannot make it look better. Go with me to the Danube ; I will give you something to drink, old father. In four days I shall be in the capital ; I shall see luxury and splendor ; I will buy thee a pair of red trousers and plated spurs."

And the old swineherd lifts his head proudly, looks with glistening eyes on the young Magyar, hangs his shirt up on a hook in the low clay cabin, where there is only a bench, table, and wooden chest : he nods his head, and mutters, "*Nemes-ember van, nemes-ember en es vagyok !*"¹

XII.

FAIR GUESTS.

WE leave Mohacs. Our vessel was quite filled with passengers ; we were above three hundred, and many more were expected before we reached Pesth. Chests, sacks, bundles, and packages lay heaped up as high as the boxes of the paddle-wheels, and round about, on deck and under the deck, people tried to get a place, if not to sit, at least to stand. A Turkish Jew who had come down from Semlin had the best of it ; he continued to keep the place he had first taken ; he sat on a carpet he had spread out, and held a large keg of wine between his legs. Every moment he drank a toast, nodded and sang, crowed like a cock, and sighed like a maiden ; he was the pantaloon for the whole company, and merry enough he was. A heiduk, or foot-soldier, in red trousers and large white cloak, stood unmoved from morning till evening, with his back against the captain's cabin, and smoked his pipe. Some old Jews read aloud to themselves out of their Hebrew Bibles. Two or three families sat on some piled-up bundles, and ate bread and onions, as well as played a game of cards or idled away the time. A young *militaire* paid continual court to a girl, whilst two other offi-

¹ "He is a nobleman ; I also am a nobleman !"

cers jested with the little Armenian boy Antonius, and, to the great dismay of Pater Adam, told him that it was not good to be a monk! They showed him their sabres, pointed to their mustaches, set their parti-colored caps on his head. The boy smiled, and Pater Adam shook his head. There was a merriment, a screaming, a humming, and buzzing, both above and below. "*Mein parapleem! parapleem!*" screamed a Jew who had lost his umbrella. "*Felix faustumque sit!*" shouted a black dressed Oskolamestre, who met his colleague! The poor damsel who had come with us from Constantinople gave herself up to tears on account of the great mass of people, and, as she said, "the horrible company in the second cabin." One might laugh or cry at it. Everything below was enveloped in tobacco smoke. People stood upon each other, but there were also many who sat, and that not only on the benches, but on the ends and sides of the tables: they sat there all day that they might have a sitting place at night. Two young wives of the Jewish faith stood in the midst of the throng, with their arms around each other's waists, and smelt of a citron.

There was not much better accommodation in the first cabin, only that there we were free from tobacco-smoke. The gentlemen sat unceremoniously amongst the ladies, and played *makan*, a very high game at hazard. A Semlin trader, in a green jerkin, and with a black felt hat, which he never took off, even while he slept, had already played watch and money away. Champagne corks flew about; there was a smell of beefsteaks! — and in the evening it was worse still; they had to sleep on tables and benches, nay, under the tables and benches, even in the cabin windows; some lay in their clothes, others made themselves comfortable, and imagined that they were going to their own good beds at home.

The ladies' cabins were equally overfilled; a few of the eldest took courage, and a manly heart, as we call it, and sat down within the door of our cabin with us! Others took up their place on the steps, the one over the other. The whole deck was one large bed, and here they went to rest with the sun. One could not take a step without treading on them! Here was a murmuring, a sighing, a snoring — and we had this for

two nights! One quite forgot the poetry of nature for every-day life. New fruitful districts, vine-hills, and large villages with new and light churches met our view as we darted past. At length, on the third morning after our departure from Mohacs, the Hungarian flag¹ was hoisted, Pesth lay before us in airy mist! Ofen was hidden by the high mountain of St. Gerhard,² where a flag was hoisted on the summit of the tower to greet the steamer which brought the fair guests.

XIII.

PESTH AND OFEN.

HERE is a prospect! But how shall one paint it with words, — and the sunlight in which it appears. The buildings along the shores of the river in Pesth seem to be a row of palaces; what life and bustle! Hungarian dandies, tradesmen, both Jews and Greeks, soldiers and peasants, force their way amongst each other. It is the fair of St. Medardus. Less, but variegated houses extend along the opposite shore of the river under the high grass-green mountains; a few rows lie in ranks on the mountain side. That is Ofen, the capital of Hungary; the fortress, the Hungarian Acropolis, lifts its white walls above the green gardens.

A bridge of boats unites the two towns. What a throng and tumult! The bridge rocks as the carriages pass over it. Soldiers march; bayonets glitter in the sun; a procession of peasants sets out on a pilgrimage. Now, they are on the middle of the bridge, the cross twinkles, the song reaches us. The river itself is half-filled with ships and small vessels. Hearken to the music! A crowd of boats are rowed up against the

¹ The Hungarian flag has a red stripe at the top, a green one at the bottom, and in the middle a white. In the right field are the rivers Drave, Save, and Theiss; in the left field three mountains, Tatra, Fatra, and Matra; and above the field is a crown, the cross of which is bent as in the real Hungarian royal crown, which was a gift from Pope Sylvester to Stephen the Holy. None but those who have worn it, are entitled Kings of Hungary.

² The heathens threw the holy St. Gerhard from this place into the Danube.

stream ; the Hungarian flag waves by dozens from every boat ; the whole shore is filled with people. What kind of procession is it ? All the persons in the boats are nearly naked, but with tri-colored caps on. The music clangs, the flags wave, the oars splash ! What does it all signify ? I ask a young lady, who is also looking at this merriment, and she explains to me that it is the military swimming school. Officers and cadets all swim, as for a wager, down with the stream to St. Gerhard's mount ; but it is impossible to swim back, and therefore they row in boats, with flags and music. It has a gay appearance, and it is characteristic ! All is exultation — all is festivity — the church bells ring. It is Whitsunday !

We go on shore, we seek for a hotel. It is large and splendid ; and it is shamefully dear ! There is no tax here during the fair time. We wander about in Pesth ; but it is Vienna, — at least, a part of Vienna. The same shops ; the same diversified, well-painted signs, with portraits and allegories. One feels a desire to stand still. See there, on the coffee-house, in gilt letters : “ *Kave-hós ;* ” and, underneath, is a picture, which shows “ the heavenly coffee-well.” Angels sit down to table here, and drink coffee ; one of the most beautiful fetches it from the fountain, where it streams forth, quite dark-brown, amongst the flowers. In one of the streets here, is a “ *Stock-am Eisen,* ” just as in Vienna ; the last remnant of the primitive forest by the Danube. Here every travelling workman struck his nail into the tree, as long as there was a spot where it could be driven in ; and the tree became an iron tree, a tree of nails ! Hercules himself had not such a club.

Not a trace is now to be seen of the overflowing of the Danube ; every house is erected again ; everything is newer and more splendid.¹

Ofen has one theatre, Pesth two : the one, and the least of them, is the national theatre, where they only perform plays in the Hungarian language. Here are good actors and good music ; and the house is, as they told me, always well fre-

¹ In 1838, there was a dreadful inundation here. The water rose twenty-nine feet four inches above the usual level. Many persons perished ; cattle were drowned, and houses fell down.

quented. This building is also used as a concert saloon. I heard Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's oratorio of "Saint Paul," in a Hungarian translation, or, as it is called in Hungarian abbreviation, "Pál." The Royal Theatre is large and handsome, but badly lighted. Emil Devrient, from Saxony, so celebrated in Germany, was here during my stay, and performed *Sancho*, in Raupach's "Die Königsstochter ein Bettlerweib," and *Bolingbroke*, in Scribe's "Un Verre d'Eau." There was nature and truth in this artist's playing; he shone like a star of the first magnitude amongst these lesser ones. However, there were several that one could observe were public favorites, — a Madame —, in particular, who appeared to me to have a high degree of mannerism; but the worse the lady performed, the more did the people applaud.

The "National Casino," where I was introduced, is very large; and, with respect to books and newspapers, extremely well supplied. What interests the stranger most here, is the number of different journals and periodicals in the language of the country. As the most read, and most important Hungarian poet, may be mentioned Josika, who has written many novels. One of these, "The Bohemians in Hungary," is much praised. The question was put to me, — if any Hungarian work had been translated into Danish? and I could only answer that I knew but one, "Szechenyi on Horse-racing," and added that it had been just translated by one of my dearest Danish friends. The Hungarians spoke with great enthusiasm of Szechenyi and his many services to Hungary. As the most interesting of his works, they named "Der Credit."

Szechenyi's portrait was to be seen in all the book-sellers' shops, and it ornamented our cabin in the steamer, which carried us higher up the Danube. Yet, before we sail again, let us take a little trip to the other side of Ofen, to Gul-Baba's grave, by the "Imperial Bath." We bring a greeting from the East to the Turkish saint; we bring it from old Stamboul, from Mohammed's green flag! Who is he within there, that lies stretched out on his face, a white felt hat without brim around his brow? Did I not see him in the whirling dance, amongst the Mewlewis in Pera? It is a dervise! He has wandered hither on foot, over mountains, through desert wastes, to a

strange people, to the Christians' city! His pilgrimage is ended, As a memento thereof, he hangs a parti-colored wooden sword on the wall, casts himself on his face, and mutters, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

It is evening! the sun sinks red and large! The son of the East wanders silently from the grave to the high fortress. He has sought out the most solitary way, the most remote bastion; he bends his head, and says another prayer. The common man stands at a distance; stares after the foreign wanderer, and has his own thoughts! There is, as he knows, no peace at night in this place. An hour before midnight, the gigantic figure of an unhappy spirit, a Turk, glides about here. The figure lifts the largest of the cannons, shoulders it, and marches round the walls with it. At the stroke of twelve, it lays the cannon down in its place, and vanishes. Will the living figure exchange words here with the dead this night? It is still on the bastion, and still in the little tomb where Gul-Baba sleeps.

XIV.

THE DANUBE FROM PESTH TO VIENNA.

THE steamer *Maria Anna* sails early in the morning to Vienna. We go on board; the little vessel is over-filled with passengers. It goes off at a rapid rate, against the stream, past the bathing-houses, where the palings bend under the weight of half-naked soldiers, one wrapped in a sheet, others in shirts; but now we are past!

Primitive forests once extended along these shores; a solitary hut, of earth and boughs, stood by the swelling river. Waitz was the name of its pious hermit; his memory now lives only in the name of the town which greets us with its churches and promenades. It is Waitzen. The legend states that shortly before the battle of Mogyrrod, the Princes Geisa and Ladislaus rode through the forest here together. They spoke of the order of battle, and the positions of the armies, when Ladislaus suddenly cried out, "Did you not see something? Whilst we spoke together, an angel came from heaven, and held a crown over

your head! Now, I know you will conquer!" And Geisa swore: "If God be with us, and thy vision be fulfilled, I will build a church on this spot!" The enemy fled; and here by the hermit's cell, in the dark wood, a stag, with burning antlers, started suddenly forth; the warriors shot at it, the stag sprang into the Danube, and disappeared. The church was built by the side of Waitz's cell; a town rose round about it, and was called Waitzen.

Legends and reminiscences are connected with these shores. Here the scene varies with wood and rock, with green fields and populous towns. We approach a ruin; in its days of power it was once the most fairy-like palace in Europe. Matthew Corvini loved this place: at his command the floors were spread with marble, the ceiling shone with gold, the walls with paintings and rich drapery. Every window told a legend or a heathenish saga; birds of various plumage flew about in here in the winter time amongst the palms and oranges of the South. All has disappeared; the fox digs his hole where proud knights danced in rows. The herdsman drives his herd over the narrow path between the bushes, where artificial fountains splashed on the high terraces. The poet of that time beholding it, thought and dreamed of Armida's enchanted garden. The boat, adorned with oriental splendor, was loosened here from the little marble haven in the moonlight summer evenings. The music sounded, joyous women and brave men made merry sailing trips, and rejoiced in the evening, and were gladdened by the grand echo which answered again and again from Solomon's tower, by the river,—a building six stories in height. All this has disappeared, all is passed; Echo alone sits here yet on the ruins, and replies with the unchanged voice of youth; yet one name, say the people, it does not repeat, and that is of the traitor Betéz, who betrayed his king.

We approached Gran, where Stephen the Holy was born, and where he now rests in his coffin. In the midst of the ruined fortress on the cliff a church is building. The town itself lies flat, between green trees; from these trees a number of butterflies flutter over the Danube, as if they were a bevy of sylphides, of which we only saw the wings. The thought of sylphides and the name of the town leads me back to the

Sylphide of the North, who flew from the Danish scene to the world's city, Paris, and enchanted even that critical gentleman, Jules Janin ; then, at once went on crutches to the baths of the Pyrenees ; sank from admiration and renown to suffering and oblivion ! I forget Stephen the Holy's town for Lucile — forget Gran for Grahn !

Toward evening we reached Comorn ; new passengers flocked to our steamer. It was now so full that each of us might be glad if we got a place to sit in at night ; the luxury of stretching one's weary limbs at full length was too much to expect. We sat side by side. As there are moving sand banks in the Danube that sometimes lie here and sometimes there, we naturally ran on them several times. One passenger knocked against his neighbor, a few old gentlemen fell on their knees to the floor, and the refreshment tables danced a mazurka.

The next day's voyage offered only the sight of flat wood-grown shores, with here and there a water-mill or a village with a church. We now lay before Presburg. As we neared the bridge, a "Kellner" (cellar-man*or butler) threw a pack of cards into the river, heaven knows why ! The cards sank down deep as if they willingly sought the bottom ; one in particular, but it came up again—it was the Queen of Hearts. She courtesied three times very deeply, and then she sank. This was our gracious welcome to Presburg. Close to the place where we landed was a little hill with a walled fence, whose name is significant—it is "Krönungs Berg." The joyous Hungarians, who are handsome, very handsome, assemble round this hill on the day of the King's coronation ; the tri-colored flag then waves from all the vessels in the river ; the cannons thunder, and Hungary's*King in the same dress, and with the same crown Stephen the Holy wore, rides up this hill, and from its summit, with his sword raised against the four quarters of the world, swears to defend and maintain his country. Church-bells and trumpets, the cannons, and people's mouths exultingly shout their "Long life to the Lord's anointed !"

I like this city ; it is lively and motley. The shops appear to have been brought from Vienna ! "Yes, here is much to

see," says the burgher ; "go with me to the ruins of the palace on the lofty rock by the Danube. There is a prospect over the floating bridge, over towns, and corn-land ! Along the rock there hangs a street with many colored houses, with balmy trees, and children dance up there in the warm sun." We wander through the city ; here are old reminiscences, here are rare legends ! here are also charming roses, and still prettier children. I met quite a little girl ; she had a large bouquet. She smiled on me. Seeing a stranger, she stopped, took one of the prettiest roses, gave it to me, nodded, and was gone. The rose shall not wither ; it shall bloom in a poem, and when the little one, herself, in a few years becomes a full-blown rose, accident may bring her this poem : will she then remember the stranger to whom she gave the flower ?

We stand in the open square before the town-hall, over the gate of which there is a picture on the wall painted *al fresco*. It represents an old man in a black habit and with a long beard ; he bends over an open book. What does this picture signify ? What says the legend ? It is a tale calculated to awaken horror. This figure was once one of the most powerful councilors of the city ; he was an alchemist and astrologer — feared and hated. He knew how to appropriate everything to himself, even the poor widow's little field. And the poor woman forced her way into the council chamber where he sat with the mighty of the city ; she lifted her voice in despair, and demanded of him to take an oath that he had acted according to law and conscience. And he took the book, bent over it, read the oath with a hollow voice, raised his hand, and swore. Then a whirlwind rushed through the hall, and they all sank to the ground. When it was once more still and they rose, the perjurer had vanished. The window was broken, and outside on the wall there stood living in every feature, as we see it still, and ineffaceable, the figure of the councilor of Presburg. The devil had blown him into the smooth wall like a colored shadow.

Our steamer was again on its flight : we met another steamer, *Arpad* ; it came from Vienna, and like ours, was overloaded with passengers. Hats swung, handkerchiefs waved, we looked in each other's eyes, we saw ourselves there, and

the picture vanished again. Not one of the many figures has remained behind in memory, except that of a lady in a nankeen cloak, and with a green parasol ; she has found a place in my heart. I hope she is as affable as she appeared to be.

The whole morning, long before we had reached Presburg, we saw a thick, heavy smoke rising in the horizon ; it was a fire ; the half of Theben had burnt that day. We approached this place at sunset ; it is one of the most picturesque on the whole voyage. A ruin stood on the top of the mountain, certainly the finest along the shores of the Danube. The red glare of the evening sun shone on the wet mill-wheel, which, as it went round, seemed to be of beaten gold.

All was green and fragrant around ! What beauty, what magnificence in the whole scenery ! Theben, in Hungary, is a little spot fallen from heaven, and here, in all this splendor of nature, was wailing and need. Half of the town lay in rubbish and ashes ; a thick smoke fumed from the burning houses ; the small chimneys stood like pillars in the air ; the roof had been torn off the church ; the blackened walls had been licked by the red flames ! What misery ! many mothers were yet seeking their children. A woman stood by the shore and wrung her hands ! A burnt horse limped away over the bridge !

We hurry past. We are in Austria ! next morning we shall see Vienna ! ¹

Meagre, endless forests lay before us ! The air was thick and hot already in the early morning. There was no sunshine, as over the Mediterranean and the Bosphorus. I fancied I was at home on a warm, oppressive summer's day ! My voyage was now over. A dejection of spirits crept over me, and pressed on my heart — a prediction of something evil ! In our little Denmark every person of talent stands so

¹ The voyage from Constantinople to Vienna occupies twenty-one days, besides the quarantine, and is extremely fatiguing. They pay in the first cabin one hundred gulden, in the second seventy-five, and on deck fifty. (A gulden is about half a crown English.) From Vienna to Constantinople the voyage is made in eleven days, it being with the stream. The payment on board is, therefore, somewhat more : the first cabin is one hundred and twenty-five gulden, the second cabin eighty-five, and on deck fifty-six.

near the others, that each pushes and treads on the other, for all will have a place. As regards myself, they have only eyes for my faults! My way at home is through a stormy sea! I know that many a wave will yet roll heavily over my head before I reach the haven! Yet this I know full well, that posterity cannot be more severe to me than are those by whom I am surrounded.

Stephen's Tower stood in the thick warm air, above the blue-tinged trees of the Prater.

HOMeward BOUND.

I.

VIENNA'S THEATRE.

THE Dane who travels in Germany comes more and more to the conviction, if he has not done so at home, that the Danish stage occupies an important place. Most of the large German theatres may, certainly, be allowed to contain considerable talent ; but the Danish stage possesses many claims, and has infinitely greater powers. Several of our actors and actresses would, if the Danish language were as extended as the German, acquire an European celebrity. Our repertory of acting plays is, besides, so rich in original works, that they can furnish intellectual food for the winter evenings of so good a quality, that there is no need to resort to translations.

Holberg, Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, Overskou, and Hertz form a quintuple, which, in dramatic literature, would do honor to any country. "Germany has not one theatre like that in Copenhagen," I have heard several of my countrymen say, and I must acknowledge the truth of the assertion, when they do not reckon Vienna amongst the German cities. Burg Theatre, in Vienna, stands quite as high as the Danish theatre ; and in some respects higher, from the mass of extraordinary talent it possesses, the union, the concert of their acting, and the nature displayed in their performances. Anschütz, Korn, Löwe, Carl la Roche, Wilhelmini, Fichtner — these are artists in the real signification of the word ! Madame Rettich, Fru von Weissenthurn ! — nay, I should set down an endless row of names, were I to point out those who may justly be called excellent. But we must not forget to add that Burg Theatre has this advantage, that it puts out its whole strength upon comedy, tragedy, and dramas. Our theatre, on the contrary,

as we have but that one, must, besides these different kinds of performances, divide its powers between the opera, the vaudeville, and the ballet.

“Hoftheater nächst dem Kärnthner Thor,” in Vienna, is appropriated to the opera and the ballet. During my stay I did not hear German opera here, but Italian, and that the most excellent I have ever heard. The male singers were Napoleone Moriani, Badiali, Donzelli; and the ladies Tadolini, Frezzolini, and Schoberlechner. I heartily wished that the Copenhageners might once hear such an Italian opera; they would and must be enchanted! Hitherto they have known none, and have for some years past despised and overlooked what they did not know.¹ The Northerners cannot sing Italian music: the reason, probably, why “*La Gazza Ladra*” was hissed off our stage. Italians should sing their own music, their own recitative. Then there is soul indeed! It streams out from within! It is as if their thoughts and speech must reveal themselves in song — it is their language.

In the Italian towns they present only two or three operas the whole season. There was a great change of pieces at the Kärnthner Thor Theatre. The newest I heard was “*Il Templario*,” by Nicolai. The choruses are particularly fine. The subject is the same that Marschner has treated; but Marschner’s harmony is, certainly, far superior, and, in my opinion, has only this fault, that the recitatives are wanting. These, it appears to me, ought to be introduced, instead of the dialogues, which disturb, nay, almost mar the effect of the music. In the world of tones all must be music!

The theatre “Nächst dem Kärnthner Thor,” has, besides the opera, a ballet; but though there is a large stage here, with plenty of pomp and show, yet the ballet department will not bear any comparison with that of the Copenhagen theatre, which, at this time, stands very high, and our ballets surpass in taste and poetry all those I have had an opportunity of seeing in Germany and Italy. Paris and Naples, without doubt, excel us in the number of their dancers, and in their splendid decorations, but not in composition.

¹ It was after my return home to Copenhagen that the first Italian company came here.

When the Italian Galeotti died in Denmark, Terpsichore wept. Who was there that could supply his place as ballet composer? No one took his place; but a new one was born, who, like every true genius, made his own way — and that is Bournonville. He is a true poet; his “Waldemar” is a great imitative drama, supported by Fröhlich’s genial music, and his “Festen i Albano” is a lyric poem.

Besides these two royal theatres, Vienna has several others in the suburbs, where the honest citizen enjoys the dialects, and sees every-day-life illumined by the Bengal lights of poetry. We dwellers in the North must live with those of Vienna, and know the people well, ere we can value rightly that genial life which exists in these lightly-sketched pieces.

If a man would know a German theatre in its best aspect, if he would know German dramatic literature, know it when spoken from that rostrum it was written for, he must make a stay in Vienna, and then he will not, as I have heard Danes, say: “There is no German theatre, no German dramatic literature!” One evening’s visit to the Burg Theatre will convince him that the Germans have a theatre, and as to its literature their dramatic repertory speaks for itself. Schröder’s comedy, “The Ring”; Jünger’s, “He has his Nose everywhere”; a drama like Iffland’s “The Hunters”; tragedies like Goethe’s “Egmont” and Schiller’s “Wilhelm Tell,” are fresh and imperishable branches in a dramatic literature; and amongst the younger men what does not the dramatic power and poesy of Halm and Bouernfeld proclaim? and we only name two natives of Vienna.

We have in Denmark a species of poetic drama which they do not possess in Vienna; I mean the Heiberg vaudevilles; but however great an effect these have produced at home, partly from their own merit and partly from their excellent performance, yet I believe they cannot, in humor and poetic worth, be accounted better than some in a style of poetry they have in particular in Vienna, and we have not — their local comedies, and, in especial, Raimund’s!

II.

PROFILES.

THE larger squares and chief streets in Vienna present the appearance of a complete picture gallery ; every shop has its handsomely painted sign, either the portrait of some famous person or an allegorical piece. Every open place or square, and every street afford subjects for paintings that might adorn a whole gallery, from its living throng and its different groups. Yet sketches of this kind we already have in great numbers ; so by way of change we will just cut out a few profiles of well-known persons ; but you must remember that profiles do not give more than the shadow of a likeness.

“We are in Volksgarten.” Gentlemen and ladies stroll under the green trees in lively conversation ; the waiters fly in all directions to procure ices. The tones of a great orchestra spread through the garden. In the midst of the musicians stands a young man of dark complexion ; his large brown eyes glance round about in a restless manner ; his head, arms, and whole body move ; it is as if he were the heart in that great musical body, and, as we know, the blood flows through the heart : and here the blood is tones ; these tones were born in him ; he is the heart, and all Europe hears its musical beatings ; its own pulse beats stronger when it hears them : the man’s name is — Strauss.

We are in one of the suburbs ; in the midst of an English park ; there is a little palace, and there lives Prince Didrikstein. We pass through a range of handsome rooms ; the sounds of a piano meet our ears. The scene is rich and pretty here ; here is a charming prospect over the garden terraces. The tones we hear have their birth from one of the piano’s masters. Liszt does not play thus ! He and the one we hear are equally great and equally different. Liszt astonishes, we are carried away by the whirling bacchanals ; here, on the contrary, we stand aloft on the mountain in the clear sunlight of nature, filled with greatness and refreshed with peace and grace ; we feel glad in the holy church of nature, where the hymns mingle with the dancing herdsman’s song.

Who is the mighty ruler of this piano? Regard him; he is young, handsome, noble, and amiable! Do you not know my profile? Then I must write the name under it — Sigismund Thalberg.

We drive out to Hitzing, the Fredericksberg¹ of Vienna; we stand by a delightful little summer residence; the garden is rich in trees and flowers. The old lady within is the gardener; she has planted every tree: she has set every flower in the ground: here are pine and birch, tulips and odorous lindens. Flowering rose hedges form the borders around the fresh grass-plot. A tall, hale old woman comes to meet us; what penetration is in her eye, what mildness in every feature! Who is she? We enter the room; on the table stands an elegant vase with the image of a lyre encircled by a laurel wreath; its leaves are partly gilt, partly green. The names of comedies are impressed on these leaves; the gilt ones announce the pieces in which she, as an actress, enchanted a whole people; the green leaves bear each the name of one of her own dramatic works; the meaning is, that she has gilded the other authors' laurels, her own stand always fresh and green! The vase is a gift from brother and sister artists; at the bottom we read her name — Johanne von Weisenthurn.²

We are in Vienna: we go up some broad stone steps, between thick cold walls; large iron doors with padlocks on,

¹ Fredericksberg, at about an English mile from Copenhagen, is the resort of the people, as Hampstead, Highgate, Greenwich, or Richmond, is for the Londoners.

² Since my return home to Denmark, this highly respected actress has taken leave of the stage; she played the last evening in two of her own pieces. The translations from her "Sternberg Estate," and "Which of them is the Bride?" have been successful on the Danish stage. Previous to her leave-taking, she performed often, not only at the Burg Theatre, but at the palace of Schönbrunn; she told me she had lately performed the old mother's part in *Le Gamin de Paris*, for the first time; but at the moment when the boy springs up on the chair, puts the paper hat on his head, folds his arms, and imitates Napoleon, she was so overwhelmed with recollections of the place, and from that stage, that she had nearly forgotten her part for the moment: just here, in this same little theatre, she had played before the real Napoleon, who in the same position had looked at her, the German actress.

present themselves on each side, within which money and important papers are kept. We enter a small chamber; the walls are hidden by book-shelves in which stand large folios; round about are packets of writings and all the appliances of business. A tall, serious man sits before the desk; it is not poetic matters that occupy him. The austere expression in his countenance changes to sadness. He looks at us; there are soul and thought in that look! How often has he not fixed it on the face of nature, and it was reflected therein! In his youth he sang for us about the combat in his soul; his muse revealed itself spectral-like, and yet the picture was like the fresh, blooming maid, "Die Ahnfrau." In his manhood he gave us "The Golden Fleece;" it is hung up in the Muses' temple; his name beams forth — Grillparzer.

III.

THE WORKMAN.

A SKETCH FROM BOHEMIA.

WE have not only left the Imperial city, we have even come into the midst of Bohemia. Rich corn-fields, linden-trees, and pictures of saints — these attract us here.

It is sunset; we see "Riesenberg" — alas! how small, how misty; I fancy I see Kullen from the coast of Zealand! It is not the Greek mountain outline; here is not the Greek atmosphere with its transparency. But yet I know this spot: the sight of these low mountains, that extended green field, the linden-trees, and this stone-heap close by the way-side. I saw it several years ago, and just in the same light as now! It seems not to have won a flower, not a bush more since I last passed here; in my thoughts and heart there is a new, a richer flower-blossom than these: flowers from the North, the South, and the East. The place has even lost: the chief figure, which in my memory belongs to this landscape, is wanting. Here on this stone-heap there sat a young workman in a blue blouse, his hat covered with oil-cloth, stick in hand, and knapsack on his back; he was the picture of youth and health.

Where is he now wandering in the world? Or perhaps he has already found a quiet home, sits with wife and child just now at this hour, and tells them of his wanderings through Bohemia. There is much to hear; a wandering life is a life full of change! Does he remember his resting here on the stone-heap? Does he remember the diligence which then drove past him? A stranger peeped out of the window, and let him, as the best figure in the landscape, mirror itself in his thoughts. No, he remembers it not. He throws his arm around his wife, kisses his beautiful boy. The traveller is yet no further in the world than by the stone-heap — there where the workman sat.

IV.

A GRAVE.

ALOFT on the mountain, with prospect over city, river, and wood-grown isles, lies old Hradschin. The church here contains the body of St. John Nepomucen in a magnificent silver coffin. What pomp within, what splendid scenery without! and yet this is not the place that the Dane visits first in Prague. Down by the market-place is a poor little church; a piazza and a narrow yard lead to it. The priest says mass before the altar; the congregation kneel, and mumble an "*Ora pro nobis!*" It sounds like a hollow, mournful sigh from the abyss; it pours forth like a painful sob, a cry of lamentation. The Dane wanders through the aisle to the right; a large red-brown stone, in which is carved a knight in armor, is set in the pillar. Whose bones lie mouldering within? A countryman's! a Dane's! a master-spirit! whose name sheds a lustre over Denmark! — that land which expelled him. His castle at home is sunken in rubbish; the ploughshare passes over the spot where he, in his cheerful room, searched the writings, and received the visits of kings; the sea-gull flies through the air, where he read the stars from his tower; his island of life and happiness is in strange hands. Denmark does not own it; Denmark owns not even his dust; but the Danes mention his name in their bad times, as if a denunciation pro-

ceeded out of it: "These are Tycho Brahe's days!" say they.

The Dane weeps by Tycho's grave in a foreign land, and becomes wrathful against an undiscerning age. Denmark, thou hast hearts in thy shield; have one also in thy breast!" Be still, son of a younger race; perhaps thou thyself, hadst thou lived in his time, wouldst have misjudged him like the others; his greatness would have stirred up the sediments of thy vanity, and thou wouldst have cast it into his life's cup. Race resembles race — therein consanguinity betrays itself.

A sunbeam falls on the grave-stone — perhaps a tear also! The congregation mumble their evaporating, painful "*Ora pro nobis!*"

V.

A NORTHWARD FLIGHT.

SPRING will soon be here; the birds of passage then tend toward the South. Homeward I go from Bohemia's capital in steamships and steamboats! Well-known, changing scenes glide past; beautiful summer scenery, friendly faces, friendly voices — the hours vanish, and before I know it, I am in the North.

Yet I still see Hradschin beaming in the sun, high above flourishing fields and charming groups of trees. Beautiful morning! blot out from my memory the remembrance of yesterday's wandering in the "Baumgarten," the park of Prague. It appeared to me like a church-yard where people would be merry, but could not. Decent, orderly, but tiresome burgher families sat and drank ale under the trees where not a single bird twittered; ugly *Bajaderes* with buckram in their coats went up and down; even the puppet theatres were in a bad humor; no one spoke for the dolls; they dumbly threw out their arms, and fought each other. A coffin played the principal part in the piece.

Why does the inelegant, ungraceful, unhandsome, fix itself so strenuously in the mind? Prague has so much that is characteristic and beautiful! Fresh, balmy morning, blot out all ugly and unpleasant remembrances!

The flag waves on the *Bohemia*.¹ Like a fish through the water, it shot down the stream between picturesque, wood-covered rocks. On every ruin, and in every little town that we dart past, there waves a flag ; they greet us with music ; the people wave their hats ; small cannons crack, and echo answers : it is a charming voyage.

We have a Copenhagener with his daughter on board. "It is delightful !" says she ; "but the water is so horribly yellow ; here are none of our beech woods !"

"They are terrible mountains !" says the father. "See, what a fellow ! I shall not go up it ! One can see just as well from below !"

That one cannot ! Ascend the rock ! Let the fresh mountain breeze whistle round you, and be glad with the great abroad and with — the beautiful at home !

Hirniskretschen greets us ; we are on the borders of Saxony. "*Trakten är vacker : hvad som finnes och forsvinner för ögat i Italien, gör nu en stor efect, små strömmar små berg !*" This is the whole of Ehrensvärd's striking description of the Saxon Switzerland !

When the Naphtha spring has ceased to stream forth, we then value the last bubbling drops ! Farewell, ye green, wood-crowned rocks, I exchange you for the extended plain with clover and beeches by the open strand.

Dresden lies before us in the thick air, Northern Germany's Florence ; where Madonna, the Virgin mother, stands with the heaven-born child on the hovering cloud. The Protestant bends to the divinity in art ! Dresden is a friend one will not willingly lose ; he has something — what shall I call it ? — half civic, half romantic in his character. His gardens are of a rocky nature, with Königstein and Bastei ; his study the gallery with the magnificent paintings. The new theatre is a picture-book, so motley and splendid, with gold and scroll work. Yes, here we are in the middle of the picture-book ; we are overwhelmed with its diversified splendor ! Authors' portraits adorn the ceiling ; the boxes are gilded and well poised ; beauty sits here in the mussel-shell, as her sister Venus Ana-

¹ This is the first steam-vessel that sailed between Prague and Dresden ; it began to ply about a month before my arrival.

dyomene has so often done ; the drop curtain presents to us Parnassus, where well-known figures appear before us, — Calderon, Molière, Gozzi, Schiller, Goethe, and other great spirits. The border forms an arabesque of a dramatic character ; here are Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, Mephistopheles, Faust, and so on in an endless row. Yes, the theatre is a real picture-book, the play and opera are the text. I trust it will cause us to forget the imposing imagery.

It is well to be here ; but we are on a journey — “ bent on speed ; ” yet a pressure of the hand from our dear Dahl, Vogel, Winckler, and the roaring, snorting, tearing, steam-engine is away over field and meadow to Leipsic, to Magdeburg, and again by steam to the furthest corner of Germany, to great Hamburg. It is a short voyage ; the hours may be told ; but we stop on the way, and that for days.

Melody has a strange power ; friendship and admiration are equally as powerful. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy lives in Leipsic.

How snug and comfortable it was in his home ; a handsome and friendly wife, and all so hospitable for the stranger ! A little morning concert, where, by the by, I heard “ Adam,” was given in Mendelssohn’s room. The gifted Frau Goethe from Weimar and I were the fortunate guests. In the church, and on the same organ that Sebastian Bach played, Mendelssohn gave me one of Bach’s fugues and a few of his own compositions. Mountain and valley, heaven and the abyss poured forth their hymns from the organ-pipes ; that was, in truth, a church concert ! Thou hast played for me, and therefore I bring thee my poor tribute.

The steam-carriage flies with the swallow’s flight. We are in Magdeburg. We sleep here a night, and are again on the Elbe.

The steamer is dirty and heavy ; it stops on its course, goes on a little way, runs aground, and goes on again ; the beautiful scenery around reveals itself in a willow-tree or a pasture field. It is cold and gray here. The poet must help nature, for it always helps him. They read on board, for here is a perfect reading-room. What book is that which two at once are so buried in ? It is a Danish book. Do not say that Denmark

has no mountains ; its literature is a mountain, high and wood-grown ; it is seen from our neighbor-lands, shining blue in the horizon. Be cordial to us ; wander through our spiritual mountain scenery : here extend Oehlenschläger's mighty forests ; Grundtvig's tumuli, where the stones give forth a melody like Memnon's statue ; here lie Holberg's towns with living beings as we see and know them ; here is the scent of the fresh-mown hay in Christian Winther's clover field. Ingemann leads thee by moonlight through the sweet-smelling beech woods, where the nightingale warbles, and the springs tell thee of olden memories. Hertz and Heiberg will teach thee that the Danish language has tones — that it can be forged into whistling arrows, into flaming swords. There is life moving in the young race. Hear him who sang of Venus, Cupid, and Psyche ; he who relates "A Brother's Life !" Follow him whom thou art reading here in the vessel : and who is he ? A pseudonym, — one Carl Bernhard, the younger brother of the author of "An Every-day Story ;" the younger brother who is rising as the elder is declining : the young tree shoots forth new and fresh branches every time ; the one stronger than the other. The elder-tree has lost its life's freshness, its new branches are dry and decayed ; they fall of themselves from the crown, which gives scent in "The Light Nights" — in "Dreams and Reality."

The passage down the Elbe is soon ended ; it is the last evening ! How gray, how cold ! The swallows and martins fly across the river to their nests under the house-roofs and their holes in the declivities.

The swallow comes from the warm lands in the spring-time ; instinct drives it toward the North ; it leads it through the airy desert to its nest. By the yellow, rolling river with the poor green shores, stands a small house with a blooming elder-bush. "There I must go !" twitters the swallow. "Desire draws me thither, from the tall palm and the shady plantain."

The elder-bush exhales such sweet fragrance. The old grandmother sits on the threshold, and looks at the ships ; a little girl sits on her stool, and amuses herself with the flowers on grandmother's gown. Poor swallow ! thou comest again ! The flowering elder is cut down ; the old grandmother is in her

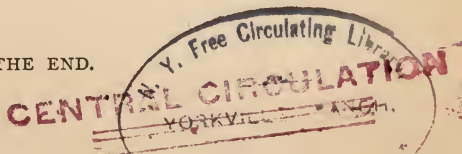
grave ; the little girl is out in the world with strangers. The house itself, where thou built thy nest, is smartened up and ornamented ; the new owner will not permit any swallows' nests. Alas ! how changed !

It is morning. Enveloped in a cold, raw mist, the towers of Hamburg stand before us. We are in the North. The Elbe rolls its milky waves against our ugly steamer. We land ; we drive through the dark, narrow streets. Here is music, a great musical festival. This evening all will beam with light, away over the Alster, and under the green avenues. Liszt is here. I shall hear him again in the same saloon as when I departed — hear again his “Valse Infernale !” Shall I not think that my whole travelling flight was only a dream, under Liszt's rushing, roaring, fuming, foaming fantasias ? Not months, but only minutes have vanished. “No, time has advanced !” say my many countrymen, whom I meet on the Jungfernstieg. “We have gone greatly forward, whilst you were on your travels ; we have got omnibuses in Copenhagen.” Yes, it goes forward, say I to myself, as I on my wanderings see Heiberg's name brought to the corner of Altona. Miss Sichlau has, with “Emily's Palpitation,” brought his name to the Elbe. There it is on the play-bill, which is plastered up at the street-corner : an itinerant Danish company perform Heiberg's vaudevilles in Altona.

Music sounds ; rockets ascend ! Farewell ! Over the swelling sea to the green islands !

I have never known home-sickness, unless when the heart has been filled with a singular love at thinking of the dear friends at home, an endless pleasure, which pictures forth the moment that we see them again, for the first time, in the well-known circle. Then the picture comes forth so life-like, that tears come into the eyes ; the heart melts, and must forcibly tear itself away from such thoughts ! Is this home-sickness ? Yes ! Then I also know it. The first moment of arrival at home is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage.

THE END.



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